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all-out international report
experts on style, color, care

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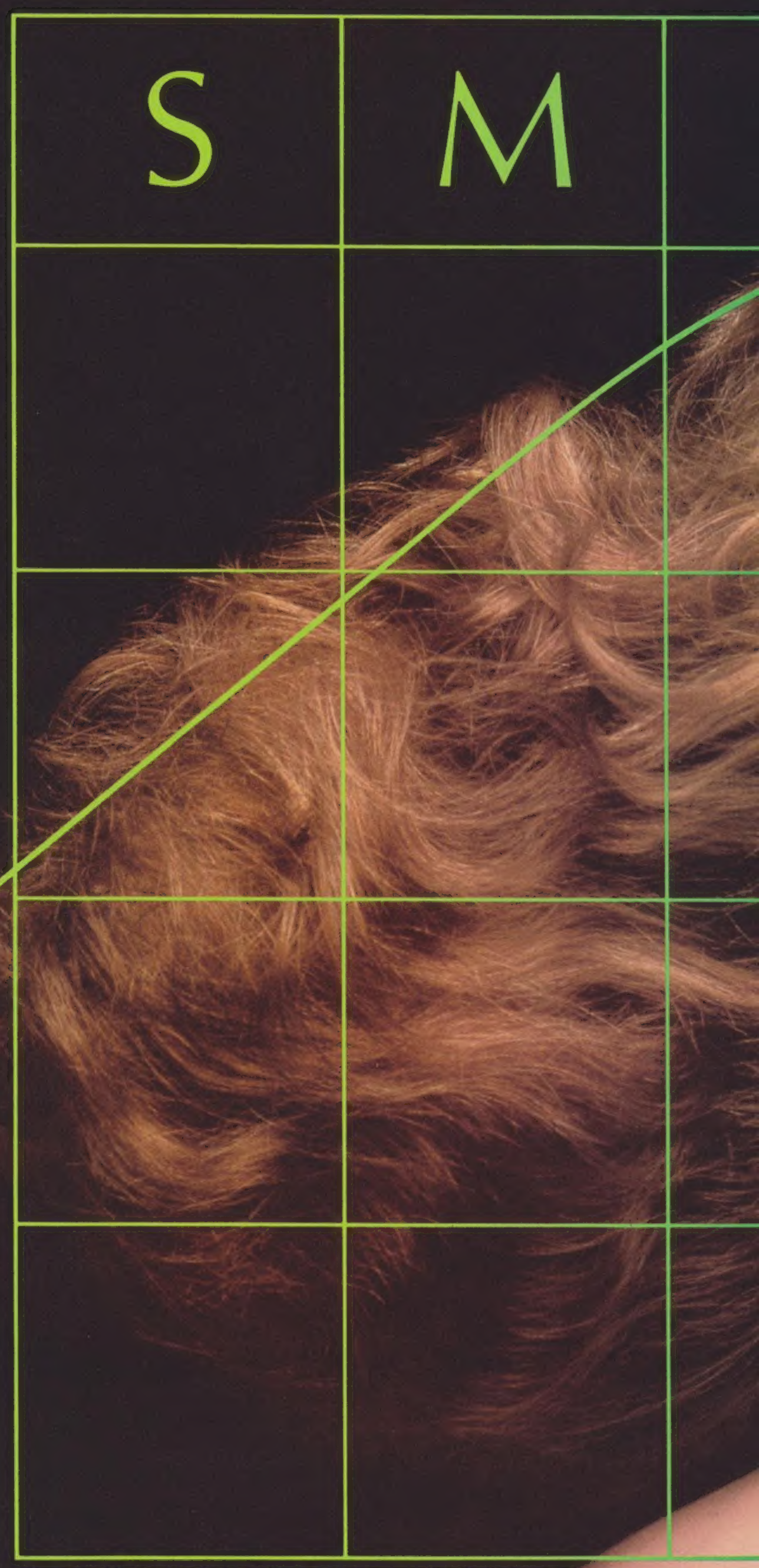

Revlon introduces a hair care system so scientifically advanced it can change its action day by day...as it works to make your hair the best it can be.

It is called HDR.™ It means Hair's Daily Requirement.™

Your hair changes every day in how it behaves, what it needs...from perms, the weather, even a blue funk mood. Now Revlon introduces a hair care system so scientifically advanced it can change its action day by day... to make your hair the best it can be *every day.*

It's called HDR. Hair's Daily Requirement. These new formulas can actually read and rebalance hair's electrostatic charge as they work. The result? Your hair the best it can be... day after day after day. (In Regular and Extra Body Formulas.)

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HDR
SHAMPOO & CONDITIONER

HAIR'S DAILY REQUIREMENT

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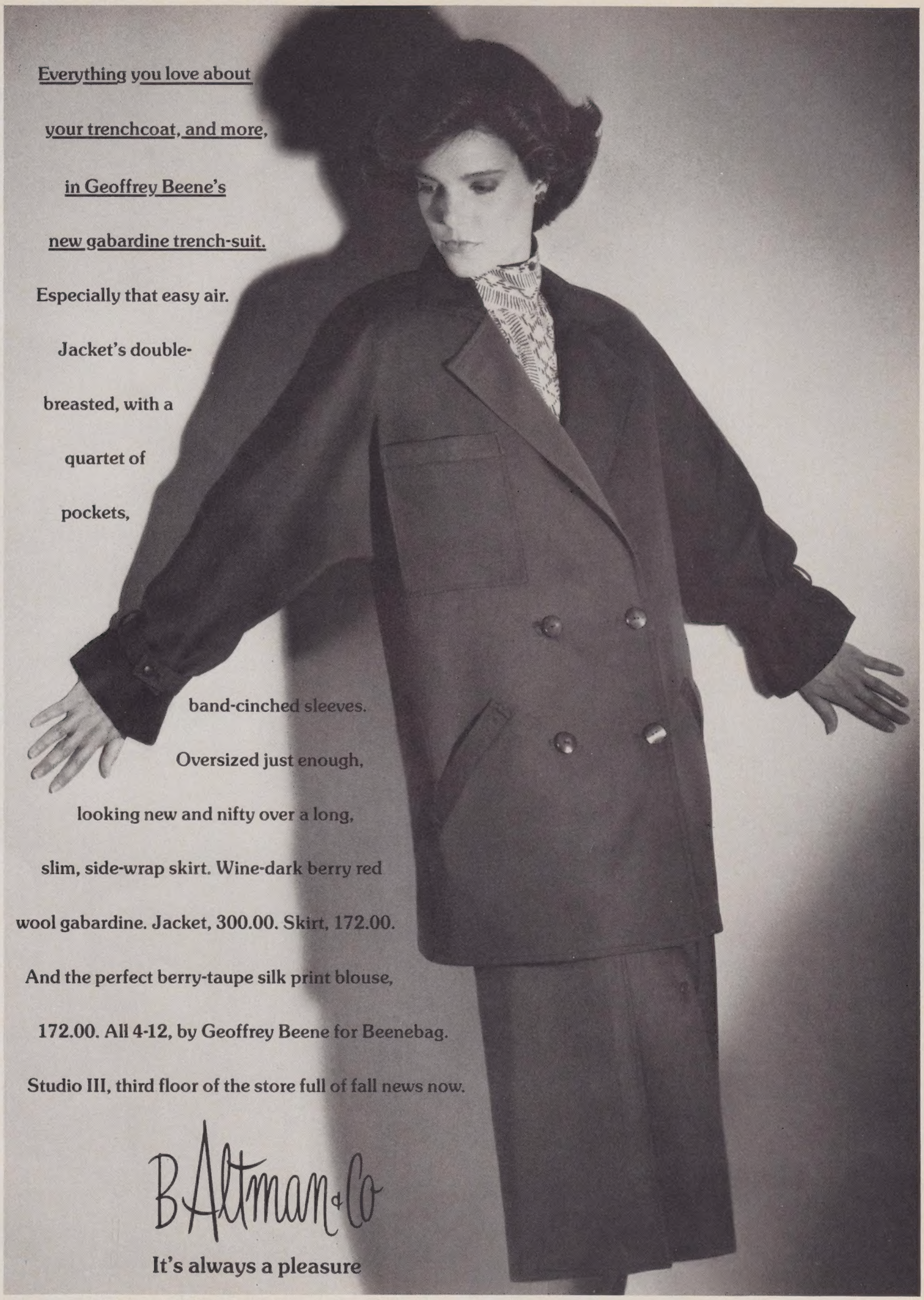
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FASHION

160-172 Vogue's View: People, Places...Ideas
175 Point of View: What's Different About Fashion This Fall
176-185 New York: Perfect Expressions of Change
186-191 Pure Pleasure...The Season's Uncommon Shoes
192-195 Paris: The Charming Character of Dressing at Sonia Rykiel...worn by Gabrielle Lazure
196-203 Paris: A Different Character to Dressing
204-209 More Uncommon Shoes
210-215 The New Pants Dressing: Key Variations
250-265 Milan: New Dash...New Coats!
266 Last Word

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

72 Beauty Now/Cover Look: Real Impact
74 Beauty Q & A
85 Hair Now: Effective Products
88 Mind Health. By Carol Tavris, Ph.D.
93 Fitness Now: Firm Up!
100 Fitness Now: Summer Differences
102 Diet Now: Business Eating

Something new afoot

Hair: real news!

A striking change

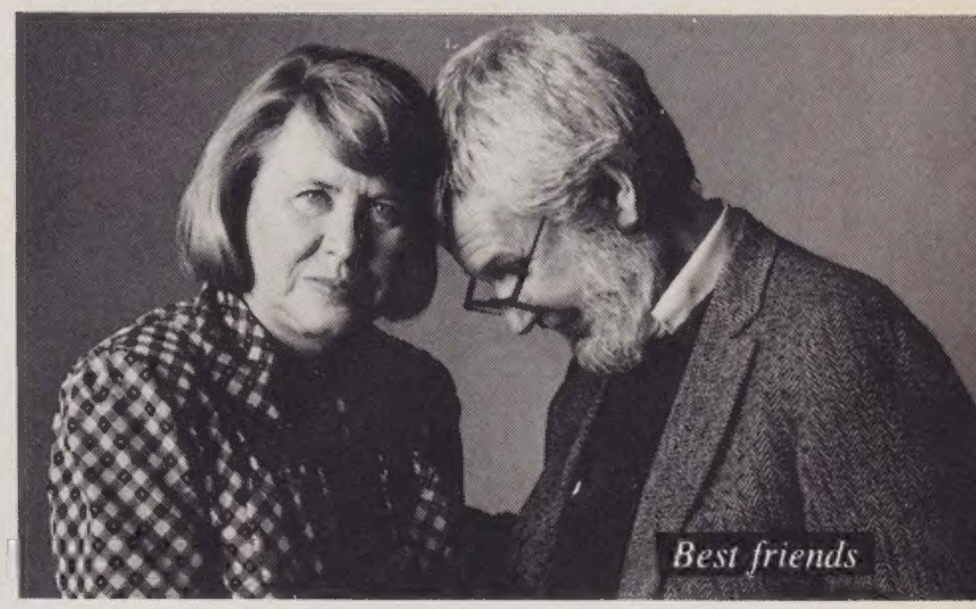
108 Hair Now: Quick Change
110 Health. By Melva Weber
238-249 Hair '84: Real Change, Real News
244 International Hair Report '84: A New Sense of Style. By Dorothy Schefer
268-274 HealthStyle: Fine-tuning Your Body Clock...Interview with a Winner...Positive Fitness Attitude...and more
274 Your Well-Being: New Options. By Barbara Lang Stern

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

49-64 What's News, What's Coming: Movies, Art, TV...and more
80 Between Us. By Lorraine Davis
96 Managing Your Money. By Patricia O'Toole
104 Women & Cars: Driver Alert. By Lillian Borgeson
107 British Wit: Verbal Flash for the Hardhearted. By Rhoda Koenig
117-124 Books in Vogue: What's Best This Month
128 Making Life Simple—Deregulation. By Susan Lee
216 David Mamet: Bulldog of the Middle Class. By Mary Cantwell
218-219 The Olympics
218 Reaching for the Heroic. By James Salter
219 The Politics of Sports. By Janice Kaplan
219 Preview: Women To Watch. By Skip Rozin
220 Magdalena Abakanowicz: The Force of Gravity. By Barbara Rose
222-225 Transatlantic Love—The Appeal of British Style
222 Brit Is It. By Joan Juliet Buck
224 True Brit. By Christopher Hitchens
232-237 Best Friends: A Tribute to Sincerity and Laughter. Twelve Interviews by Hillary Johnson. Portraits by Denis Piel

LIVING

149 Wines: Great Bordeaux You Can Count On. By Martin Gersh
152 Food in Vogue: The Omnivore. By Barbara Kafka
156 Entertaining: Tea with Diana Phipps. By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale


Best friends

158 Living: Double Lives. By Barbara Plumb
226-231 Helen and Paul Hamlyn's Elizabethan Manor in the Cotswolds. By Rachel Billington

TRAVEL

133 Travel Now. By Richard Alleman
134 Isn't It Romantic: The British Country-House Hotel. By Jill Robinson-Shaw
143 New Orleans: The Great American Kitchen. By Lee Bailey
143 Vogue Travel Guide

IN EVERY ISSUE

16 Masthead
113 Horoscope. By Rockie Gardiner

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JOAN & DAVID

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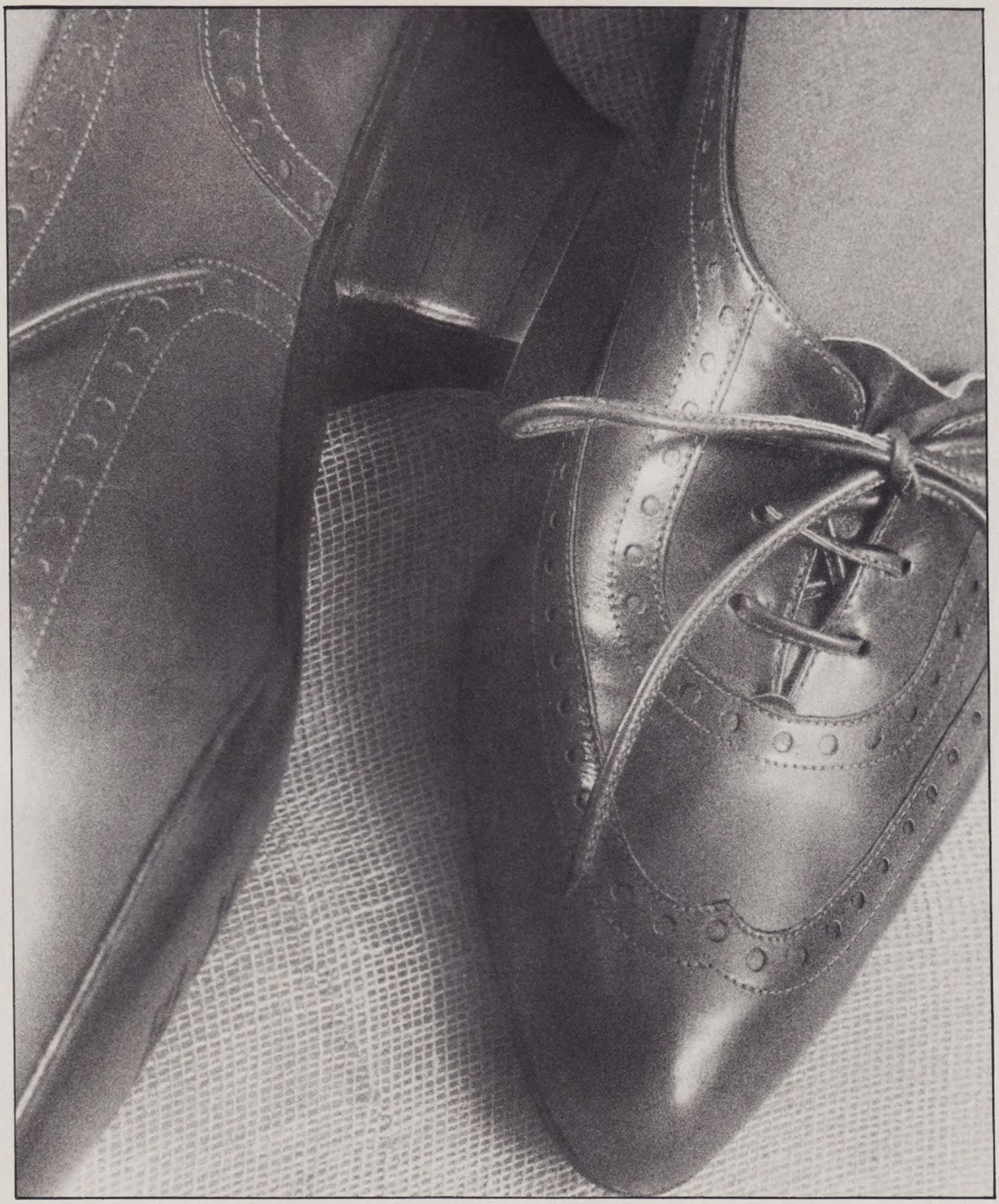

An admirable feat. Joan Helpern masterfully renders supple leather into handsome shape. Almost the shoes off his feet, but refined and polished with a fully feminine attitude. Oxfords ideally formed for women. Proportionally perfect shoes that fashion a fresh rapport for a classic look. Low bevelled heel. In black and burnished brown, 150.00. For Joan & David in their own special shop. Designer Shoes on 4, New York. And all our stores.

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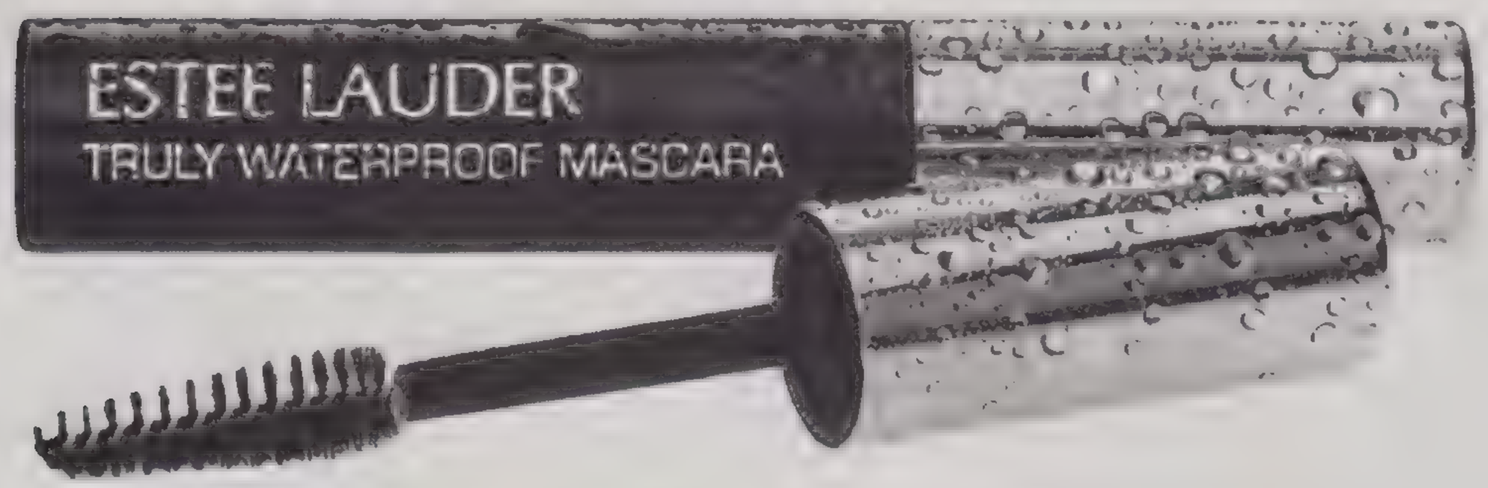

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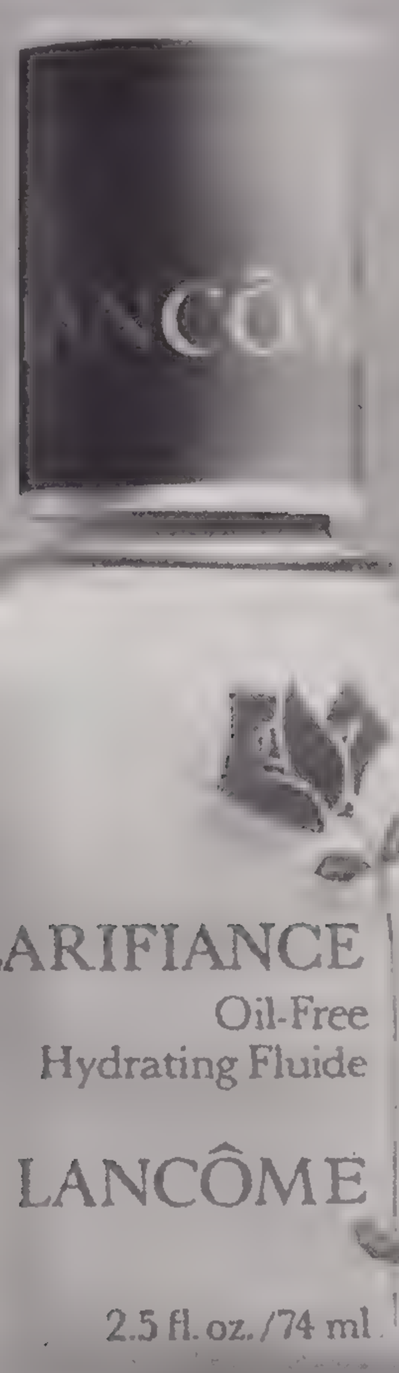

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L'ORÉAL
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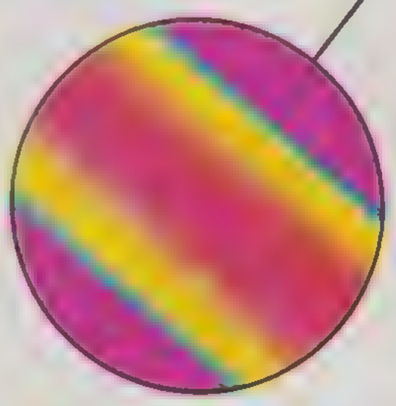
We think you deserve hair care that works for you. So your hair looks as beautiful as can be. Everyday, predictably.



High magnification shows how hair treated with Redken scientific hair care responds from the inside out.

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Hair by Jerry Brennan of Vidal Sassoon Salon, Beverly Hills | Makeup by Alexis Caydan

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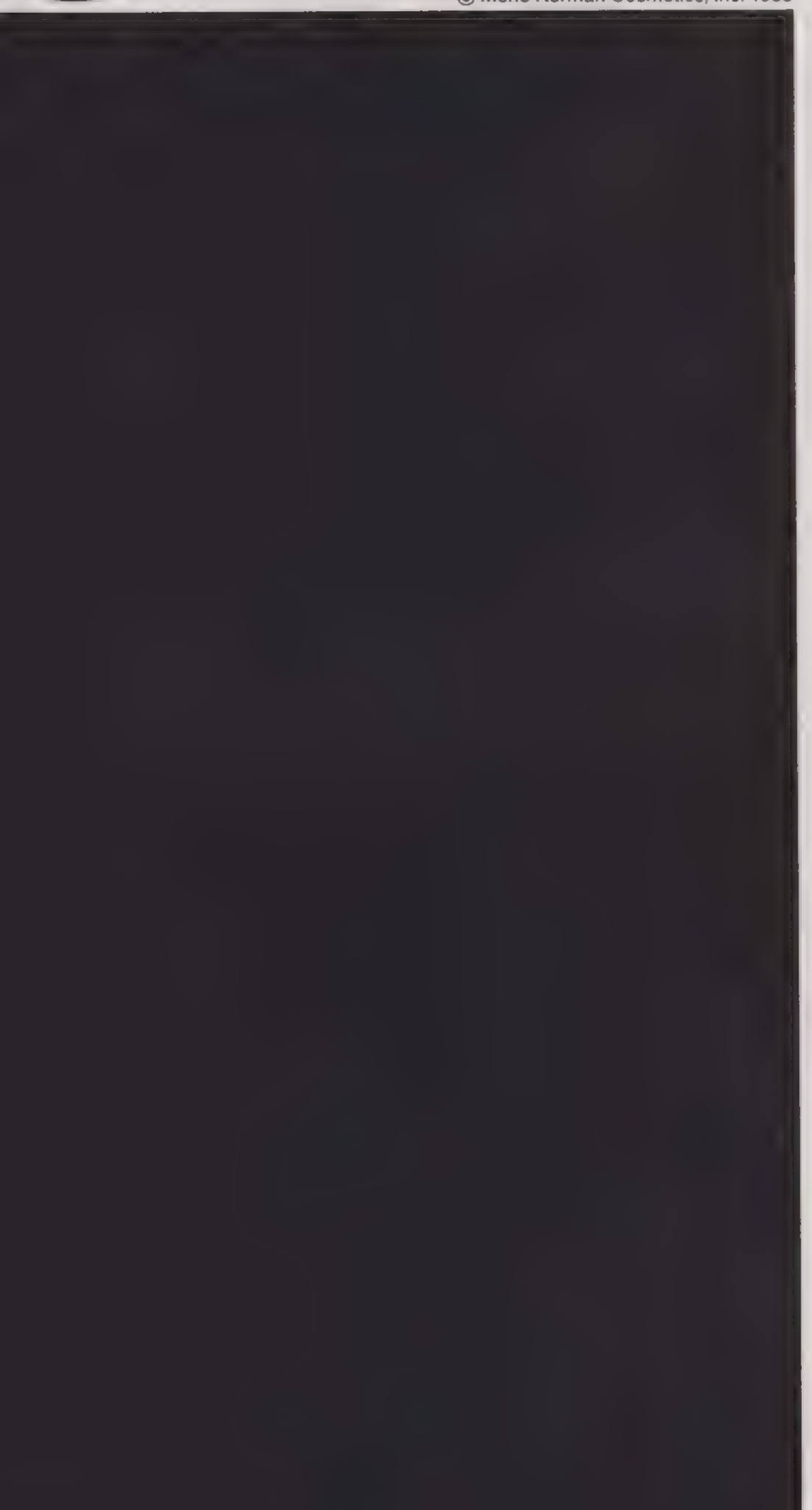

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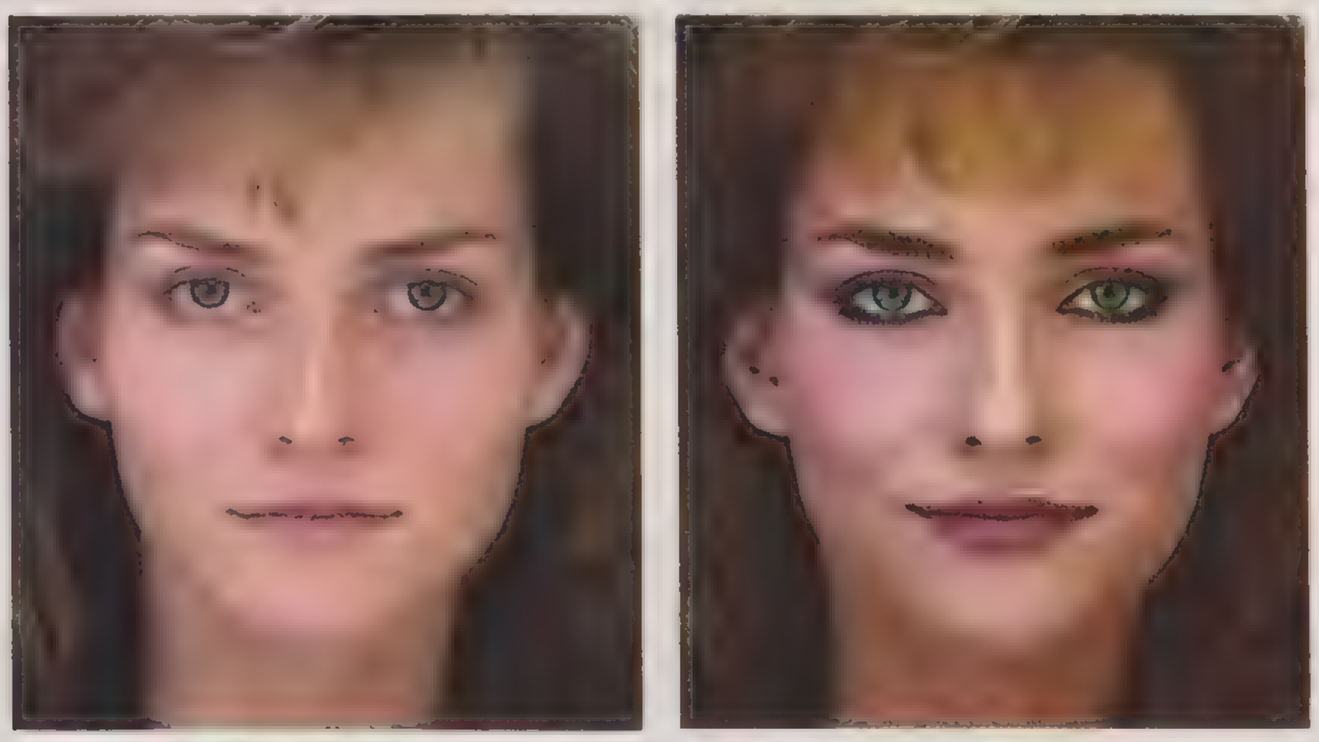

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WHAT'S COMING

People are talking about...

Lolita we hardly knew ye

When Maurice Chevalier thanked heaven for little girls, he intended them not for his own purposes but as boon companions to little boys. No Gallic Humbert Humbert, he relished the thought that they would all grow up some day! But now the world is stuck on little girlhood like a broken record. The nymphetmania that gave us Tatum O'Neal, Brooke Shields, and Jodie Foster continues unabated with newcomers Molly Ringwald, star of *Sixteen Candles,* and Sandrine Bonnaire, the lusciously wanton young heroine of Maurice Pialat's *A Nos Amours*.

The cross-currents of female adolescence are the subject of both movies; but beyond that the two girls, and the films that surround them, are as different as day and night, as innocence and experience, as—well—America and France. Molly Ringwald, freckled, repressed and undeveloped, is a babe in the sexual woods compared to the provocatively prowling alleycat heroine played by newcomer Bonnaire.

If *Sixteen Candles* is yet another relentlessly raucous youth comedy in the ignoble tradition of *Porky's*, it represents an evolutionary advance, of sorts. This wild, tasteless, and sometimes very funny first film, written and directed by John Hughes, who wrote *Mr. Mom*, is bipartisan in its comic bigotry. If the old folks are dithering idiots, the youngsters are hardly better, being either hysterically overheated or terminally narcissistic.

Ringwald, the eye of the hurricane that is her immediate world, wakes up to a sweet sixteenth that is flat in more ways than one: not only has her whole family forgotten her birthday, in a frenzy over the wedding of her coarsely fetching older sister; but the curves she expected to sprout in the night have, as a quick glimpse in the mirror tells her, failed to appear.

Her anguish and humiliation, her crush on a handsome senior and her efforts to repel a creep her own age (played by a hilariously unflappable Anthony Michael Hall) afford the occasion for a tour of teenage rites that are all too familiar by now, especially at the numbing pitch of noise and vulgarity that the teen audience seems to expect. But there is more wit and empathy than is customary for the genre, and the touches of sly mockery amidst the low humor make one want to see Hughes's next film.

Ringwald especially is an eloquent reminder of what it felt like to be tomboyish, backward, and flat-chested and still have hope. She is the antithesis of the current bland blond beach-bunny fantasy: but with her heart-shaped face, soft expressive eyes, and lovely russet coloring, she is no ugly duckling—merely a different kind of swan.

With all the romantic entanglements of the teen crowd, the most moving relationship in *Sixteen Candles* is between father (Paul Dooley) and daughter, an alliance that is even more powerfully and disturbingly at the center of *A Nos Amours*. So intense is the rapport between Bonnaire and the father, played brilliantly by Pialat himself, that suspicions of incest, or the fantasy of incest, are inescapable.

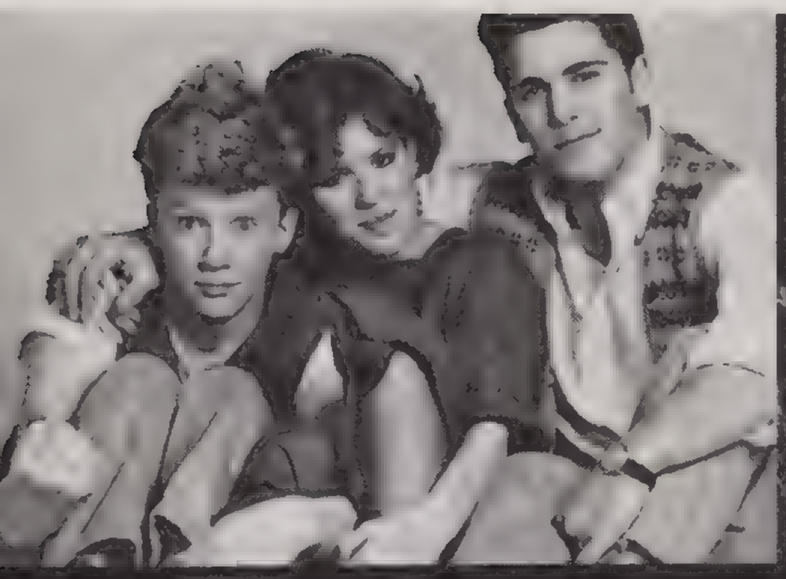
This possibility is never mentioned, but it would explain the violence of the family rupture that is taking place before our eyes. The father walks out in the course of the film; the hatred between mother and daughter erupts into something so savage and painful you can barely watch it; the brother, an obese homebody with literary ambitions, takes his mother's side and beats his sister, while she sleeps with a medley of young men so numerous that we, and she, can barely tell them apart.

Pialat's technique is obsessively naturalistic, apparently random, episodic. He is known in Paris as a monster of realism who would disinter his mother's body to recreate the look of death. His films are drawn so directly from his own and his friends' lives that he has a character sitting on a bed, or eating a meal, exactly as he or she did it in real life.

Here, with little exposition or explanation, Pialat gives us increments of life that add up to the most wrenchingly realistic portrait of family pathology you are ever likely to see—a pathology that is nevertheless disturbingly recognizable, familiar. You can feel the sting of a slap in the face, the weight of silence in the midnight talk between father and daughter; taste the bile of a mother's hysterical invective; read hostility like a flag in the way the daughter dresses and makes up and scatters her clothes. Pialat shows his "fictional" family, including his own increasingly malignant father, at their most embarrassing and embittered, yet the effect, as fascinating and moving as it is appalling, is marked by a transfiguring compassion. And there's a beauty in the no-holds-barred audacity with which the actors tackle the most grotesque material.

Evelyne Kerr, Dominique Besnehard, and Pialat are scaldingly believable as the mother, son, and father; and Bonnaire is lovely and terrifying as she seduces the world to fill the void within her. Of her magical presence, I will always remember two solitary images: in one she sits heedless in a downpour; in another, on a beautiful day the sun and breeze catch strands of her hair like spun silk. In these heart-rending images of a lost child, Pialat shows a world in which young people, envied, feared, and desired by adults who are themselves afraid to grow old, are more lost than they've ever been.

—MOLLY HASKELL



Nymphetmania continues.... *Far left:* The Geek (Anthony Michael Hall), the Girl (Molly Ringwald), and the Hunk (Michael Schoeffling) from *Sixteen Candles; left:* a deceptive Sandrine Bonnaire in *A Nos Amours*

WILLIAM KAREL/SYGMA

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Seedy Mickey Rourke from *Diner* and nice girl Daryl Hannah (at *left*) star with the fun-loving Eric Roberts (*right*) in *The Pope of Greenwich Village*.

BARBRA WALZ COUTURE BRIGITTE LACOMBE

He's a lovable wackadoo," says Eric Roberts of Paulie, the nickel and dime hustler he plays in *The Pope of Greenwich Village*. Finding Paulie to be lovable indeed, angry mobsters cut off a thumb rather than a hand. The film is a comedy-drama. It also boasts Mickey Rourke, with his always sweaty forelock, and Daryl Hannah, last spring's biggest *Splash*.

Having been in only four films, Roberts nonetheless has created a consistent and powerful screen presence, projecting a nervous, even dangerous kind of vulnerability. Many say he should have won an Academy Award for *Star 80*. "I've been through this before," he says of the attention. "After my first film [*King of the Gypsies*, 1978] I was called everything from the next James Dean to the best thing since sliced bread, and I saw all that blow over. Look man, everything's transient. I'm just having fun."

AFTER THE FALLOUT THE FUN BEGINS

The nuclear holocaust—or rather *a* nuclear holocaust, let's think positively—has its charms. When George Miller's Road Warrior/Mad Max films hit the international movie scene, they single-handedly defined a new genre: the survival-of-the-fittest-after-the-big-one-falls picture; call it a "Wastelander." While *The Road Warrior* is hipper, blacker, and much funnier than any classic Western ever could have hoped or wanted to be (John Wayne in a studded leather codpiece?), the underlying dynamic is the same: a pared-down conflict between civilization and chaos, with civilization controlled by its protectors rather than the other way around—meaning that men make their own laws and that their idea of justice is often brutal, noisy, and sickening.

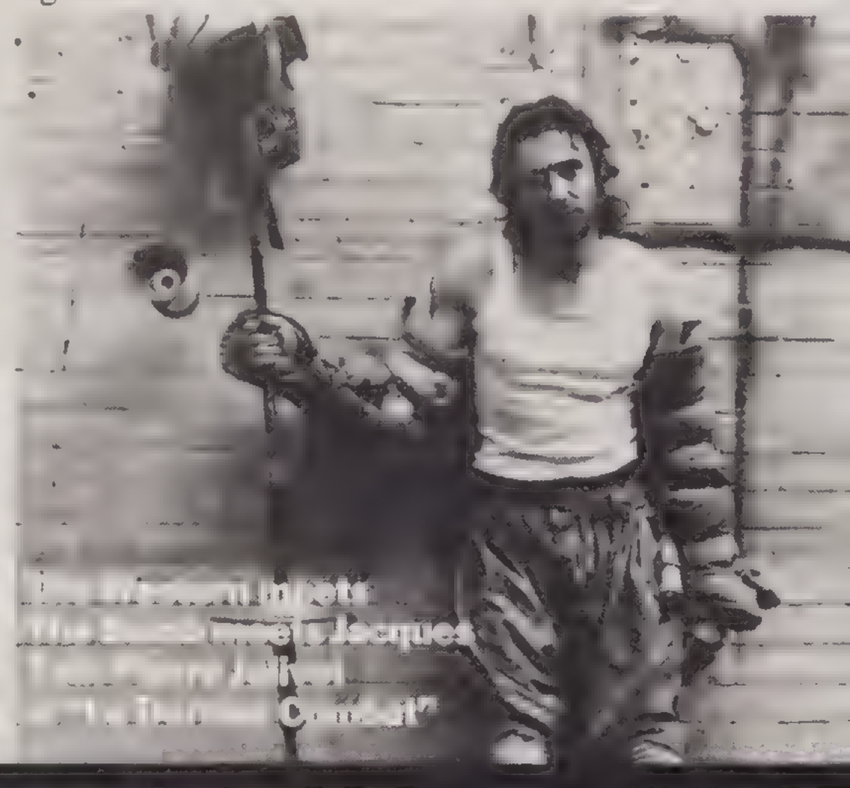
But *The Road Warrior* not only ripped-off *Shane*, he usurped Shane's place in our myth. Ironically or not, Armageddon has replaced the Wild West as the focus of a certain kind of longing for simplicity. *The Road Warrior* doesn't function as a cautionary tale—say like *Testament*—and isn't meant to. It's an escapist fantasy, one that is suprisingly satisfying.

All of which is meant to introduce *Le Dernier Combat* (the last battle), a spare, black-and-white nightmare that's also downright whimsical. We're in post-apocalypse France where the wind blows hard, the desert creeps, and a whalebelly's worth of fish fall from the sky . . . magically! But when it's not raining cod, the film turns ugly. Essentially, the conflict here involves three nameless men: a good guy, his mentor, and a bad guy. (The characters have no names because they're speechless—seemingly an arbitrary yet successful artifice, although the production notes mention a change in the Gallic atmosphere's being to blame.) The good guy and the mentor live together while the bad guy tries to break in—as elemental and potentially nasty a setup as you'll ever find.

This is a surface film. To repeatedly show an atom war survivor painting bison on his apartment wall is to make a thickly underlined point; fortunately, it's also funny. First-timer Luc Besson has directed *Le Dernier Combat* with the controlled, wry manner of a Jacques Tati. It's a movie of small moments. Alone in one scene, the bad guy (Jean Reno), a dopey, nearsighted brute, eats his dinner—a raw, rotten fish. He sniffs it, takes the decisive bite, then cocks his head back and rubs his fingers together like a true connoisseur tasting a novel vintage. Strangely enough, the fact that this brute is a particularly vicious killer doesn't alter the pathos.

So what does it say about our civilization that many of us can focus our imagination, our wit, our dreams on the annihilation of the very same? Are we more cynical, even snider than we used to be? Of course we are. But at least we're looking ahead.

—BRUCE HANDY



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FRENCH LIGHT ON THE PACIFIC

A Day in the Country: Impressionism and the French Landscape; Los Angeles County Museum of Art; through September 16.

This spectacular exhibition promises to be a bigger box-office bonanza than many a summer film and more memorable than most of the 1984 Olympics—to which it is affiliated as part of the Olympic Arts Festival. Unlike many Impressionist shows that group the paintings by artist or period, this one is restricted to landscapes grouped by subject—cityscapes, seascapes, farming scenes, gardens, and images of transportation.

The star of the show is Claude Monet, whose forty-two paintings (almost a retrospective) constitute about one-third of the entire show. Camille Pissarro and Alfred Sisley are both featured with more than a dozen paintings each, and there is a marvelous supporting cast—Boudin, Caillebotte, Cézanne, Guillaumin, Morisot, and Renoir. Though Gauguin, Seurat, and Signac are considered Post-Impressionists, they, too, are included because they exhibited in one or more of the eight Impressionist group exhibitions held between 1874 and 1886.

The show's organizers stress that there is more to this beguiling art than meets the eye. Never mind that the rest of us learned long ago that the Impressionists' great triumph consisted of transforming the visible world from a dense mass of stable, inert matter into scenes of evanescent light in which smoke, mist, and watery reflections evoke the mutability of nature and human experience. The organizers insist that Impressionist paintings are " saturated with meaning" and they have exhaustively researched their historical and cultural context. Certainly it doesn't hurt to know the history of French railroads or of tourism in Normandy, but the enduring appeal of the art remains overwhelmingly visual.

What makes this exhibition particularly extraordinary is that thirty-six of the paintings have been lent by the Louvre's Galerie du Jeu de Paume, the French national museum of Impressionism; these pictures are destined to form the core of Paris' new Musée d'Orsay, opening in 1986, and are not likely to be lent so generously in the future. Another big batch of twenty-five paintings has been lent by the Art Institute of Chicago, which boasts one of the world's best Impressionist collections. Appropriately, the show travels to Chicago, in October, then to the Grand Palais in Paris.

—D.B.

MUSEE D'ORSAY, GALERIE DU JEU DE PAUME, PARIS

Impressionism's way: Alfred Sisley's "The Road, View of Sèvres Path, Louveciennes" (1873)

Couples, odd and otherwise

Artistic Collaboration in the Twentieth Century; Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC; through August 19.

Collaboration is a word with appealing democratic connotations; but it is also a word that, in the art world at least, has become hopelessly blurred. Some artists refer to their technical assistants as collaborators. Others give this designation to their spouses, particularly if the latter is a kibbitzer and sounding board functioning as an in-house critic, curator, and dealer. There is nothing wrong with upgrading assistants and bedmates, especially if it will maintain harmony and increase efficiency in the studio. But nothing remains as rare as a "true" collaboration in the sense of two or more artists working in full partnership, co-planning and co-producing works of art.

Many of this century's artistic collaborations are one-shot deals, as when Pablo Picasso and Salvador Dalí got together on one occasion to jointly produce an etching. Some collaborations begin as prankish activities, like the parlor game that the Surrealists labeled the Exquisite Corpse. An Exquisite Corpse began as a folded piece of paper; each participant embellished his section with writing, drawing, or collage—without looking at the preceding part or parts. The Surrealists claimed that this technique disengaged the mind's critical mechanism and unleashed the metaphorical potentialities of a collective unconscious.

This exhibition valiantly attempts to scrutinize virtually the entire range of artistic collaboration, being an international survey of works by some seventy sets of collaborators. The show highlights the relatively recent advent of couple-collaborators—two artists working as a team who do not have separate artistic identities. These couple-collaborators are usually spouses, but sometimes siblings, like France's Bernard and François Baschet, who make playful sound sculpture, or close friends, like England's overrated Gilbert and George, who used to perform as living sculptures and now produce dour, dim-witted conceptual pieces. Among the most ambitious, successful couple-collaborators: Germany's Bernd and Hilla Becher, who take documentary black-and-white photos of vernacular industrial architecture and arrange them typologically in gridded layouts, and France's Anne and Patrick Poirier, who construct romantic, mythical "ruins," evocative of ancient civilizations.

In November, the show travels to the Milwaukee Art Museum in Wisconsin, then to the J.B. Speed Art Museum in Louisville, Kentucky. —DAVID BOURDON

COLLECTION EDOUARD RODITI, PARIS

A shoo-in collaboration: Spanish Surrealists Oscar Dominguez, Esteban Francès, and Remedios Varo each collaged a portion of this "Exquisite Corpse" in 1935

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART... ART...

A MAN'S HOME IS HIS PALETTE

Part abstract concept, part physical plant, the Capp Street Project in the middle of San Francisco's scruffy Mission District is an experiment in art patronage unlike anything else. The project gives artists an opportunity to live and work within a single space over the course of a three-month residency. What the artist does is settle in, tailor an installation specifically for the site, then spend six weeks exhibiting it.

Ann Hatch, Capp Street's founder, is the great-granddaughter of T.B. Walker, the Minneapolis collector whose endowment started the Walker Art Center in 1927. Hatch bought the house to preserve it, then got the idea of becoming a patron of the site specific. "I wanted to see if a house would be a good setting to be creative in," she says. "I wondered if art could work in an artistic statement."

What kind of artistic statement is the Capp Street house? From the outside it's not much—a fortified warehouse, perhaps, covered by corrugated galvanized steel. The inside is something else: sparse, high-tech, a very elegant mix of angles and curves. It's the creation of David Ireland, self-defined post-discipline artist whose work is unclassifiable: "He combines a Duchampian spirit with an 'eighties perspective," curator Leah Levy says.

The first resident to have a go at the site was Minneapolis video artist Bruce Charlesworth, who created in it a tacky 'fifties dream world by blocking off windows, installing thrift-shop furniture, and painting everything over in garish dime-store hues. It was all a foil for a video piece he filmed among the garish props.

James Turrell's wondrous light pieces transformed the site next. Turrell is a perceptual artist: he manipulates natural and artificial light to create the illusion of solid, three-dimensional shapes. His Whitney show in 1980 was notable not only for the luminous beauty of his creations but also for the absolute success of their illusions: two people sued for bodily harm sustained because of the disorienting nature of the work. Turrell's light projections at Capp Street were the smallest he's ever worked with—and the darkest. "I wanted to recreate the light you see when you close your eyes," he said.

Setting up now is Phil Simkin, a Philadelphian whose works require viewer participation. He is converting the house into a headquarters for Cable Knitted News, a news-gathering organization that will radiate out into San Francisco as volunteer cub reporters track down news fit to knit. Back at the house, a knitting machine hooked up to a computer will turn out knitted news, which an on-site seamstress will sew into garments. It's a complex 3-D pun, and it may not even work—Simkin foresees some snags—but where else could he even give it a try? —SUZANNE MANTELL

MUSIC... MUSIC... MUSIC... MUSIC...

Back on top at forty

Last year, the New York City Opera turned thirty-nine; and owing to financial troubles it looked as if the company wouldn't live to see forty. But Beverly Sills, the homegrown diva turned impresario, rode her troubles out; and this season the City Opera is throwing itself a lulu of a fortieth birthday party.

The company built its reputation on the excellence of its ensemble, on its development of new stars (prime example: Beverly Sills), and on its advocacy of unusual works old and new, including the native American repertoire. But by the late 'seventies the City lost its bearings. The repertory turned safer and more grandiose; the performances got shabbier and shabbier; the malaise seemed terminal. But the curtailed thirty-ninth season showed plenty of promise, and the fortieth seems to be reviving the good old adventurous charter.

Délibes's *Lakmé*—an excursion into the obscure, Orientally perfumed French literature—will showcase the chiming sweetness of the rising coloratura star Gianna Rolandi. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* and Stephen Sondheim's grisly razor-edge farce *Sweeney Todd* take the troupe into the realm of popular music theater—a far cry from Stravinsky's eerie morality play set to music, *The Rake's Progress*, which is due in a production by the ingenious pasticheur David Hockney. The wild card is *Akhnaten*, a new opera by the ubiquitous Philip Glass. It stars the countertenor Christopher Robson as the pharaoh who tried to sell ancient Egypt on the idea of a single god. The languages are Accadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration.

And finally, to pay the bills, they're trotting out Bizet's old gypsy. This time, Carmen plies her voodoo against the backdrop of the Spanish Civil War—but come on . . . who cares? It's time for some fearless soul to go to the graveyard at high noon and drive a stake through her undead heart. She deserves a long rest. Say forty years. —MATTHEW GUREWITSCH

"My name is Carmen, yes?" For its fortieth season, the New York City Opera is using "sub" titles above its stage

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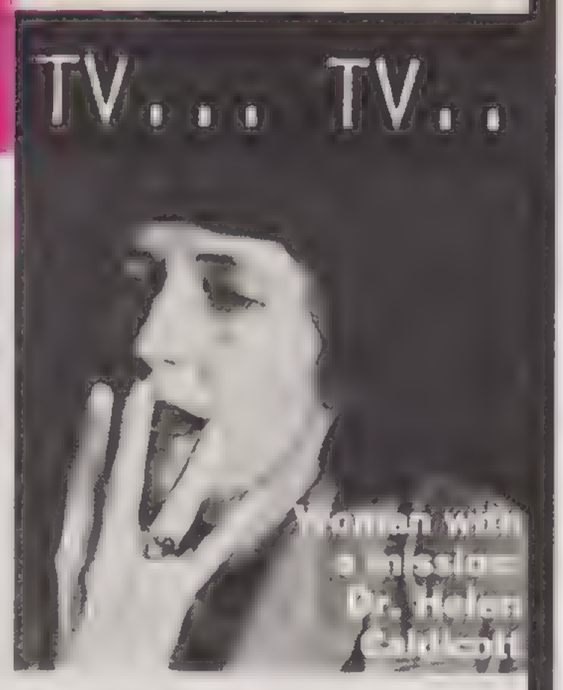
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The fury of the chosen



In one of the most striking scenes in *Eight Minutes to Midnight*, a documentary portrait of nuclear activist Helen Caldicott, M.D., the classy looking pediatrician sits at an Australian radio station practically jumping out of her skin waiting to answer another guest who defends nuclear power. "I'm sorry, we're out of time," murmurs the unctuous DJ, and Caldicott, furious, her eyes snapping with impatience, paces wildly around the little studio like a caged jungle beast who has been given no meat. "You didn't give me time to reply," she cries, "and he's *wrong*. . . ."

Dr. Caldicott's rage at the unbelievers is always close to the surface. The radio-station tempest is a moment when that anger and frustration are sympathetic and human; but in other moments, Caldicott's fury becomes self-dramatizing evangelical fervor. "Every time you speak, speak from your guts," she tells a widow about to describe her husband's death from radiation poisoning to a rally. "That's what gets people." When the woman does speak, it is in a dazed monotone that is actually quite moving. In comparison, Dr. Caldicott's blazing oratory seems almost glib and opportunistic. "He bled and he bled and he bled," she calls out to the crowd, "and that's what this place is all about—it's about *death!*"

Eight Minutes to Midnight, running July 17 on PBS follows the Australian born Caldicott as she travels through the U.S. and Australia warning of the medical dangers of nuclear power. I doubt this is what the filmmaker had in mind, but the hour-long documentary is a film about style. When transformed into film image, even a person concerned with the end of the world must submit to judgment of her style like any performer or politician.

Lecturing students in her twangy accent and utterly casual manner, explaining the medical dangers of radiation as if she were describing a virus, Caldicott is an impressive and dedicated pediatrician alerting the world to a public health hazard. But when she weeps while addressing a Navajo rally because they are "people of the earth," she is a banal and hysterical demagogue. At times, when her calm determination and emotion come together, Dr. Caldicott's irritation at the stupidity of the self-destructive is dazzling. When a student asks if, considering the horrors she has just outlined, there is any rational basis for hope, Dr. Caldicott squares her jaw and says, "I am *damned* if I'm going to let those bastards kill us all!" You can't argue with that. —CATHLEEN SCHINE

DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

CBN: THE CROSS'S STATION

CBN, the cable network that alternates religious programming with old sit-coms and adventure series, is odder than Dick's hatband. The inspirational talk shows, preachers in baby-blue suits, and blandly cheery series starring sensitive animals are not surprising on something formerly called the Christian Broadcasting Network. But CBN, which bills itself as "The Family Entertainer," has some agreeable quirks as well. It gives us families almost as unpleasant and unlikely as our own: smooth, randy bachelors in dinner clothes, like John "Uncle Bentley" Forsythe on *Bachelor Father* and Bob "Uncle Bob" Cummings on *Love That Bob*; or scheming Little Margie and her creepy Dad with the three grey ripples on top of his head ("Alright, Mahggie, let's say you saw a murder, *oo*kay. . . .").

Not all the shows hold up. *I Married Joan* relies almost exclusively on the miraculous contortions of Joan Davis's wide, rubbery mouth, usually lusting after a new hat, while *Blondie's* only fun is the sound effects, like Dagwood's chOWPK plCHOWs snores.

The best of the lot is *Dobie Gillis*, with clean-cut Dwayne Hickman playing the straight man to Bob Denver's Maynard G. Crebbs, the crumpled innocent in ratty sneakers. Clattering through college, dodging crafty, avid girls, Dobie and Maynard are like characters from P.G. Wodehouse transferred to Archie and Jughead's homeroom. Their language is a wonderfully authentic slang that never existed. "Like, thank you, your cap-and-gownship, sir," Maynard says to a teacher. "Like, sorry, your station-houseship," he says to a policeman. *Dobie Gillis* was probably dated when it was made; but now it seems lyrical, hip, and, to quote Maynard again, genuine enjoysville. —C.S.

BRUCE HANDY

Family time warp: Joan Davis and Bob Cummings cut up on CBN

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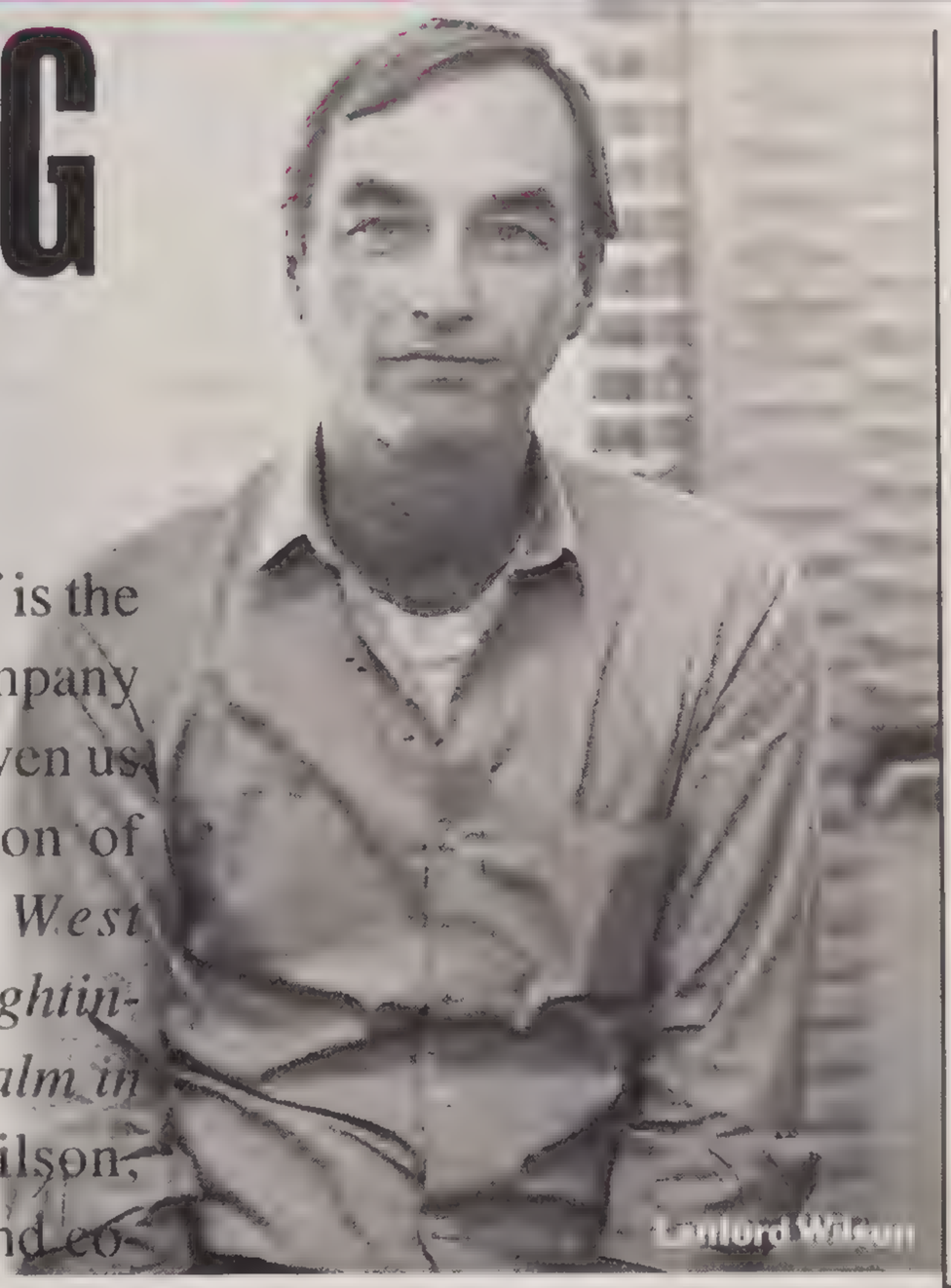
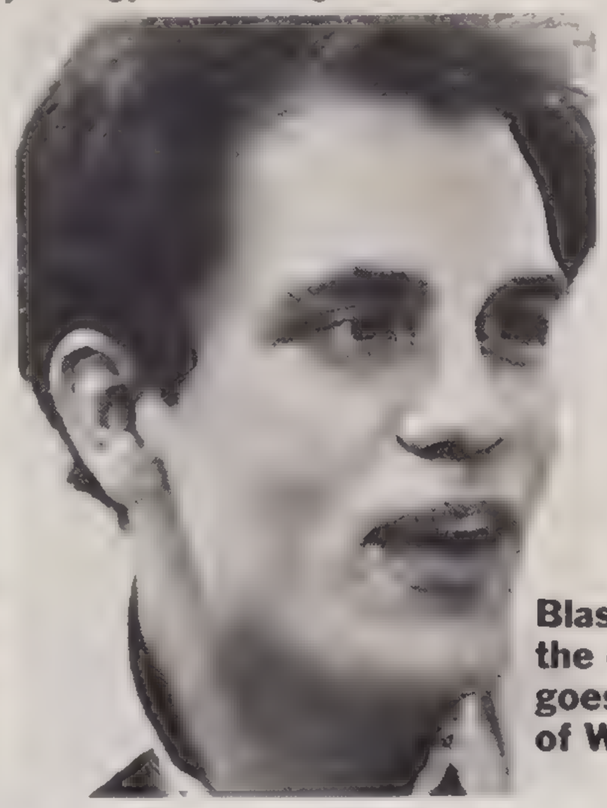

Lanford Wilson

Chicago's Steppenwolf is the hottest new theater company in the country: it has given us an explosive production of Sam Shepard's *True West* and the lyrical *And a Nightingale Sang*. Now it's *Balm in Gilead* by Lanford Wilson, currently running at (and co-produced by) New York City's Circle Repertory. There are several surprises. John Malkovich, much praised as an actor for his portrayal of the black-sheep brother in *True West*, and now as Biff in Broadway's *Death of a Salesman*, is directing. And the tone of this Wilson play is decidedly different from his best known work. The *Hot L Baltimore* (1973) had a similar cast of hookers and transients but was gentler, its people more humorous and ingratiating, yearning for a simpler time. Wilson's Talley trilogy (including the 1980 Pulitzer Prize winner *Talley's Folly*) about a post-World War II Midwestern family was also suffused with nostalgia for old fashioned values, yet wise to the disillusionment of contemporary life.

DIANE GORODNITZKI



Blast from the Windy City: the explosive John Malkovich *(left)* goes East with his version of Wilson's *Balm in Gilead*

"I started to write *Balm in Gilead* in the restaurant where it takes place," says Wilson. "It was 1962; I was twenty-five years old and new to New York. I hung out there because it was near a flea-bag hotel in the West Village where I'd been living, the kind of place where you'd step on a syringe on the way to the bathroom. The economics of that underground fascinated me—all the stolen articles they were always trying to sell. And the speed of the place! New York is 78 and the rest of the country is 33. That restaurant throbbed, pulsated. I just sat there and wrote down everything I heard. I invented nothing, but I shaped it like crazy."

Balm has been re-set in the early '70s, the action backed by a hard-rock score and the cacophony of too many conversations. Waves of people surge around the theater—a twenty-nine-member cast packed into a 160-seat house. It is sensory stimulation pressed to the level of overload, with the play's violent climax the only possible outlet for this tinderbox of malevolent energy. When a small-time drug dealer is stabbed in an explicit, horrible moment, director Malkovich repeats the scene three times, freezing the action as the knife goes in, then going to black, and, when the lights come up, re-running the exact sequence again—and again.

"Yes, Malkovich made changes," Wilson acknowledges. "But they are dead-on the play. People are either going to say this is a cheap little banal story gussied up with nudity and profanity or they'll think as I do—that it's the greatest thing to hit town in ten years!"

—MARY ANN TIGHE

Speaking of talent from Steppenwolf...

The first time Joan Allen came to New York City, it was to star in *And a Nightingale Sang*. The play, originally produced in Chicago by Steppenwolf, is the late C.P. Taylor's account of an English family's living through World War II. It's an ensemble piece, with Allen playing the plain, sensible daughter who provides the ballast for this flighty band of charming eccentrics.

It's easy to capture an audience's attention with grand gestures or displays of high-pitched emotion, but Allen's performance held you by its subtlety and intelligence. As the play's narrator, Allen's Helen shaped her story around her love affair with a married soldier. Portraying Helen through the metamorphosis that results from this romance, Allen changed from an awkward virgin—so pale and chaste that her head, with hair in a tight knot, had the untouched look of a Renaissance madonna—to a strong, independent, pretty woman.

Joan Allen

A native of Rochelle, Illinois, the twenty-seven-year-old actress supported herself with a daytime secretarial job, while managing to build an extraordinary range of acting credits, from a sassy Southern belle in Beth Henley's *The Miss Firecracker Contest*, to a tough lesbian in *Balm in Gilead* (see left). "I broke my finger and got a lot of bruises in that role," she says. "[Director] John Malkovich believes in non-choreographed violence."

But with success has come dislocation. "There was so much security at Steppenwolf; we never even had to audition. Now with *Balm in Gilead* three-quarters of the company is in New York. We're all going through a transitional time. I'm trying to look on it as an adventure."

—M.A.T.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

TAKING DIPLOMACY INTO THEIR OWN HANDS

American women from Madre—including actress Susan Sarandon, *far left*—make their own connections with the people of Nicaragua

After a terrorist's bomb killed 241 Americans in Lebanon, the Mothers of Heroes and Martyrs, a group of Nicaraguan women who have lost their children in the fighting there, wrote to the mothers of the dead Marines to offer their empathy and their rage. When the Nicaraguans needed cereal and milk to supplement their children's diets, they again turned to American women. This time, a friendship organization called Madre (853 Broadway, Room 905, NYC 10003) came through: the money was raised, the food bought. The supplies were even personally delivered—by a wildly diverse group: one woman had never been on a plane before; another was actress Susan Sarandon.

"I have two brothers of draft age, I spend lots of money on taxes, and I think that our policies of intervention lead to big wars. So I decided to learn about Nicaragua," Sarandon says, explaining her involvement with Madre. (She was one of the original sponsors, along with such women as Joanne Woodward, Alice Walker, and Elizabeth Horman, whose son's disappearance in Allende's Chile provided the dramatic core of *Missing*.) "This trip seemed a perfect way to meet people and to try to understand what's going on there, while also accomplishing something specific. I believe in practicality."

According to Kathy Engel, Madre's executive director, the group's purpose is "to get women here to connect the issues they face in their own communities—education, health, jobs—with the effect of our policies in Central America," and it supports a range of activities toward that end. One is "twinning," a sort of fiscal pen-pal arrangement that pairs day-care centers, clinics, and other organizations here with similar institutions in Nicaragua. And Madre is now raising money for the Women's Hospital in Managua, which, Engel says, needs "everything from tongue depressors and syringes to cancer detection equipment and steam generators."

"In every small town, we'd find women who would tell us their stories," Sarandon says. "There's a certain trust that women would understand these things." —SUSAN BOLOTIN

TV plot twists for peace

A typical television doctor—soft-spoken but intense, slightly greying, slightly stooped—takes time out from an ongoing heart-transplant psychodrama (the donor is the wife of one of his residents) to inform a misguided hospital-management type that, no, he will not cooperate with the Pentagon's civil defense planning program. Giving people false hope about the survivability of nuclear war, he argues, is bad medicine.

So ran the story line of a *St. Elsewhere* episode last season. Without resorting to doctrinaire diatribe, the show's writers brought the nuclear predicament into the natural flow of their plot.

That's fine by Norman Fleishman, director of Microsecond, a nonprofit organization that hopes to bring the reality of the nuclear threat to American TV and movies by encouraging members of the entertainment industry to learn about nonviolent conflict resolution. "We're not into manipulation," he insists. "Messages *kill* shows. We believe that reaching writers, producers, and performers on a deep level will naturally affect their work. We hold educational meetings in people's homes and let them hear what they wouldn't hear otherwise." (Carl Sagan spoke about the nuclear winter—the period of intense cold that many scientists think will envelop the earth after a nuclear attack—at the home of actress Blythe Danner, who happens to be married to *St. Elsewhere* executive producer Bruce Paltrow.)

Fleishman is realistic about why more people seem to be listening to his seminars these days. "Usually our effect is indirect, bread upon the water. But Hollywood is a very political town, very sensitive to trends, very sensitive to ratings. *The Day After* [the most watched program in TV history] showed you could get ratings for political shows. Who knows what will happen now?"

What we do know: nuclear bombs and TV transmitters, which have confounded us for forty years, take about the same amount of time—one-millionth of a second, a microsecond—to release their unstoppable power. —S.B.

MADDY MILLER

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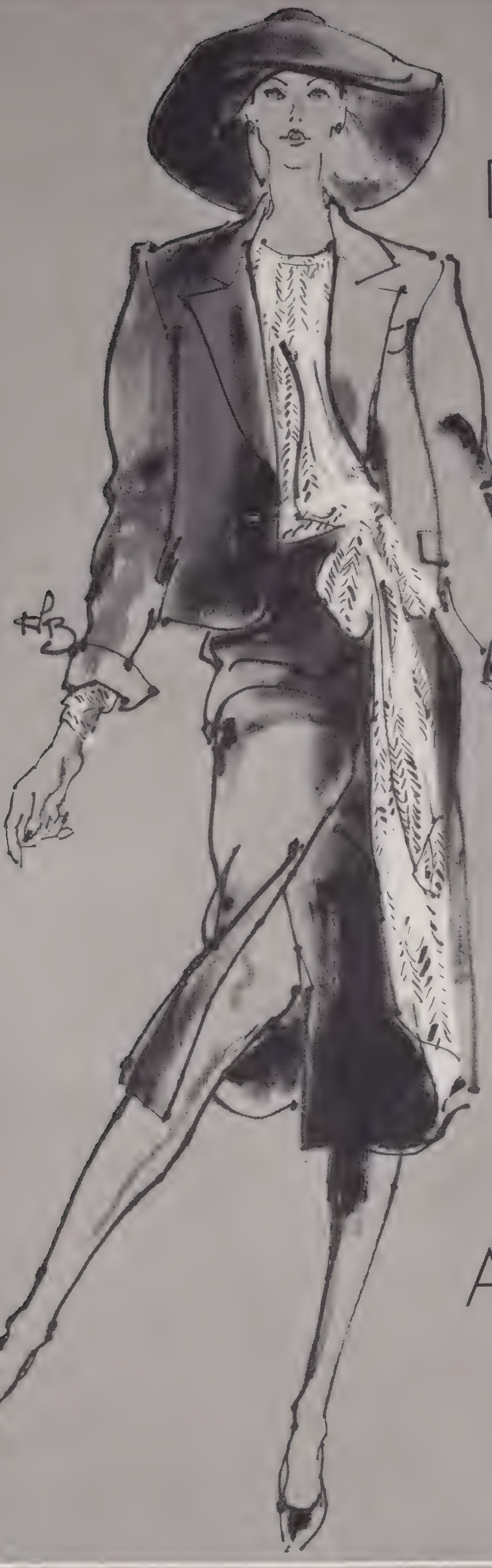

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COVER LOOK

real impact...

The appeal of makeup, of fragrance that's a little off the beaten track...plus summer simplifiers

Going for the all-out glamour of iridescence on eyes, strong glossy color on the mouth, in a season when lips tend to be barely colored and most makeup textures tend to be matte, may "break the rules" but it also opens up a whole new area of attractiveness. Part of the success of a look like this—shown at left and on our cover on model Kim Alexis—is the balance achieved by underplayed cheek color, by light-handed makeup application. The elements: Ultima II Golden Taupe/Pearlshell shadows on eyes lined with Royal Blue Kohl pencil; Porcelain Mauve on cheeks; Plumspice on lips. For hair that holds up to frequent style change—Revlon's Hair's Daily Requirement Conditioner with Extra Body helps to provide a healthy base. Gold and silver lamé jacquard coatdress by Geoffrey Beene. Earrings by M & J Savitt. Hair by Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup by Ariella. Details, stores, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

QUICK MAKEUP

For mornings when five minutes is the limit, this speedy makeup routine from "Kathryn Klinger's First Book of Beauty" (Simon & Schuster): Apply moisturizer just where you need it. Then, dab foundation on nose, cheeks, and blend quickly with a sponge (because it absorbs pressure, a sponge gives a lighter, sheerer look). Pat cream foundation under eyes to conceal circles, on eyelids to "hold" eyeshadow. Brush pale eyeshadow from lid to brows, a darker color in the cease. Then outline eye with pencil (for a different effect, try a skinny black line all around eyes, color pencil applied right on top of that). Coat upper lashes with mascara (mascara on lower lashes tends to cast a shadow under eyes). Brush on rouge, or skip it if your skin has a natural healthy glow. Finish with a light-brown pencil to outline lips; fill in with clear gloss or soft matte lip color.

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RANDOLPH GRAFF

Japanese perspective

Designer Issey Miyake talks about beauty's role in his fashion shows: "I decide the hair and makeup at the last minute. Sometimes I'll try a very strong makeup; but, at the last minute, I'll change it. Very natural is very beautiful.... How the girl feels in the clothes is important. In Tokyo, I use masks on the girls. They want to show the face, but I want their spirit..."

PORTABLES Designed to simplify travel, add real ease to summer: RamScale's Survival Kit, *below,* packs grooming/beauty essentials from tweezers to lip balm with room to spare...for, perhaps, Chanel's luxury-cum-practicality line of miniaturized skincare products, makeups, fragrances. Real convenience: your choices—from fifty eyeshadow and blusher colors—snap into a six-panned Trucco makeup kit by Sebastian.

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Q&A

Waterproof makeup, sunscreen...stronger nails year-round... making a perm last

Q I'm confused about waterproof makeups and sunscreens. What's the difference between waterproof and water-resistant? Are they harsher than ordinary cosmetics and sunscreens?

A Because sunscreens are classified as "drugs," they are regulated by the FDA. In 1978, a panel of outside experts recommended a set of standards sunscreens should observe before a company labels them waterproof. As yet, the standards are not mandatory, but most sunscreen manufacturers observe them, according to Frank Krakowski, M.D., director of medical affairs for Johnson & Johnson (makers of Sundown waterproof sun products). "Companies feel an internal obligation as well as some peer pressure to try to follow these standards."

According to the panel's proposed monograph, a "waterproof" sunscreen should retain its SPF after the wearer has taken four twenty-minute swims with twenty-minute rests in between. To be water-resistant, the sunscreen is tested during only two twenty-minute swims, rests. "To be sure a company complies with these standards, write or call and ask them," suggests Dr. Krakowski.

Cosmetics are tested by individual manufacturers for waterproof qualities. Each company has its own criteria. Tom Yeager, senior vice president of research and development, Maybelline, says, "A waterproof makeup should stay on after exposure to water whereas water-resistant makeup would be less likely to." Yeager notes that since waterproof makeups are not usually water-based, different chemical solvents—mineral oils, liquid petrolatum, and petroleum distillates—are used for bases; but these aren't necessarily harsher than water. "It depends on the formulation," says Yeager. "But it might be wise to test the cosmetic on a small area of skin first, and discontinue use if it's irritating."

Since waterproof doesn't mean wipe-off proof, "pat dry" after a swim!

Q My brittle fingernails seem stronger in the summer—is this possible?

A It is. Lawrence A. Norton, M.D., associate clinical professor of dermatology at Boston University School of Medicine, says brittleness is caused by a lack of moisture in the nail, influenced by exposure to dry heat, too much nail-polish remover, detergents. Like hair and skin, nails might be stronger in the summer simply because of increased humidity in the air and more frequent exposure to water.

To help increase moisture and flexibility in your nails year-round, Dr. Norton says, soak nails in warm water for ten minutes once or twice a day, then massage them with a moisturizing cream—preferably one containing either urea or lactic acid. Research indicates these substances help hold moisture in the nail, prevent evaporation. Phospholipids—derived from fats—are another new ingredient to look for.

"Fats hold water in skin cells, and it seems logical that they would do the same in the nails," says Dr. Norton. "But nails contain only about 5 percent fat. Early tests have shown that nails that were soaked and then massaged with a product containing phospholipids were less brittle. It's a rather new concept in nail care—preventing breakage rather than covering it up with a plastic tip after it's occurred."

Q I had a perm recently that looked wonderful—for a few days. It didn't last. What could be the problem?

A You may have conditioner build-up. Albert Shansky, D.Sc., technical consultant to Directives salons and hair products, explains that most conditioners are now formulated with cationic (positively charged) ingredients that bond to hair's natural negative charge; and today's milder shampoos can't always remove them. A "layer" of conditioner on hair might prevent haircoloring as well as perming chemicals from reaching and bonding correctly—and permanently—to the hair itself.

Dr. Shansky's advice: "Conditioning needs of hair can change. You may not need to condition with every shampoo, and you may need a conditioner only on specific areas of the hair. And don't mix a conditioning shampoo with a conditioner afterwards; this will surely end in build-up."

Before using haircolor or getting a perm, Dr. Shansky suggests that you use a shampoo designed to strip away the excess products. (For salons that carry Directives' once-a-month shampoo, call collect 212-382-7450.) He adds that women who may have this build-up be careful to do a strand test on hair before getting a perm or using haircolor. ▽

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By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"Designing clothes isn't an art form; but it is sort of creating something from nothing, and that's very exciting and therefore full of energy. . . . We all have to get dressed from head to toe every day anyway, so why not do it in a way that gives you a lift?"

—Liz Claiborne, fashion designer, president, Liz Claiborne Inc.

When both job and family demands of equal strength are made on a single hour one's got to be very firm about saying 'someone's got to suffer,' while continuing to be sensitive. An editor's always dealing with the needs of other people—whether it's children, husband, or writers."

—Nan A. Talese, editor-in-chief and vice president, Houghton, Mifflin

"In helping big corporations manage their giving to not-for-profit organizations, I've developed some fund-raising guidelines: have a long-range plan; don't expect to do the job alone; make sure your cause has not grown obsolete; and, most important, don't raise the money if you don't have the program."—*Esther B. Ferguson, chairman of the board, Carlyle Consulting, Inc.*

"The rights of women to be treated equally under the law are like a tidal wave coming in; they're going to get those rights because the American people are logical and they're fair."

—Martha W. Griffiths, Lieutenant Governor of Michigan; Alice Paul Award for her work on ERA

TOP OF THE $ HEAP

Managing money is a new field for women, but at least two have already earned respect from a group that knows the subject well. When a newsletter, *Digest of Financial Planning Ideas* (Emeryville, California), asked twenty-six hundred money professionals—half of them financial planners; the rest stockbrokers, insurance sellers, tax preparers—which professional manager in the U.S. they most admired and would recommend or use themselves to handle their money, first choice went to Venita Van Caspel of Houston and second to Alexandra Armstrong of Washington, DC. Ninety-one percent of the respondents were men.

Van Caspel, an economist, heads her own money-management firm, is a frequent speaker and writer on money, with a book, *The Power of Money Dynamics* (Reston Publishing), out now. Armstrong also presides over her own financial advisory firm and describes her strategies as "traditional."

RULES OF THE GAME

Women are forging ahead on the sports scene (see pages 218-219 for Olympics news); but few—e.g., Phyllis George and Charlsie Cantey—have made it as broadcast sports reporters. Now, Missouri's Stephens College, a 151-year-old liberal-arts school for women just a few blocks from the University of Missouri-Columbia School of Journalism, has launched a sports-journalism program for women. So far, no other college has offered journalism education that teaches future reporters the fundamentals of sports—the rules and strategies of the games they will be following. Daniel Schuffman, head of the school's communications department, worked with Dorothy Lipp Jones, head of the physical education, recreation, and athletics department, to develop the new bachelor of arts major.

Young women who complete the Stephens training will be equipped to report in both print and broadcast media, do "color" and play-by-play commentary. They'll be taught by professional sports writers and announcers and will practice by creating stories and field productions covering the college's own sports program. Through an exchange agreement, a few of the courses will be taught at the Missouri-Columbia campus. Example: coaching of football.

HONORING THE UNINTIMIDATED

Rare talent and high courage will be honored this month when jazz singer Bessie Smith and labor organizer "Mother" Jones join the thirty-three women already in the National Women's Hall of Fame. Singing the blues, most often in her own songs, Bessie Smith (1894-1937) worked with great male jazz musicians of her time; and her records are cherished today. Mary Harris Jones (1837-1930) was called the most dangerous woman in the world during her fiery campaigns to gain union protection for workers, especially women and children. Both women looked upon poverty and oppression and responded with strength.

The Seventh Honors Ceremony of the National Women's Hall of Fame will be held in Seneca Falls, New York, on July 21; for ticket information, write: NWHF, P.O. Box 335, Seneca Falls NY 13148.

SEX AND THE SINGLE BOY

Do boys always turn to their fathers for sexual counsel? Recent research indicates that mothers are just as often the confidantes, perhaps because the number of families in the U.S. headed by women has tripled in the last twenty years. A 1982 study of teenage pregnancy found that although friends have the greatest influence in the sexual sphere, young men who seek information at home generally ask their mothers. This summer, Magee-Women's Hospital in Pittsburgh is offering a three-hour class to help mothers and their eleven- to fifteen-year-old sons discuss the physical and emotional aspects of sexuality and the responsibility that comes with it.

Led by a registered nurse, the mothers-and-sons class will also consider birth control, sexually transmitted diseases, and sexual myths. Information: Magee-Women's Hospital Education Department, (412) 647-4492.

THE "NEW" WOMAN?

Overheard on a stormy night in NYC
in the coat-check line
after a women's political meeting
for the candidate of new ideas:
''Where'll you meet your husband?''
''At the apartment; he wasn't sure
when he'd be finished.
I wish I had some food there
so we wouldn't have to go out again.
But I don't—and that's
just how it is. You can't cook dinner
at home two nights in a row.''

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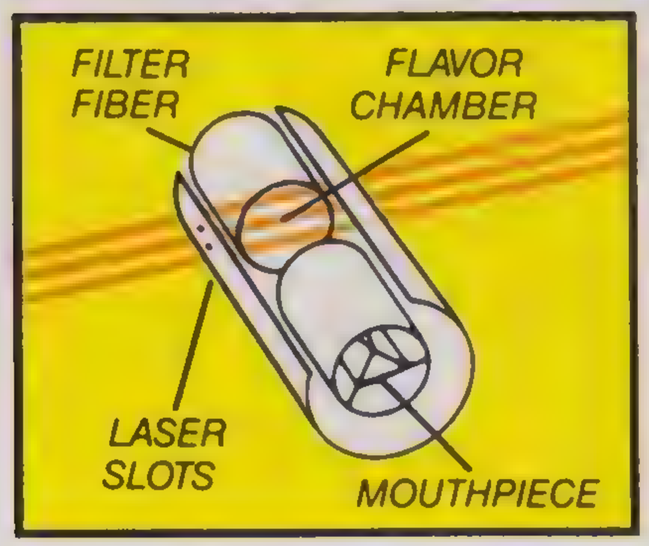

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Nothing looks/feels more appealing than freshly washed hair, and shorter styles have led most women to every-day shampooing—and better dual/triple-purpose hair cleansers, such as the four new Revlon Realistic Sensor Shampoos that work with the Sensor machine, which classifies hair type to ensure perfect perming/coloring...the new Swiss Daily and Swiss Treatment Shampoos, two of Estée Lauder's six interactive Swiss Hair Care Products that cope with every "hang-up" (from humidity to overuse of chemicals)... Lamaur's Perma Soft, a "first"—created to cleanse, condition, and soften permed hair without interfering with the curl or wave. Botanicals play a big part in shampooing: Klorane uses walnut leaves to help retrieve luster, white nettle to reduce oil.

Mint cuts through sweat—in the Kelemata Shampoo, recommended for use after all sporting activities. This month, Procter & Gamble add to their Pert, Prell, and Head & Shoulders shampoo empire by introducing, after five years of stringent tests, the first Ivory Shampoo and Conditioner in gentle formulations for every-day use.

Future shampoos? Marion Walsh, in technical development at L'Oréal, predicts more and more "specific-use products not only for different hair types and colors but ages as well: older hair is often thinner hair."

Hair can now be "conditioned" in as many efficacious ways as skin is treated. Redken—pioneers in hair care—working in a "space age" lab in California, widening the scope of products, recently introduced Ultriance II Professional Treatment For Fine Hair (extraordinary "repair" for damaged hair, too) and Inner Secret (a perm that conditions as it curls).

Many products formulated today set out to care for the hair of both sexes "at home"...such as Aramis' Maltplexx (keeps unruly hair in check and in shape) and Clairol's Condition Hot Oil Treatment, which improves even the most abused and damaged hair.

Leslie Blanchard, a longtime color consultant, recently introduced a shampoo and conditioning system with special chemicals—"Reflectones"—to bring to life (literally) natural haircolor. Great hair-care/color innovators like Sebastian and Vidal Sassoon continually introduce easy-to-use products. The latest: Sebastian's Fizz-In-Colour (six delectable shades)...Vidal Sassoon's (salon only) Sponge On Color and Styling Mousse which builds lasting volume.

The color maestros at L'Oréal today interpret many of their salon processes into formulations that are a cinch to use at home: Preference Permanent Creme-In Haircolor and Excellence Conditioning Shampoo-In Haircolor. In salons across the country, the emphasis is on "healthful" haircolor—fewer chemicals, more "naturals"—beet root, sassafras root, rose hips—whipped together for summer "lighting" by Edward Moore at Clive Summers Salon in NYC; grapefruit juice, chamomile and mud packs for gentle conditioning in the Heidi's salons throughout the country. Large chains such as Intercoiffure (two thousand salons) talk to the major hair-care/color manufacturers—Clairol, L'Oréal, Pantene, Rene Furterer—to aid their research for your benefit, while the Glemby chain (1250 salons) has developed its own hair-care line, based on "feedback" from customers.

—SHIRLEY LORD

Large photo, top TONY McGEE hair, Nicky Clarke of John Frieda, London, makeup by Jo Strettel, London Small photo, above left Styling by Michael Mozzei of Nubest & Co Salon (an Intercoiffure Salon), Manhasset, NY Photo, lower right Hair by Glemby

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By Carol Tavris

THERAPY AND RELATIONSHIPS—THE UNSEEN CONNECTION

"Psychotherapists can count on only two things that will never change," says Harriet Lerner, Ph.D., psychologist at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. "The will to change and the fear of change." The desire to get rid of unpleasant feelings and self-defeating behavior sends people to therapy, but the fear of losing comfortable behavior patterns makes them resist therapy once they are there.

Because many of those patterns are sustained by the individual's family, a person in therapy often suffers divided loyalties: loyalty to the therapist and the goals of treatment vs. loyalty to the family, where the patient's behavior may have protected the status quo. For example, says Lerner, women who are passive-dependent may have learned to act this way to save their marriages—a very effective strategy for them. The therapist who encourages them to be more assertive and independent, without considering the conflicting demands on them, is likely to fail. The client, feeling forced to choose between therapist and family, may side with her family—which in turn may annoy the therapist.

Lerner believes that patients and therapists need to be aware that therapy affects a working system of relationships, and a changed element may change the whole cluster.

COPING WITH STRESS—THE VALUE OF HOPE

What part does hope play in helping people to cope with stress, to recover from illness, and to survive disaster? To Israeli psychologist Shlomo Breznitz, Ph.D., a visiting scientist at the National Institute for Mental Health, hoping is an active process in which one imagines a positive future based on a realistic assessment of the present. Hope doesn't blot out the bad; instead, it emphasizes the positive.

Based on his experimental research, Breznitz distinguishes four styles of response to difficulty: The first—hope based on reality—is the most effective way to manage stress. The second—hope plus denial—is based on illusion ("he doesn't really want a divorce; he'll be back"). Deniers who vaguely "hope for the best" may fall apart when faced with bad news. The third style—total denial—is when a person blocks out a problem completely. "Denial is, at least, a sign that the person is fighting," says Breznitz. "It is a psychological vital sign." Giving up, the fourth style, means neither hoping nor denying, and has the worst prognosis.

Realistic hoping emphasizes that the glass is half full. For example, during World War II, when airplanes were shot down in large numbers, surviving pilots began to show psychiatric distress, thinking, "it's only a matter of time until they get me." Then officials began a new policy, the forty-mission "tour of duty," after which pilots could go home. The specific, limited number changed the pilots' thinking—and their hope. Now they thought, "With each mission, my chances are better that I will survive."

Breznitz believes that the ability to hope is forged in the fires of experience. In this respect, people who were shielded from sadness and fear as children may have been prevented from learning to cope with bad times—and how to hope for good ones.

PERSONALITY OF THE POOR?

The percentages of Americans who are wealthy, comfortable, and poor have remained relatively stable over the years, leading some observers to conclude that the rich stay rich and the poor stay poor. Indeed, the poor are supposed to have special personality flaws that keep them down: it is assumed that they lack motivation, that they lack the ability to plan for the future, that they lack a sense of control over their destinies.

But a ten-year study of a national sample of over five thousand families shows tremendous, continuing changes in family income, entry into the workforce, and family composition that belie these preconceptions about the poor. Greg J. Duncan, Ph.D., head of a research team at the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan, found no special psychological factors that distinguish the poor from the rest of society. For most of them, poverty is only temporary, a result of misfortunes that could strike anyone, such as illness, job loss, or divorce. The majority of those who received welfare income did so for only a few years. Even the 2 percent of Americans who are chronically poor are not stuck because of motivational flaws: one-third of them are elderly; most of the rest are unmarried mothers, both black and white, who lack job and child-care opportunities.

Duncan's conclusion: antipoverty programs do not produce a "caste" of lazy, dependent poor. "They are a kind of economic health insurance," he says, "protecting these families against the most devastating effects of a temporary economic crisis." Most recover, to again pay taxes for the programs that once aided them.

THE EMOTIONAL RISKS OF SOCIAL DRINKING

Women who have recurring problems with anger, depression, or anxiety might do well to stop drinking alcohol, even in moderate amounts, according to a recent study by Isabel Birnbaum, Ph.D., and colleagues at the University of California at Irvine. After only light social drinking (a couple of drinks a day, two or three times a week), some women find that these negative feelings can jump appreciably—drinking seems to have emotional after-effects as well as physical after-effects.

The researchers studied ninety-six women, ages thirty to sixty-five, moderate drinkers all, who took tests of mood and intellectual functioning and kept detailed diaries of what they drank. Half of the women maintained their usual drinking habits, and the other half cut way down or stopped drinking altogether.

When retested—always twenty-four hours after they had had their last drink—those women who had stopped drinking showed a significant drop in anger, depression, and confusion (feeling distracted or vague). The amount of alcohol had no effect on intellectual performance, but a direct effect on mood. It seems that drinkers do not fall into two camps, alcoholics and "safe" social drinkers; some moderate drinkers have trouble with a single glass.

TALK—ELEMENTS OF STYLE

How many time have you felt that you totally miscommunicated with someone? The reason may not be the words you use but the style and form of their delivery. Psycholinguist Deborah Tannen, Ph.D., of Georgetown University, taped a dinner conversation with friends; the transcript revealed that much more than words were exchanged. Tannen had been interrupting and overlapping the remarks of one friend—not to bully him, but to convey interest and enthusiasm. He, however, responded by clamming up. In contrast, when she overlapped and shouted with another friend, he would shout right back. The trick to good conversation, Tannen writes in her new book, *Conversational Style* (Ablex), is synchrony. Two people can have a rousing difference of opinion and still feel that they understand each other—if they argue the same way.

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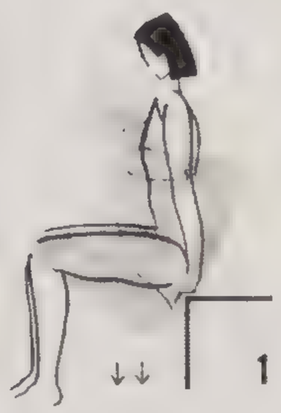
firm up!

Good news: it doesn't take long to regain muscle tone, if you "spot tone" regularly...

Summer means body baring and, for many women, extra motivation to get into shape—making now the perfect time to get in the habit of doing several minutes a day of muscle toning, especially for trouble spots: upper arms, abdominals, hips, buttocks, thighs. These exercises—put together by trainer Bruce Baltz—can replace or alternate with the strengthening part of a fitness regimen that includes some form of aerobics.

upper arms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3

Do each exercise 10 to 20 times, increasing to 30 as you get stronger. Ankle weights will make leg exercises more effective; work up to 30 reps; once you no longer feel muscles working, drop to 25 and add weights. 1. For triceps: sitting on the edge of a chair, with arms supporting you, as shown, slowly lower your body as far as you can go without touching the floor. Then, slowly push yourself back up onto the chair's edge. 2. Do push-ups with bent knees. Keep back flat and body straight. The closer your hands to your knees, the easier the exercise is. 3. For biceps: lean against wall (to decrease upper body movement); hold one-pound weights in front of thighs. Bring weights to chest; return.

abdominals

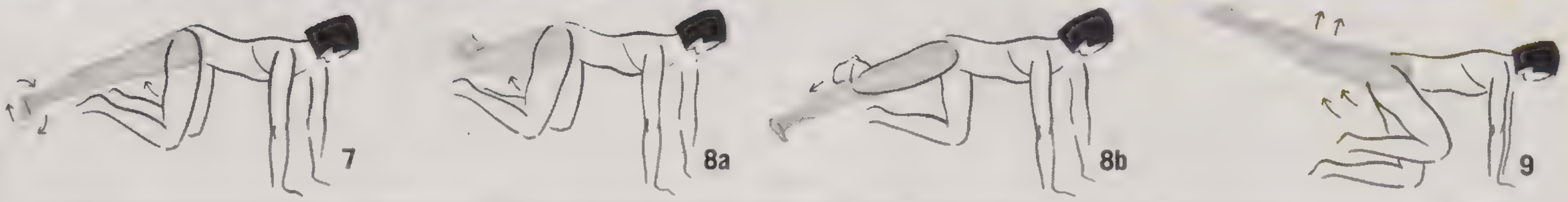
4 5 6

4. Do full sit-ups as shown, with knees bent, hands behind head or crossed over chest. Bring upper body toward knees; keep abdominals contracted. 5. Do sit-ups part-way with the lower back remaining on the floor. Don't raise upper body higher than your waistline; there is less strain on the lower back in this position. 6. Do leg lifts while supporting lower back with hands. Contract abdominals, keeping back flat; raise legs as high as is comfortable; lower. (Check your doctor before doing any exercise, especially if you have low-back trouble.)

Photo PAMELA HANSON *Illustrations* SCOTT BOLESTRIDGE

How long does it take to regain muscle tone? According to movement therapist Marianne Battistone, "If a person who regularly works out becomes sedentary, she will lose about 1 percent of her muscle strength per day. Once exercise is resumed, however, retrieval of muscle tone takes half that time." For an out-of-shape woman, it will take longer. The bottom line: it's never too late to regain fitness!

inner/outer thighs


7 8a 8b 9

7. Starting on hands and knees, as shown above, raise one leg out to side, straighten, and circle from hip (the higher and straighter the leg, the more effective the exercise will be.) 8. From the same position as 7, lift bent leg to side (8a); extend leg straight out, then bring back (8b) and lower, but do not let it touch the floor. 9. Hip flexes will benefit upper hamstring muscles as well as hips and buttocks. Bring knee in toward chest, then kick leg straight back and lift up, return—the greater the arc, the better this exercise works. Do each of these three exercises in sequence. Do total reps each leg.

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hips/buttocks

10 11 12

10. For outer thighs: lie on side as shown and lift and lower upper leg. Keep knee/leg/foot parallel to floor. Do not let leg touch floor between repetitions. 11. For inner thighs, sit on floor with knees bent in front of you, using arms to support you. Squeeze a tennis ball between knees, 10 seconds each time. (To make this exercise more effective, hold for longer periods of time.) 12. For inner thighs: lie on side with hip square to floor and upper leg bent over lower as shown. Lift straight leg as high as possible, keeping it parallel to the floor; lower.

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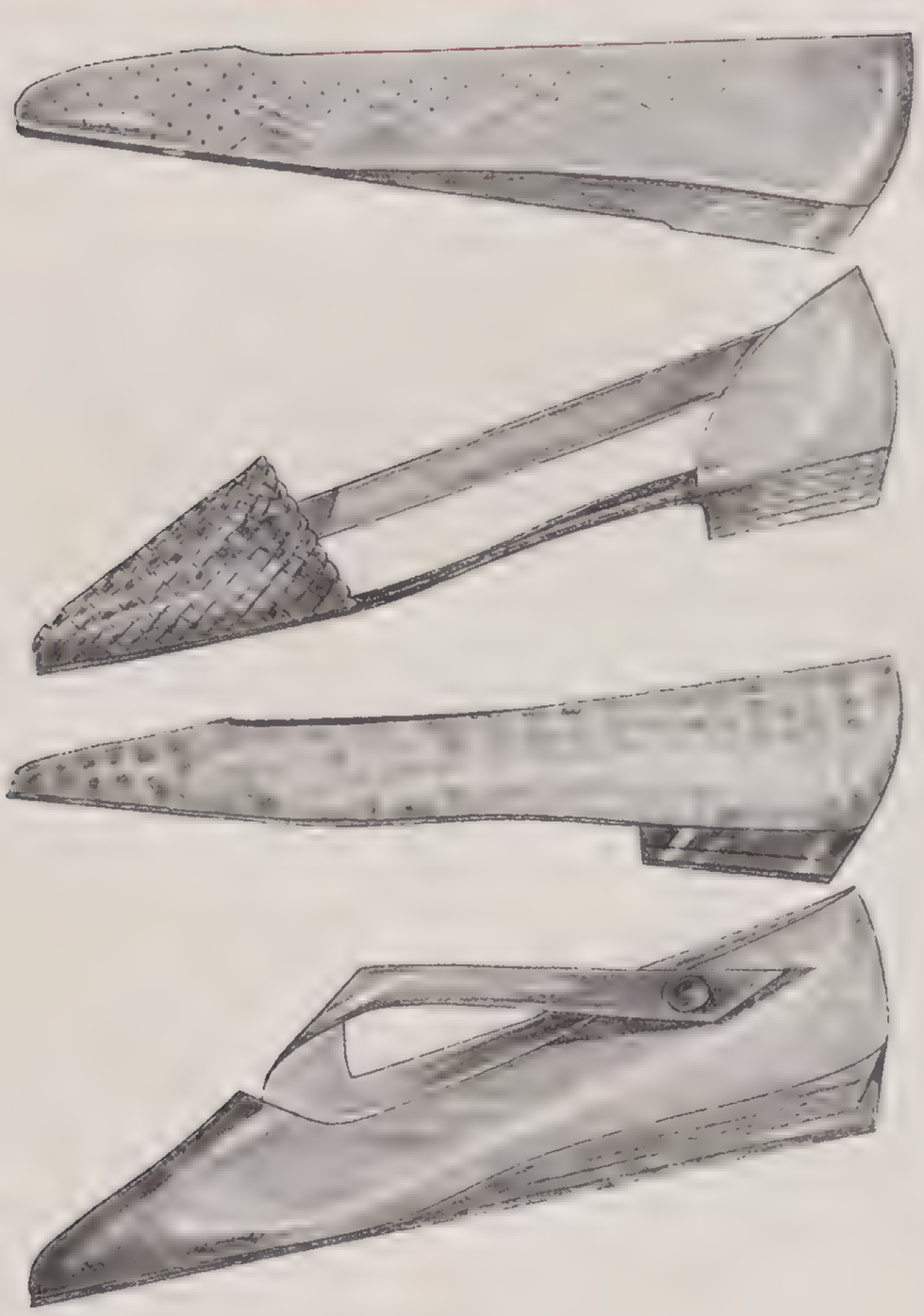

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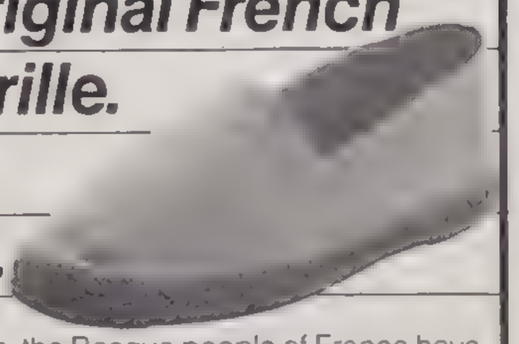

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Managing Your Money

By Patricia O'Toole

How trendiness can pay off…what interest rates really mean…big bonds for small investors

LIFE-STYLE INVESTING: TAKING STOCK IN YOUR FAVORITE THINGS

Quick, what did you do last night? Eat out after work and dash to a movie? Finish unpacking in your new house? Meet with a wardrobe consultant at a department store?

Whatever you did, it just might be the source of a great investment idea because the next several years promise exceptional growth for companies selling consumer goods and services, especially to working women and "baby boomers." The way these groups spend their money is setting the pace in retailing, housing and home improvement, leisure, health, personal services, and other areas.

How to play this trend? If you had foreseen this decade's baby boom, for instance, you might have invested in Toys R Us, the toystore chain. The firm's earnings have gone up over 40 percent the last few years. Had you stopped to think about rising long-distance phone bills, you might have bought stock in one of Ma Bell's upstart competitors. Shares of MCI Communications are now worth about twelve times their 1978 price.

Impressed by the scope of the demographic changes created by baby boomers, Merrill Lynch recently started the Fund for Tomorrow, a mutual fund reflecting the life styles of people aged twenty-five to forty-five. The fund tracks leisure-related industries (airlines, travel, lodging, and entertainment), housing-related areas (building, home improvement, and furnishings), health care, retailing, and financial services.

After spotting a trend, life-style investors need to find out which companies are likely to exploit it best. Suppose you're convinced that solar energy's day will come. When you start looking at companies in the field, you might discover that a firm with a great product has big financial woes. Or that its stock is already pricey.

"You'll also want to beware of the life-style fad," says Marilyn Cohen, an investment broker with Cantor, Fitzgerald & Co. in Beverly Hills. "Remember racquetball?" Cohen sees promise in companies focused on children and pregnancy—everything from maternity clothing to child care—because even if birth rates don't rise, two-income couples have more money to spend on themselves and their children.

NEW BOND IN TOWN: "ZEROS"

If safety is high on your list of investment objectives, you've probably been buying certificates of deposit. Now there is a solid alternative that could net you even more. Most often called zero-coupon bonds, these instruments also guarantee a fixed yield—recently about 12 percent.

Here's how they work: Instead of buying a $10,000 bank certificate and watching it appreciate, you buy a zero-coupon bond at a fraction of that and wait for it to reach its $10,000 face value. A $10,000, 12 percent "zero" maturing in 1990, for instance, recently sold for $4568. A longer-term zero, redeemable in 1995, cost $2550, while those maturing in 2003 went for about $1050.

Anthony Basile, president of IDS Fixed Income Advisers in Minneapolis, favors five-year zeros as a way to lock in current high interest rates without committing money for long periods. In times of high inflation, he reasons, other investments could yield more.

A big plus for small investors: zeros don't pay interest twice a year, as many bonds do, so zero holders needn't worry about finding new investments for this small change.

Safest of the zeros are those based on U.S. Treasury obligations. The Treasury doesn't sell zeros, but a bit of legerdemain allows brokers to offer zero-type investments backed by Treasury bonds. Among the most popular are Certificates of Accrual for Treasuries (CATs). Basile likes CATs because they're quoted in daily stock listings, making them easy to follow.

DEBIT CARDS—DO YOU WANT ONE?

Sometime soon—if it hasn't happened already—your banker or broker will probably try to interest you in debit cards, which often bear the Visa or MasterCard imprint. They look like credit cards, and they're used like credit cards; but, after a purchase, they work like checks: within a few days (instantly in some cases) the amount of the purchase is subtracted from funds in an existing account—typically your checking or brokerage account.

In view of the fact that you get a free ride of several weeks with credit cards, why should you switch to debit cards? You shouldn't. But you might want to join the six million people who used both, substituting debit cards for checks whenever possible.

At supermarkets in Iowa and Ohio, customers can buy groceries with debit cards, saving the hassle of getting checks approved.

At service stations across the country, customers can buy gas by inserting debit cards into specially equipped gas pumps, eliminating the need for attendants and thus making it possible to buy gas even when the station is closed.

Unlike credit-card companies, most debit-card issuers don't charge an annual fee. With checking-account fees on the rise, debit cards can keep banking costs down.

("Money" continued on page 99)

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(Continued from page 96)

INTEREST—THE DOLLAR VALUE

Ever wonder how much your savings will be worth in the future? Divide the annual interest rate you're getting into 72. That will tell you—roughly—how many years it will take for your money to double. Thus a bank certificate paying 9 percent a year (with interest compounded monthly) doubles in eight years, while a 12 percent C.D. does the same in only six. Over the long haul (with your Individual Retirement Account, for example), the differences can be staggering. In thirty years, a 9 percent $1000 certificate will be worth $14,730. Not bad, but $1000 invested at 12 percent will swell to $35,949! Moral: you can't afford not to shop for high rates.

TAX SHELTERS—THE AUDIT RISK

Tax-shelter investors, beware. The Internal Revenue Service is challenging record numbers of tax-shelter deductions—and winning most of the time. Last year, the losers had to pay the IRS an average of $18,000.

If the IRS decides a shelter is abusive—usually because it generates big deductions now but holds no real promise of making a profit in the future—penalties can be stiff. Besides taxes, there's interest (11 percent recently), an extra 10 percent on amounts over $5000, another 5 percent if the IRS concludes that you knew a shelter was abusive before you invested, and up to 30 percent more if the shelter's assets were grossly overstated.

Shelters most likely to be audited: those involving gems, works of art, and phonograph master discs. Safest—but hardly fail-safe—are real estate partnerships and oil-and-gas programs.

How to take shelter without running afoul of the IRS? Ultimately, you're responsible for any deductions the IRS disallows, but in this high-stakes game, it pays to hire a specialist to check out shelters you're considering. "An expert will have a long list of tax-related questions," says attorney and C.P.A. Richard A. Michi of Capital Structures Advisory Corp. in Chicago. "Does the investment make economic sense apart from the tax benefits? If not, avoid it. How high are the write-offs? If they're more than twice the amount an investor puts up, that's asking for an IRS audit. Does literature on the shelter say that a tax defense fund is being established in case of an IRS challenge? That says to me that an audit is inevitable."

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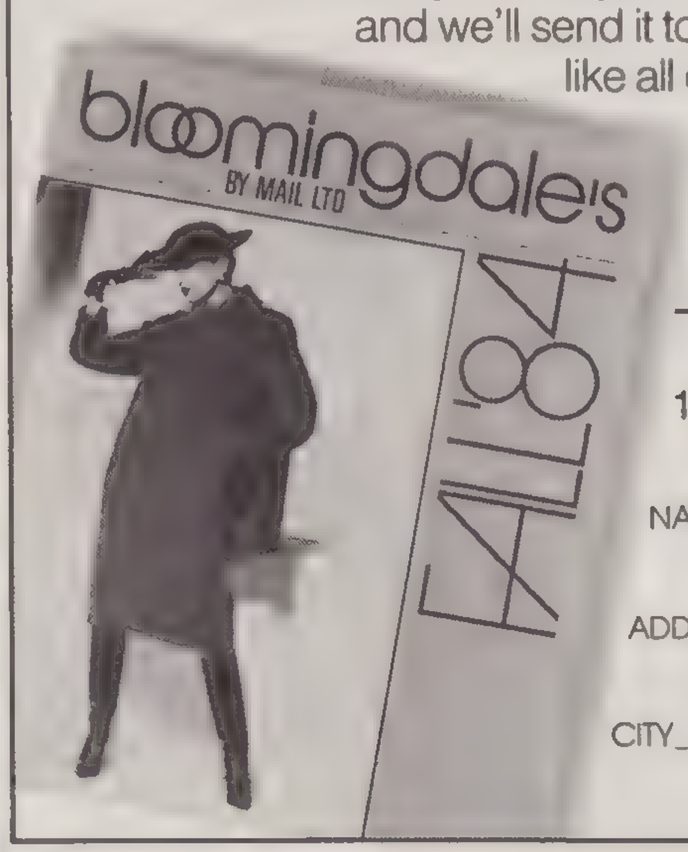

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Warm weather vs. exercise performance... plus: the pollution factor

At this time of year, when warm weather boosts exercise motivation, active women need to be aware of the effects of climate on physical exertion. E.C. Frederick, Ph.D., research director, Nike Sports Research Laboratory, Exeter, New Hampshire, analyzed weather conditions and performance achievements at over sixty sports events. What he found to be the most important weather factors:

● **Temperature** The range that seems ideal for strenuous exercise: 55-to-60°F. Above or below that, a good portion of body energy is "spent" on heating or cooling rather than moving, and your performance—i.e., speed, strength, and stamina—goes down.

How to "fool" the thermostat: with clothing. In summer, you want the natural air conditioning of loose clothes in "breathable" fabrics (now not just natural fibers but new waterproof choices like Gore-Tex) that encourage air to circulate against skin as you move. For cooler early-morning or evening activities, choose lightweight layers that can be peeled as your body temperature rises. "Leave fleecy warm-ups for winter," Dr. Frederick advises. "At every time of year, to balance out body heat, dress to feel slightly chilled before you get moving."

● **Sunlight** While sunshine lifts spirits, cloudy conditions are better for exercise. Standing in direct mid-day sunlight can raise body temperature a full degree; added warmth generated by exercise can cause your body to overheat.

What to do: schedule exercise when the sun is least intense—before 10 A.M., after 4 P.M.—and scale down your exercise level when the sun is strong; e.g., run more slowly, play one hour of tennis rather than two.

Be aware that the shoulders and head absorb the most solar heat. "Screening" them with a light-colored, short-sleeved (not sleeveless) shirt in a porous fabric and an open-weave hat (*not* a visor) can help. Key, too: drinking plenty of fluids. Aim for a minimum of one glass of water before, during, *and* after exercise if you can.

● **Humidity** "What allows your body to lower its core temperature in hot weather is not just perspiration but its evaporation. As evaporation slows down when humidity is high, try to compensate by blotting excess perspiration off your skin with a towel. Even professional athletes have to cut short or slow down their usual workouts by as much as half when it's 70°F or above with 70 percent humidity. Above that humidity level, it's best to postpone exercise. Anyone with a respiratory condition like asthma or allergy should check with a physician regarding special precautions," said Dr. Frederick.

Be especially conscientious about fluid replacement, as noted. Don't ignore danger signs: excessive fatigue, muscle cramping, any feeling of lightheadedness means it's time to stop.

● **Wind** Even a slow jogger uses 5 percent of her energy to overcome wind resistance, while a cyclist uses above 15 percent. In any exercise that is primarily one-directional—cycling, walking, cross-country skiing—a tailwind (headed in the direction you are) can help eliminate "drag."

"If a strong wind is coming against you, don't expect to meet usual exercise goals, either in speed or distance covered," said Dr. Frederick. "But if you're exercising with another person, help each other to conserve energy by jogging or cycling in single file, trading off the lead. If you stick close together, you can cut wind effects for the second person by as much as 70 percent."

To remember at every time of year: Each time you add more stress to your workout—another pound of weights, strong wind, higher temperature—you need to extend your warm-up and cool-down, give your body more time to prepare and recover.

Air pollution as a possible exercise hazard has been a hot topic in light of this year's Olympic site: Los Angeles. Yet Robert Voy, M.D., chief medical officer of the U.S. Olympic Committee, notes that "new world records have consistently been broken in other equally urban competitions, and varying pollution levels are one of many factors considered by event schedulers." What Dr. Voy advises all city dwellers: Schedule outdoor activities for "off-peak" traffic hours, as carbon monoxide can "crowd out" oxygen from red blood cells, lessen muscle fueling and endurance. If you have a history of allergies or exercise-induced bronchial spasms, discuss specific precautions with your physician. And be aware that humidity intensifies pollution—the reason many cities announce smog alerts on particularly hot, hazy days. "Obviously, such an announcement should keep every exerciser off the road."

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Business eating

HOW DOES WASHINGTON'S POLITICAL SET MAINTAIN LOW WEIGHT AND HIGH PROFILE ON THE OFFICIAL PARTY CIRCUIT?

BY KATHLEEN MAXA

In a town where more business is conducted over the buffet table than the conference table, weights tend to soar along with political and social fortunes. "Living in Washington ups the usual one evening out a week to three or four," says Carolyn Deaver, wife of White House chief of staff Michael Deaver. "And it's not just more events, it's more black-tie events, which I think automatically increases the calorie content."

Although Carolyn has managed to maintain her size-eight figure, her husband found himself gaining weight during his first months in Washington with the Reagan Administration. He eventually shed thirty-five pounds through a regimen of exercise and vegetable soup and is writing a diet book to reveal how.

But for many others, the more successful they become in their professional and social lives, the less successful they are at maintaining or losing weight. These are the overweight super-achievers, who find their way to the offices of Arthur Frank, M.D., Washington's foremost diet doctor.

An internist on the clinical faculty of George Washington University School of Medicine who specializes in obesity, Dr. Frank divides people into three categories when it comes to losing and maintaining weight.

"Stage One," he explains, "are people who are eternally cautious about their eating. They can do it themselves.

"Stage Two are those who need more structure, such as Weight Watchers or diet centers.

"Stage Three are people who have failed in Stage Two."

The reason they have failed, says Dr. Frank, is often that they have a metabolic problem—their regulatory systems, which dispose of the calories they consume, break down. Hormonal changes, such as puberty, menopause, and pregnancy can cause such a breakdown, as can a medical problem, a crisis, or a change in life style.

Frank's patients begin with a low-calorie, modified fast. "Fear of going back to that regimen is a good deterrent," says lawyer-lobbyist Tommy Boggs, a former patient who dropped from 225 to 185.

In addition to intensive medical supervision, the program includes exercise therapy, group and behavior therapy, and nutritional counseling for patients to learn to manipulate eating patterns.

Changing eating patterns is one thing if your problem is raiding the refrigerator during TV commericals, but quite another if you can't pass up the chocolate mousse at the French embassy, or when you can't refuse all but the salad while seated next to your hostess. In these situations, questions of protocol and good manners come into play. So how do you diet without offending, calling attention to yourself, or becoming a recluse?

"I had a senator's wife tell me, 'I'm going to the White House for dinner and I'm going to have to eat,' " Frank recalled. "I simply told her, 'Nobody there will be watching to see if you eat. Everyone will be watching the head table and the President. You deal with the people on either side of you by faking it. Push the food around on your plate.

"Faking a small dinner party is more difficult," he admits. "A good hostess knows whether her guests are eating. So in those situations, it's perfectly permissible to explain in advance that you're on a special diet and really need to lose the weight and to ask her not to be offended if you don't eat."

As for those public situations where what you eat depends more on self-discipline than etiquette, Frank offers this advice:

- Define the boundaries of what you will and won't eat in advance. There is no such thing as open-ended eating for the successful dieter. "You may tell yourself," Frank says, " 'I'm going out. I'll have a glass of wine and a salad. No beer. No French fries. No dessert.' "

- Don't eat anything on impulse. Don't stand near the buffet table or anywhere else you may be tempted. Everything you eat should be predetermined.

- Remember that all eating occurs in a context, and there should be an appropriateness to your eating. If you're eating because you're angry, or you've just come from a dinner and now you'd like dessert, or it's eleven at night, that is inappropriate. If you're eating because it's mealtime or you're hungry, that's appropriate. But you still have an obligation to be disciplined. ▽

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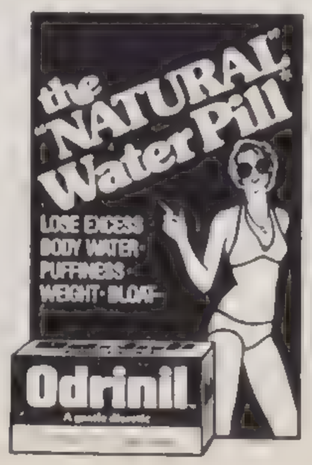

Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

Driver alert: seven trouble signs you should never ignore

As a driver, you're way ahead if you're a good diagnostician—know how to tell the difference between drips and squeals that are totally innocuous and the drips, squeals, and other small clues that mean big trouble down the road. Here, for example, are seven signs of trouble you should investigate right away.

● Your warning lights don't go on when they're supposed to. Between the time you turn the ignition key and the time the engine kicks over, you're supposed to get a quick look at your dashboard warning lights. Usually located left of the speedometer, on the gas gauge or in a separate cluster, these lights are supposed to come on *only* in that brief moment before the engine starts, just to show you they're working. If they're not working, you're seriously out of touch with your early-warning system.

To be sure the signals are all okay, first check your car-owner's manual to see which lights are supposed to go on. (Different cars have different combinations; in some cars, the warning lights never come on until you're actually having trouble—clearly a less-than-perfect arrangement.) Then—this is the hard part—train yourself to *notice* the lights every time you turn the key. If a light doesn't come on when it's supposed to, see a mechanic and have it fixed.

● The OIL light comes on when you're driving. Stop the car as soon as possible and call for roadside service. Driving even a short distance without oil can totally ruin the engine. The roadside attendant should start by adding oil first. Even if the additional oil causes no new, visible drips (indicating a leak) and makes the warning light go off, you'll want to see a mechanic anyhow, and very soon, to find out why you lost oil pressure so quickly.

● The HOT light goes on while you're driving. If there's a gas station in immediate view, get to it, turn off the engine and tell the attendant your problem. If there's a telephone in easy range, pull over, turn off the engine, and call for a tow truck. If there are neither in plain sight, turn off the engine and let it cool—which means waiting for twenty minutes to half an hour. Then start the car and drive *only* until the HOT light comes on again. Repeat the procedure until your short hops bring you to a phone or a service station.

Most overheating problems are relatively inexpensive to repair, but loss of cooling-system integrity can cause as much trouble and be every bit as expensive as loss of oil-system integrity.

● Weird odors. Don't ignore *any* of them. A gasoline smell could mean a fuel leak somewhere, and possibly a fire hazard; or it may indicate that your carburetor needs work. The smell of exhaust gases inside the car makes you suspect that the rubber gasket around the trunk has deteriorated and is allowing the stuff that is supposed to go out the muffler—unburned gasoline plus carbon monoxide, which is deadly—to seep back into the passenger compartment. The smell of burning plastic often means that wiring has shorted out and a fire is beginning or smoldering under the hood (a very good reason for carrying a small fire extinguisher in the car).

● Any metal-to-metal screech. Body rattles or dashboard squeaks are irritating but not terminal. But when you hear the strident screech of metal against metal, you know something is wrong because cars are designed to keep the important metal parts from scraping against one another. If you hear a metal-to-metal screech all the time, the problem may be wheel bearings. If you hear it only when you use the brakes, it may mean that the brake pads are worn down to the metal and need to be replaced. In both cases and most others, the situation gets costlier and more dangerous if you don't have it attended to immediately.

● Steering problems. If the steering wheel shimmies or shakes, tires are probably at fault. They're worn or wearing irregularly: you need new tires or wheel balance or wheel alignment. Steering that feels loose or sloppy—that is, you have to turn the wheel farther than you used to for a given effect—can be caused by a number of irregularities including loose linkage. Most steering-system problems are inexpensive to fix and, because steering is so important to safety, very costly to ignore.

● Drips under the car. Learn to "read" any spots of moisture that appear where you park your car. The location of a drip gives you clues to the source, and so does the color. Black or dark brown is engine oil or rear-axle fluid: see a mechanic. Automatic-transmission fluid is usually red or pink: see a mechanic. Greenish water contains anti-freeze and it signals a leak in the cooling system: see a mechanic. Clear water is probably condensation from the air-conditioner or maybe from the early-morning dew, and it's okay. Just get in your car and go. ▽

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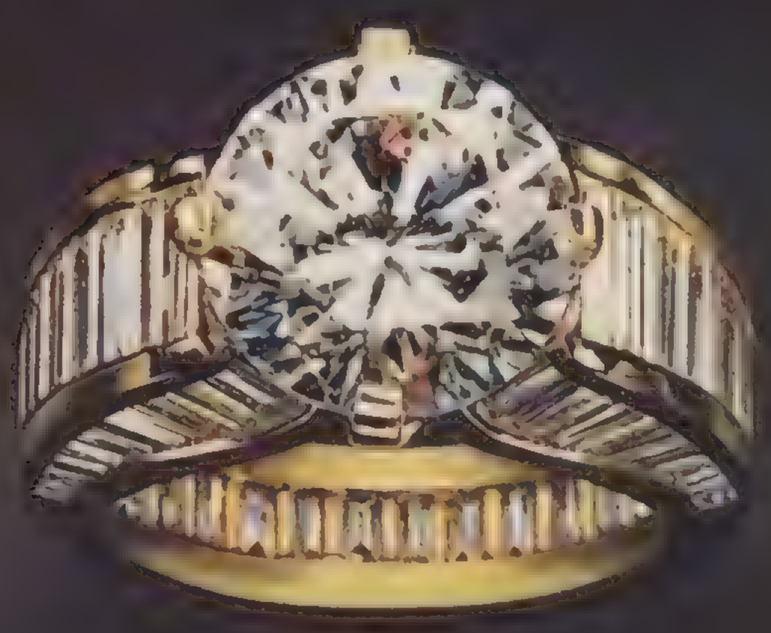

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British Wit

We may envy the British their verbal flash—Noel Coward's dazzling banter, Dudley Moore's cuddly brashness, John Cleese's insanity-gone-berserk—but, in fact, Yanks are far too softhearted to fence words Brit-style

BY RHODA KOENIG

"X is such a fool," says my London dinner partner, "that they lay other fools alongside him to compare them with the standard measure." Everyone within earshot giggles in agreement and eagerly listens to him trash X, Y, Z, and the rest of the alphabet. At an American party, there would be more compassion but less fun. Americans believe in being *nice*, a word that in England is considered wet, imprecise, and, worst of all, vulgar. "If you can't say anything nice, don't say it at all," goes the famous American advice to children, a saying that, if put into practice in some English drawing rooms I know, would make you think you were at a convention of deaf mutes.

The sad fact is that a precondition for wit is a high tolerance for brutality, something the English have in abundance. What, after all, is more brutal than an epigram, which dismisses all the ifs, buts, and maybes—all the possibilities and contradictions of life—for the sake of a brilliant generalization? Think of Nancy Mitford's *Love in a Cold Climate*, for instance—Lady Montdore tells her only daughter, "So the poor little baby died, I expect it was just as well, children are such an awful expense, nowadays." I had thought this a comic-horror exaggeration until I heard a friend being reassured about her mother's brain tumor thus: "I shouldn't worry, really. People aren't that sensitive to pain in a part of the body they never use." No wonder the English have always been famous for good manners—something had to be invented to conceal their natural savagery.

The history of English repartee is full of instances of the pompous, blustering bully who is blown away by a discharge of wit fired with pinpoint accuracy—the oaf hoist with his own petard. "If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson," an unnamed boor told the Reverend Sydney Smith, who mildly replied, "Your father was of a different opinion." And the famous exchange between the Earl of Sandwich and John Wilkes:

" 'Pon my honor, Wilkes, I don't know whether you'll die on the gallows or of the pox."

"That must depend, my Lord, upon whether I first embrace your Lordship's principles, or your Lordship's mistresses."

There speaks the voice of a nation where every underdog, if he's a clever dog, can have his day. (The English can also use their wit to be amiable and self-deprecating. When I once idiotically told an author that I'd bought a copy of each of his books, he said, "Ah, I'd wondered who it was.")

Of course, no one is going to trouble to be witty unless he's sure of a good audience. Love of language is passionate and widely dispersed in Britain, where I've heard newsstand dealers contrasting Shakespeare's and Shaw's Cleopatras and a perfume salesman quoting Shelley to a reluctant customer. Noel Coward relied on his listeners' broad general knowledge when he wrote these lines about postwar surliness: "We're an *un*happy breed/ And very bored indeed/When reminded of something that Nelson said." The style is an expression of the thought ("England expects that every man will do his duty" is *so* boring I won't even *say* it); the writer is able to use those tools so necessary to the art of wit—obliquity and compression. (As Gore Vidal said, it's hard to write satire in America, where nobody knows much about anything.)

And the English take wit very seriously indeed. A friend told me that the rift in her marriage widened beyond repair when her husband decided to write a novel by filling a notebook with funny remarks he overheard. One night, she abstracted his diary and went into a rage that sent her straight to the divorce lawyer. "Do you know," she exclaimed, "He hadn't put down a bloody thing I said!" ▽

> Americans believe in being nice, a word that in England is considered wet, imprecise, and, worst of all, vulgar

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ayering can give hair a certain amount of bulk, of shape and control; but what sets up a cut today is the texture, the feel of the hair itself, both based very much on how a woman cares for her hair every day," says Louis Alonzo (who styled the hair above for Nubest & Co.). Just as exercise is a "given" in an active woman's life, so is a commitment, today, to non-damaging styling options, to following shampoos with conditioning as needed. It's the truly modern approach to hair—and one reflected in a recent joining of forces between trichologist Philip Kingsley and scientific corporate giant Eli Lilly & Company, an alliance that should mean more results-oriented hair care ahead.

Blunt-topped

layering adds what stylist John Sahag calls "swing—volume that can be brushed upwards or out"—to the cut *above*, given even more lift with mousse rubbed into hair, "shaped" to accent soft bangs.

Newsiest cuts: the ''convertibles,'' styled with no set part for quick, easy changes. . .

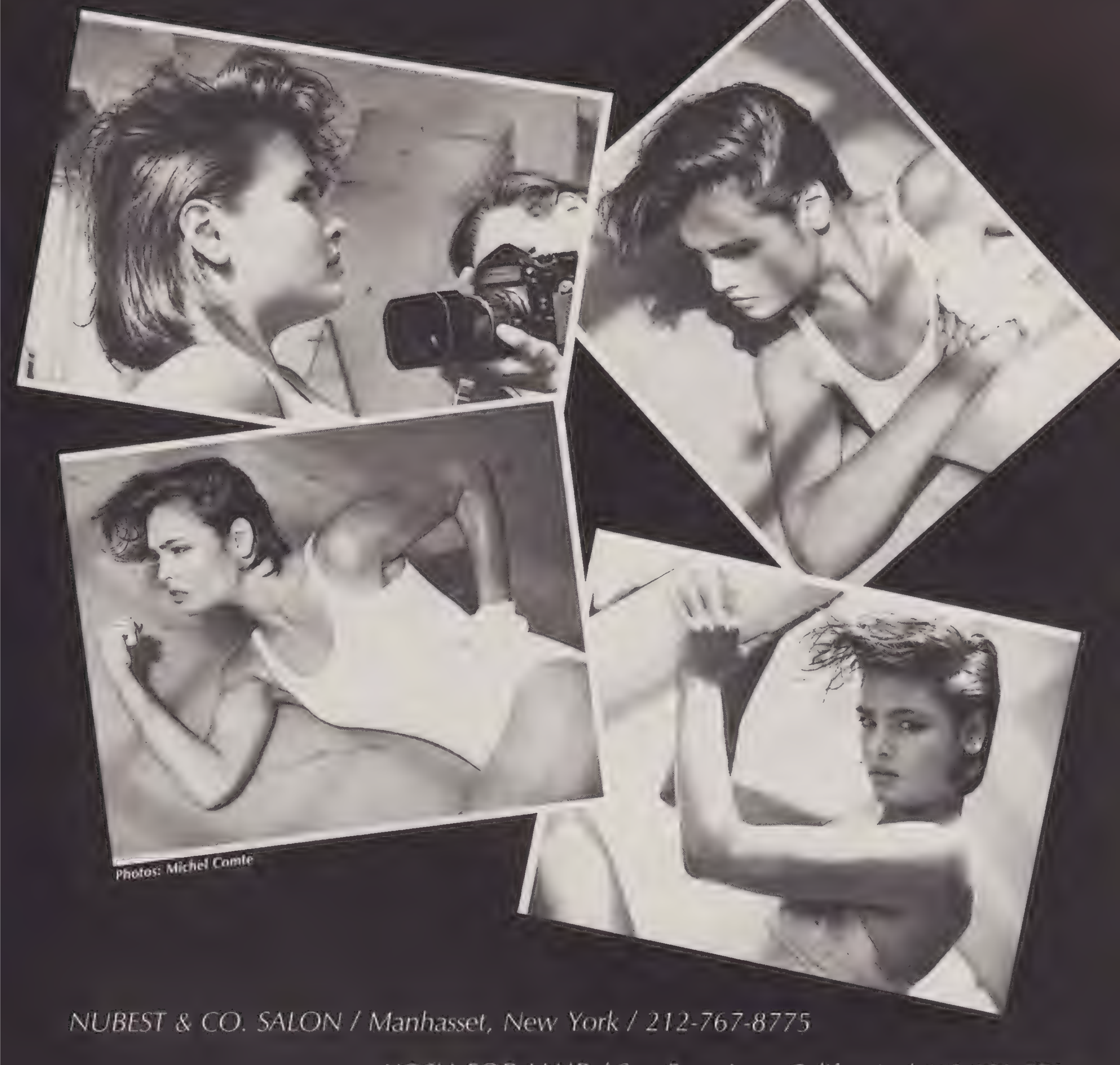
NEON EXCITEMENT

Making news in London and NYC, for summer, for fun: neon-bright fluorescent-colored hair gels along with nail enamels and makeup. Acid green or hot pink gel, say, used just along the edge of bangs "doubles" as hair and eye makeup; revved-up yellow or turquoise powder dashed onto browbones or eyelids balances hair brushed forward onto the face. Standout shades, used with a light hand, look especially vivid in bright sunlight, help "catch" evening light effects. Shown *left*, top and bottom, a sampling of hair gels from London; second row, G Method makeup to apply to cheeks, eyelids with a damp brush (at Patricia Field, NYC); neon nail colors from Patricia Field and Over The Rainbow, both NYC.

HAIR THAT MOVES

More and more dancers—once immediately identifiable by hair worn in tight chignons—have cut their hair short, especially those in modern dance companies like Paul Taylor's. Key to hair that keeps pace with a dancer's daily shampooing, that leaps and falls back into place, still maintains its line: "a cut that is geometric but not hard… plus a final cold-water rinse to boost hair shine," says dancer-turned-stylist Greg Rogers of NYC's Silver Fox Haircutters, who does many of the Taylor dancers' great-looking cuts.

Photos, top: ANDREA BLANCH; *bottom,* RANDOLPH GRAFF. Makeup, François Nars; *Top Photo:* Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun Calvin Klein scarf. *Inset:* Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Details, stores, last pages



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Health

Now: a better birth-control pill… new answer to hearing loss…lecithin users' caution…help for needy noses

By Melva Weber

DIET-AID ALERT

The fat emulsifier lecithin—a natural substance in eggs, soybeans, liver, and nuts and an additive in chocolate, mayonnaise, and some baked goods—is used as a diet aid by many people. Lecithin concentrates, as pills, capsules, or granules, are sold in health-food stores and are also available at vitamin counters.

Research is exploring a possible role for lecithin in relieving memory disorders such as Alzheimer's disease; but Joanne Bell, Ph.D., of the department of pharmacology, Duke University Medical Center in Durham, North Carolina, has completed experiments with animals showing that lecithin when given to pregnant females can cause birth defects in the offspring. Fed only 5 percent more lecithin than they would normally require, pregnant rats gave birth to young with abnormally slow reflexes. Brain studies showed that cell-regulating enzymes controlling the development of the unborn young were irregular in action.

Dr. Bell's study suggests that pregnant women should avoid using lecithin diet aids.

NEW "PHASES" IN BIRTH CONTROL PILLS

Good news for birth-control pill users: a new kind of pill—the "triphasic"—was approved by the Food and Drug Administration last spring, a move that could mean more comfortable protection against pregnancy for many women.

A few years ago, many Pill-takers switched to oral contraceptives with low concentrations of estrogen and progestin to reduce their risks of cardiovascular diseases as well as other less dangerous side effects of Pills with higher hormone doses. But these low-dose pills had problematic side-effects of their own: spotting, breakthrough bleeding, missed periods. These symptoms often disappeared in the first two or three months, as the body adjusted to the smaller hormone doses, and they were not considered a cause for medical concern; but, because of the discomfort involved and confusion over their menstrual cycles, many women would misuse the Pills or discontinue using them altogether.

The triphasic pill, designed to correspond with a woman's natural cycle, provides varying hormonal dose levels to reduce the incidence of these side effects and to aid the body in adjusting to the new hormonal levels. Though the amount of estrogen in the Pill remains constant, the levels of progestin change; at the beginning and end of the cycle, the levels are low, and are doubled during mid-cycle, days eight to sixteen (when breakthrough bleeding is most likely to occur).

Currently the triphasic pill is being produced by the Syntex Corporation under the name Tri-Norinyl, available by prescription. Other makers of oral contraceptives are expected to market similar pills in the near future.

NOSE NEWS

A bleeding nose may be trivial or it may be serious. A useful leaflet available from the American Academy of Otolaryngology–Head and Neck Surgery provides information to help you to identify the type of nosebleed, to handle the simple, easy-to-treat kind, and possibly to prevent recurrences. Anterior nosebleeds, where blood is flowing from the front part of the nose, can usually be handled in these steps: Blow all clots out of both sides of the nose; sit down and lean forward; pinch the soft parts of the nose together between your thumb and index finger and hold for five minutes. If it's available, apply a cold wet washcloth or crushed ice in a plastic bag to the nose, cheek, and neck. And after the bleeding has stopped, avoid vigorous activity for forty-eight hours. Nosebleeds that may be serious are the posterior ones, where bleeding starts from deep inside the nose and flows both from the nostrils and down the back of the mouth and the throat. Such bleeds are harder to stop, may be more severe, and almost always need a physician's care. You should seek medical attention when any nosebleed continues and can't be controlled. For more details on nosebleeds, send a stamped, addressed envelope to AAO-HNS, 1101 Vermont Avenue, Suite 302, Washington DC 20005.

SURGERY SAFETY—FOR MEN

Vasectomy is not hazardous to a man's health. So says a comprehensive study of more than twenty thousand men, conducted by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. Conclusions: Vasectomized men have no greater danger of heart disease, cancer, or other serious diseases than other men. On health problems in general, men with vasectomies have either similar or lower incidence rates than do unvasectomized men. Atherosclerosis, or clogged arteries, which scientists were concerned about because it occurred in some vasectomized monkeys, was not found a special risk for vasectomized humans.

The operation surgically interrupts the delivery of sperm to the semen reservoir; the man continues to produce sperm, which his body absorbs. About one half-million men have vasectomies each year in the U.S.

IMPLANTS TO IMPROVE HEARING

The body's tiniest bones, the ossicles of the middle ear, are responsible for carrying sound vibrations from the eardrum to the inner ear. There the sound waves travel on to the brain, and we "hear." When the three delicate bones (named for an anvil, a hammer, and a stirrup) fail to vibrate, sound transmission is interrupted and "conductive" hearing loss results.

At the University of California, Davis Medical Center, Richard Chole, M.D., and his associates have developed a middle-ear implant, carved from human cartilage, to replace silenced ossicles and to carry the messages of sound from drum membrane to the oval window entrance to the inner ear. The cartilage replacement looks something like a bolt—measuring approximately one-fifth inch in length and diameter.

The large end of the device is surgically placed in the ear canal where it will grow into body tissue. The cartilage fitting, made of the same gristle-like substance that forms the flexible parts of your ribs, has solved rejection problems encountered earlier with implants made of bone or plastic, Dr. Chole said. The surgery takes about an hour and is done under local anesthesia, so that when the vibrations begin to go through, the patient may hear while the surgery is still going on.

Middle-ear implants won't help in nerve deafness, Dr. Chole pointed out; but in conductive hearing loss, which accounts for about one-quarter of hearing problems, affects people of all ages, and may have resulted from earlier ear infections, injury, or even from a familial tendency, surgical reconnection of the vibratory track may be the answer.

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1980s

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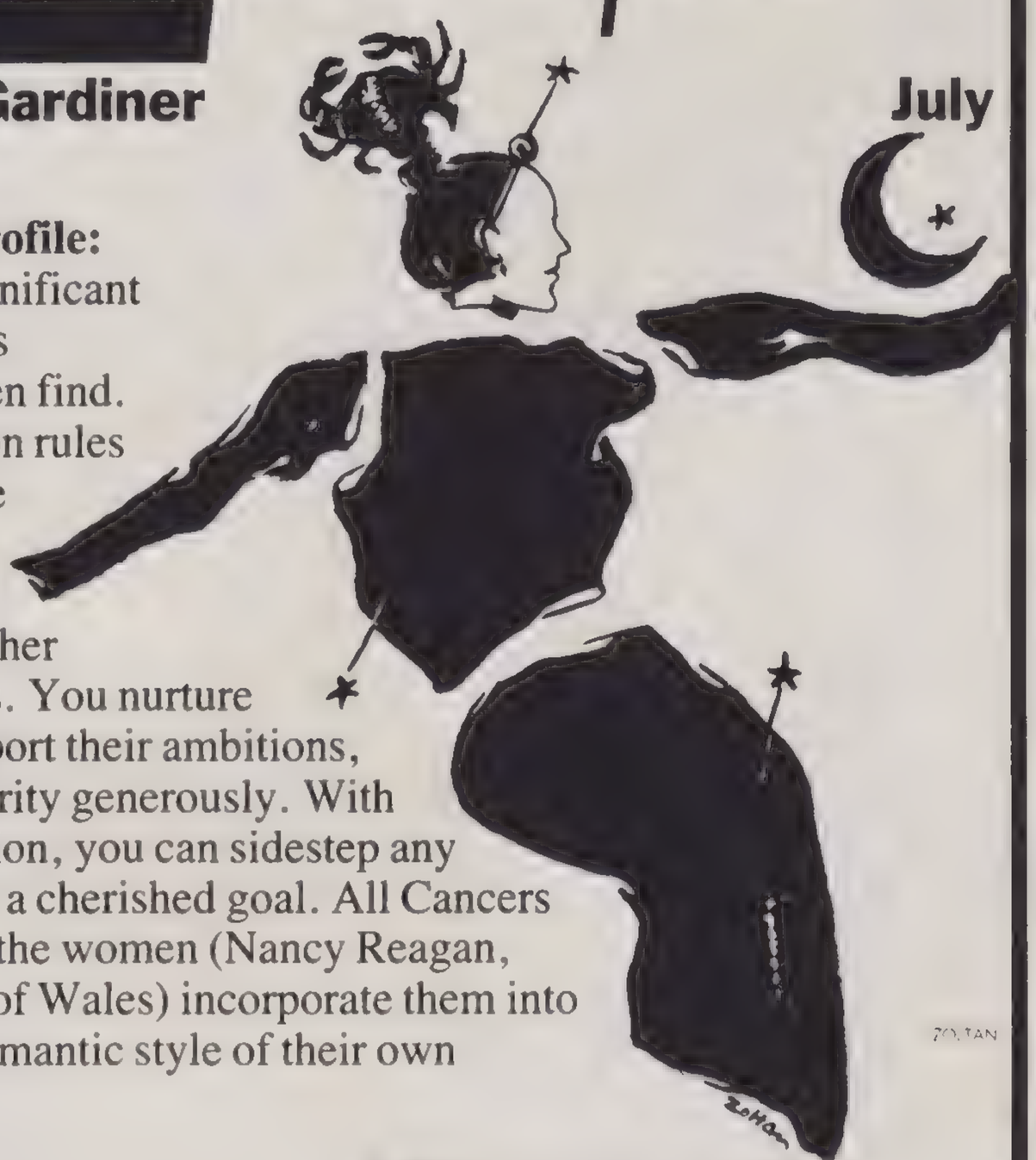
Horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



July

Your Cancer profile:
Cancer is the Significant Other all mothers pray their children find. Because the moon rules your sign, you're especially sensitive to the nuances of other people's feelings. You nurture their hopes, support their ambitions, and share prosperity generously. With quiet determination, you can sidestep any obstacle to reach a cherished goal. All Cancers love clothes, but the women (Nancy Reagan, Diana, Princess of Wales) incorporate them into a distinctively romantic style of their own

ZOLTAN

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22

Intuition serves you especially well during the first week, telling you what's right for you and a loved one. Whatever stagnant situation has been holding you back since February could change the week of the 8th, when both Pluto and Saturn come out of retrograde motion. Although family affairs demand your attention during the full moon on the 12th, the way is clear for a purely private pursuit by the new moon on the 28th.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22

As July begins, the sun infuses you with so much energy that you outdazzle any burst of fireworks without extra effort. Past disappointments recede as your birthday approaches. When gentle Venus and the Sun cross into your sign mid-month, you'll hear people saying flattering things about you. The weekend of the 21st finds you reexamining your current objectives and re-evaluating the progress you have made so far.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

With Mercury rushing through the zodiac, speed might seem to be of the essence, but you'll do better if you keep your impulsiveness in check until the 25th, when your natural common sense returns. Friends, organizations, even political action groups benefit from the social concerns that strike you more strongly than usual. Changes in your finances during the week of the 8th contribute to this increased awareness.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22

Long summer nights with mimosas and leisure reward you for the charm and grace you have shown under fire. After the 14th you can relax your vigil, shift your gaze to the world scene, and work out a quick money-making scheme with the most reliable of friends. The weekend of the 21st could bring a new and exotic love interest, someone ready, and able to share the unique pleasure you find in discreet adventures.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21

Red-letter days on the 8th and the 12th, as intense Pluto and dominant Saturn release you from the forces that have frustrated you since February. Stop mulling things over now and get down to the business at hand. Count on the support of a partner or mentor, except on the 21st, when everyone around you hovers on the edge of explosion. Recognition for extra effort comes at the end of the month; reward yourself.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

Recent eclipses caused enough excitement to make you want nothing more than a deserted beach and a good book—relax for the first two weeks of the month. Once fun-loving Venus passes into Leo on the 14th, you'll plunge happily back into the social whirl. On the 22nd, the power of the Sun in Leo, a compatible fire sign, adds to your appeal. Stall money matters until August. *(Continued on page 115)*

This column introduces Rockie Gardiner, an astrologer based in Los Angeles.

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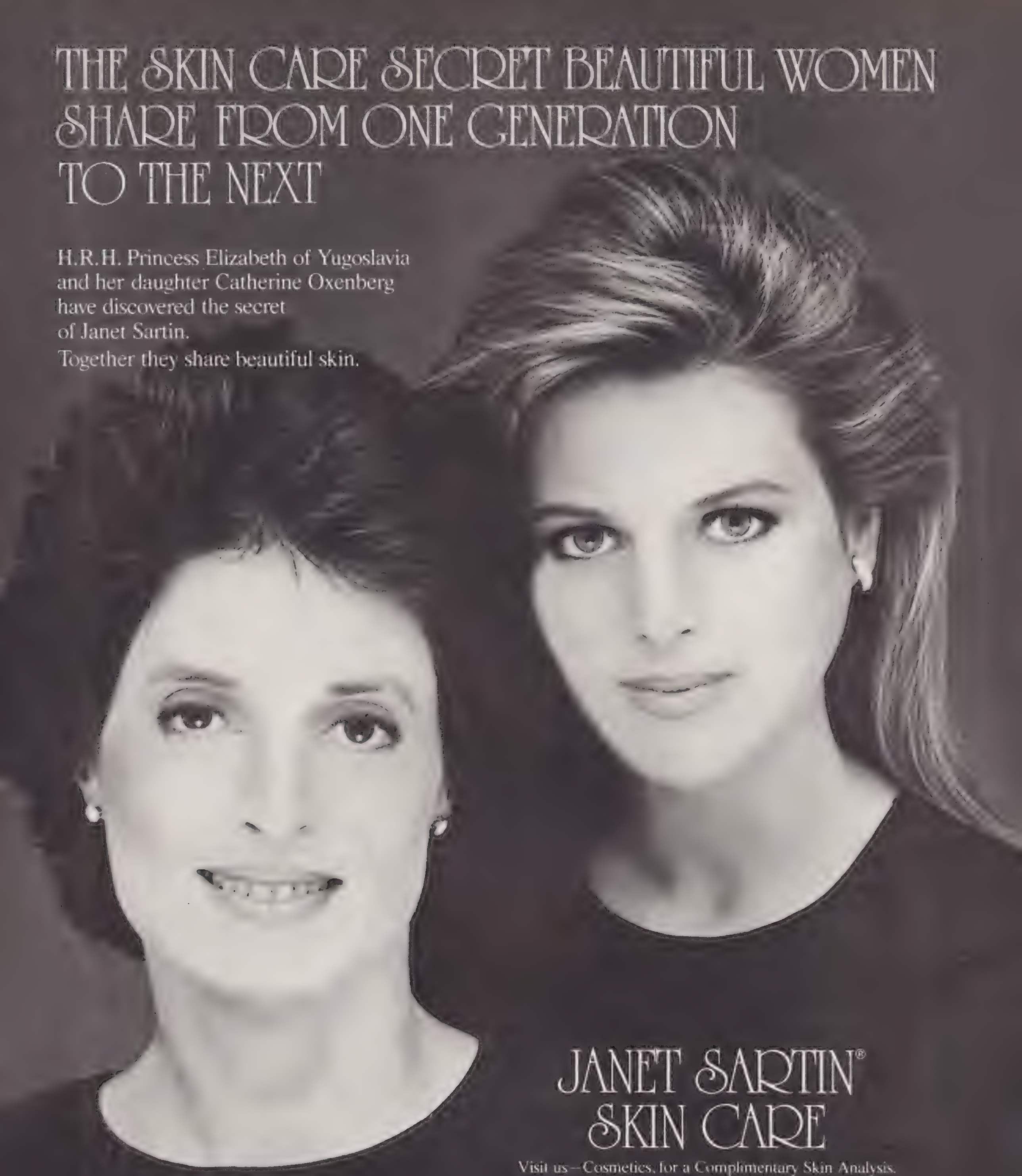

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 113)

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Your reputation and career take an upward turn once Saturn, your ruling planet, changes its retrograde motion on the 12th. Concern for a parent or older person is relieved then as well. The full moon in your sign spotlights your place in the public eye and brings magical moments with a partner, but be careful: someone's jealousy could spoil the weekend of the 21st.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

Children, friends, and parties are the focus of your energies for the first three weeks. Once the Sun enters Leo, however, you find yourself leaning towards more private social pursuits. Cautious Saturn's change of motion may affect study and travel plans as well as work. The 28th's new moon is the best time to begin a new course of action, especially if it's a partnership, business or pleasure. No prospect will seem too outrageous if you have the support of one warm body.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Spend as much time in your true home—the water—as possible this month, to gain the stamina you need to survive the rounds of entertaining. Fitness becomes its own reward towards the end of the month as the demands of work and play pose an extra challenge. A summer romance could keep you from worrying about career struggles; both of your ruling planets—Jupiter and Neptune—hold back promotion until fall.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Remember Valentine's Day? No small part of your current romantic involvement stems from a fantasy you barely considered then. This time, you'll have a clearer plan for dealing with amorous details. Declare the 4th your personal Independence Day: the timing could not be better for launching a new project. The middle of the month brings the entire family into discussions, perhaps about a change of locale. By the end, you'll be ready to go.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20

A boost in money matters will let you travel and entertain in style later this summer. This month, a short visit to a relative or an old friend is best made early. After the full moon on the 12th, you'll feel more comfortable close to home and work where you can keep an eye on an ever-shifting situation. A powerful attraction to an artist or older man on the weekend of the 21st may let you see—and show—an entirely new side of your own creativity.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21

Take advantage of Mercury's fast pace this month to get a new project underway and old ones out from underfoot. There's money to be made before the lazy days of August settle in to slow you down. Interesting developments at work follow the full moon on the 12th, but it may take until the 25th to see exactly where you stand. The new moon on the 28th renews the spirit of romance and restores your faith in some knight errant.

VOGUE, July, 1984

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Books in Review

Some not-so-prim Pym, plus imagined America, constant infidelity, a daughter's devotion, Muriel Spark's icy fiction, and a guide to steamy summer reading

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY

Jayne Anne Phillips Takes the Big Leap—and Comes Up Wise

BY MONA SIMPSON

Jayne Anne Phillips, "early genius"

Five years ago, when she was twenty-seven, Jayne Anne Phillips published a collection of short stories, called *Black Tickets*, that has become a sort of classic. An impressive, perhaps uneven book, it was, according to Tillie Olsen, "the unmistakable work of early genius." The stories ranged from stream-of-consciousness monologues spoken by drug addicts, hustlers, and drifters to seemingly more autobiographical stories about a woman's difficult love for her divorced parents.

Machine Dreams (Dutton/Seymour Lawrence), Phillips' first novel, may surprise many of her early readers. It is an outgrowth neither of her heady, imagined stories about indigents nor of the staccato, more realistic ones. Loosely framed by World War II and Vietnam, it is a lyrical family chronicle, set in Bellington, a fictional small town in Phillips' native West Virginia.

Told episodically, in several voices, *Machine Dreams* follows several generations of Danners and Hampsons. But Phillips primarily focuses on one family—Jean Danner, Mitch Hampson, and their two children—and traces their losses over two decades. The book opens with a monologue by Jean, about her childhood in the 'thirties; she then reminisces about the difficult twenty-hour delivery of Danner, her first-born: "I thought you were a boy for sure; no girl would cause such trouble. But when I knew I had a daughter, I was so thankful—like my own mother had come back to me."

Mitch talks about delivering trays of food to a leper who lived in the woods, left there by his employer, the B&O Railroad. We see glimpses of Danner and her brother Billy growing up in small-town America in the 'fifties and 'sixties, until, by the end, Jean and Mitch are divorced, and the family is apart.

Phillips has made a huge leap to her first novel, in moral as well as esthetic terms. The narrative is sustained; the emotions contained within full characters; the voices simple, colloquial. The book implicitly says that all possible emotions, from the most violent to tender extremes, are present in every family, even the most ordinary, if examined closely enough. Phillips has shown her strength by laying down her stylistic arms. *Machine Dreams* is a plain American beauty.

Jayne Anne Phillips, who lives in Boston "with someone," has a strong, deep voice and a direct, impressive presence. One has the feeling that she likes to be audacious.

Mona Simpson: *How long did you work on "Machine Dreams"?*
Jayne Anne Phillips: Four or five years. I was writing a first-person book about someone very much like me—a girl in her late twenties floating around. I was a hundred pages in when I wrote the first monologue of *Machine Dreams*. After that, it took form completely without a plan.

MS: *What about the title?*
JAP: In this day and age, *machines* represent myth. Vietnam was a war based on machines. And if you lose contact with what myth represents, you lose contact with any reality. The *dreams* come out of the characters. I sympathize with a Jungian kind of world view; the Gestalt theory of dreams, too. I was interested in the way dreams scramble time.

MS: *Your characters in this book seem more rooted, more solid, than in your stories.*
JAP: I wanted to say that what is deeply personal is also quite political, that it's kind of an adjacent thing. Just the idea of staying with those people for that period of time was part of the mystery for me. How time works.

MS: *Are you a self-taught person?*
JAP: I don't think writers teach themselves how to write. It's an outgrowth of personality. Isolation. Secrecy. Especially for women. When I started to write, there was a feeling of absolute privacy. It may have had to do with shyness. With risk. Most people who write don't have much choice. A writer is a very alone person who tries to break through the boundaries of what is her own personality. I never decided to be a writer. I just ended up one.

MS: *Did you do much research for this novel?*
JAP: I've always been a collector of junk from the 'forties and 'fifties. I find it easy to imagine myself living in another time. Human beings haven't changed that much. People are working with the same resources they've always had. Endurance. Strength. Terror.

MS: *What did you learn from the book?*
JAP: I won't know for several years. The writer is very attendant to what she is doing as she is working, but then, there's a whole body of feeling that isn't planned, that makes it timeless. I didn't *(Continued on page 118)*

THOMAS VICTOR

Books in VOGUE

(Continued) plan the divorce or Vietnam in the book. In a sense, Vietnam changed the country completely; it is as stymied spiritually as a family in the wake of divorce.

MS: *What next?*
JAP: I don't know—if I did, I'd worry.

EPIC OF THE EVERYDAY

An 88-Year-Old Woman Spills the Beans on Middle America

BY MARGO JEFFERSON

Main Street is beyond the boundaries of hope, cried Sinclair Lewis in the 1920 novel that he flung like a scarlet letter across the spotless reputation of small-town America: "It is dullness made God." Like Lewis, Helen Hooven Santmyer was a Midwesterner who traveled East in pursuit of the literary life. Before the 'twenties had crashed with the stock market, she began a challenge to *Main Street*. Now, a half-century later, Santmyer's stately leviathan of a novel lives on the page.

"...And Ladies of the Club" (G.P. Putnam's) ushers four generations of solid citizens through life in Waynesboro, Ohio, from the close of the Civil War to the advent of the New Deal. Lewis was a reformer who attacked the pieties of early twentieth-century America. Santmyer is a historical soap operist, devoting more than half her 1,184 pages to the late nineteenth century when the country was a raw, war-stained democracy, walking the middle road through it all.

When the story begins, fourteen daughters of doctors, bankers, lawyers, and such are graduating from the local Female College into wifehood and childbearing or spinsterhood and teaching. "We realize that we shall never be so great again," says the class valedictorian. "Our opinions have been respected, our persons admired, our peculiarities imitated." The two brightest graduates help form a literary club for serious minds devoted to arts and letters, with controversial subjects banned in the interest of harmony.

The founding club members and their families are at the center of the novel's vast web. The Ballards are old-guard reformers devoted to abolitionism and women's suffrage; the Misses Gardiners are militantly genteel Virginians who detest such movements. Anne Alexander Gordon, descended from *Little Women*'s Marmee with a welcome dash of Jo's irreverence, makes the greatest investment in her family and suffers the greatest losses. Amanda Reid, the Latin teacher with a prized degree from Oberlin, is determined to prove that "a woman can learn something without being a monstrosity."

Through such lives Santmyer dramatizes personal and social crises and shifts. In the 1870s, a woman disappears from public view as soon as her pregnancy shows, and she tries to discuss the work of George Sand "without going into the more unmentionable aspects of her subject's life." In the 1900s, a young woman becomes a socialist organizer, a middle-aged one a bank president, and an old one finds herself expected to analyze the unexpurgated works of Dreiser and O'Neill.

The Civil War is followed by other wars, but for most of Waynesboro, patriotism remains an extension of family pride. Santmyer's golden mean is a centrist Republican one: she has sympathy for the struggle of small business against monopolies; precious little for the struggle of unions against business.

Religious hypocrisy stirs her blood; so do aggressive social bigotries. It's heart-wrenching to watch generations of adults impose their limitations onto children, especially daughters; how well Santmyer understands the mix of love, fear, habit, and cruelty behind this. We see suicides, attempts to rebel, the small failures that add up to a lost life. The bulwark against it all is the loving accumulation of details, the satisfaction of knowing people so long you can chronicle their history in one breath yet still find them interesting.

"...*And Ladies of the Club*" is unwieldy in places. Accounts of period politics read like textbook entries; Santmyer's dialects are painful to eye and ear. And at times, she seems winded, like a marathon runner. But, finally, what Santmyer has in common with Lewis is the ability to create a world in the image of one's most cherished feelings and convictions. All else is explained away, and the result is true Americana—flawed but genuine; fallible, provincial, and memorable.

AH, ADULTERY! Andre Dubus works over the hackneyed literary territory of suburban adultery with the compassion of one who doesn't judge. In his novella collection, We Don't Live Here Anymore (Crown), he explores the desperation of discontent.

Published together for the first time, the title story along with "Adultery" and "Finding a Girl in America" form a trilogy. The same four main characters and an assortment of entangled lovers tie a Rashomon knot: everyone is cheated and cheating, and we hear it from all sides.

Dubus uses a variety of rhythms, details, and language to avoid the repetitive listlessness that Ann Beattie, for example, inflicts on her characters. In fact, there is a subtle progression from the pessimism of the first story, "The Pretty Girl," to an affirmation in the last, where one man finds the possibility of happiness for the first time. Dubus's prose moves stealthily, effortlessly, toward this rewarding optimism. —DANA B. COWIN

GREG SHIFRIN

AMERICA OF THE MIND

Musical Imp Laurie Anderson Drops Violin, Picks Up Pen

BY LE ANNE SCHREIBER

Laurie Anderson's words were meant to be accompanied by tape-bow violin, electronic synthesizers, bagpipes, sitars, and a back-up band, and supported further by hundreds of props, images flashing contrapuntally on outsized screens and in mid-air. When you take her elaborately orchestrated multimedia performance art and reduce it to drab print, what have you got? Surprisingly effective writing, to judge from **Words in Reverse,** Laurie Anderson's contribution to *Top Stories* (228 Seventh Ave. NYC 10011), a series of pamphlets devoted to experimental writing, mostly by women, many of them artists.

On the page, Anderson's words seem the amazed, astute perceptions of an alien who has heard about but never seen earthlings with her own three eyes. Some are one-liners: "I am in my body the way most people drive in their cars." Some are tales: "I met a man in Canada and every day he had the same thing for lunch. He had a carrot and he had a bowl of chocolate pudding. First he ate the carrot into the shape of a spoon. Then he ate the pudding with the carrot-shaped spoon. And then he ate the carrot." The language is fresh, sly: it doesn't need to be delivered with a pillow speaker in the author's mouth to achieve its effect.

That, however, is not the impression one takes away from **United States** (Harper & Row), a lavish book that attempts to reproduce all the images as well as all the words from the six-and-one-half-hour show that Laurie Anderson put on to wild acclaim at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in February 1983. The writing in *Words in Reverse,* which is taken from early *(Continued on page 120)*

Le Anne Schreiber, *formerly the deputy editor of "The New York Times Book Review," now lives and writes in upstate New York.*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) versions of that show, is better than much of the text that was added to complete *United States*. Though there's real wit ("Welcome to Difficult Listening Hour"), shrewd borrowings ("Language is a virus from Outer Space"—William Burroughs), too much of what's new in *United States* relies on high-tech lingo, incantatory repetitions, stoned aperçus, and easy turns on clichés—the stuff of bad poetry. The jazz visuals get in the way of the words without capturing either the kaleidoscopic feeling of the slide show or the crackling energy of Anderson's wired stage presence. While *Words in Reverse* has a life of its own, the more lavish book is to the performance as a pressed corsage is to a prom. It might bring back memories, but you had to have been there.

Laurie Anderson was a violinist and sculptor before, as she says, "Words began to seep in." It's probably heresy to say so, but judging from *Words in Reverse*, it wouldn't be so bad if they began to take over.

REFLECTIONS ON A MAN ALONE Perhaps Widower (Morrow) comes at us with the shock of the new because Elin Schoen so successfully melds the most compelling techniques of social history—remembrances, conversations, letters, and diaries—with the pizzazz and intensity of good journalism and the rhythms of a gratifying novel. Or perhaps the book's unexpectedness arises from Schoen's almost obsessive commitment to her subject. It's no wonder: it was her mother who died, and her father who was left alone, who remarried far too soon. *Widower* is a two-handkerchief book, in the best possible sense: its emotional power springs naturally from Schoen's honesty, and then never lets up.

—ALLENE TALMEY

SPARK'S COLD COMFORT Behold Harvey Gotham, the unfortunate hero of Muriel Spark's new novel, The Only Problem (G.P. Putnam's). He is a man obsessed, in a remote and scholarly way, with the biblical Book of Job and with the problem of unmerited, God-inflicted suffering in the world. Harvey suffers a bit himself—his estranged wife, Effie, is hunted as a terrorist, and he is plagued, if not by boils, then by reporters. Harvey views the tale of Job as the ultimate domestic parable, a commentary on his own life and wife. And he comes to realize that the famous patience of his hero is a misreading; that Job is, like Harvey himself, the most impatient man in the world.

As expected, Harvey learns patience, and humility. Yet this reader didn't like him much, or anyone else in this novel—cold comforters all. To those who admire Spark's icy wit, and who are exasperated by the Book of Job, *The Only Problem* might offer some wicked delights. To those seeking a richness of spirit in fiction, there is not much sustenance here. —CATHLEEN MEDWICK

THE MOST PRIVATE EYE

Barbara Pym's Diaries—a Woman and Her Perilous Charm

BY DONA GUIMARAES

Barbara Pym, master of British life-in-the-small

Whenever I meet another Barbara Pym fan, I feel as if I've found a new best friend. After a discussion about what is Quintessential Pym—I'm usually torn between *The Sweet Dove Died* and *Quartet in Autumn*—we settle down to exchange Pym-gossip.

Barbara Pym would have relished being the subject of a lively conversation; she was quite unappreciated for most of her life. After her first six novels were published in England, her manuscripts were rejected for sixteen discouraging years. In 1977, her renaissance began: two more novels were issued to rave reviews. Two additional books appeared after Miss Pym's death in 1980—leaving us a total of ten precisely written novels whose humor, compassion, and deft observations of British life-in-the-small have earned her the reputation of a twentieth-century Jane Austen.

Until now, her readers knew little about the details of Miss Pym's life. Her novels gave hints: household chores, a dull London office where colleague-relationships were more engrossing than the duties, a shining faith in the Anglican church, and entirely too intimate a knowledge of solitary tearoom lunches.

With publication *(Continued on page 122)*

Dona Guimaraes *is the editor of the Home Section of The New York Times.*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) of **A Very Private Eye** (E.P. Dutton), Miss Pym's diaries, letters, and notebooks (edited "autobiographically" by her sister Hilary and her colleague and literary executor, Hazel Holt), the question of Quintessential Pym is settled; here is Barbara plain. Here is the matrix from which those ten novels emerged, the meticulous recording of her student life at Oxford, living in London, her last brave fight against cancer.

For a Pym enthusiast this is very satisfactory. We find the friends who are the originals of her only roman à clef, *Some Tame Gazelle*. We know what she wore: "I wasn't looking awfully beautiful," she notes one day in May 1933 when she hopes to meet a certain man at the Bodleian Library. She tells us exactly what she was wearing underneath: "Blue Celanese trollies—pink suspender belt—pink kestos—white vest." An arcane lingerie lesson, but who else would have been so thorough?

Barbara Pym's novels are about the vagaries of human emotions, and she records every nuance of her own. When her lovers leave her, marry other women, or are discarded, she is honest about the damage. She had the rare skill of making friends of ex-lovers; some of her most revealing letters are written to a man who married someone else. She is drawn to younger men; the fragile threads of her relationship with a young Bahamian antiques dealer become the fabric of Leonora's love for James in *The Sweet Dove Died*. She is vividly aware that her observations may be useful. Lunching in a London restaurant, she notes that the dreadful atmosphere might be used as "the setting for a breaking-off or some terrible news or an unwanted declaration of love."

Would *A Very Private Eye* be fun for someone not of the Pym persuasion? It depends. Miss Pym did not lead an exciting life, nor was she a world-class diarist. She was, however, a world-class domestic observer. Her novels are as rich a slice of British life as, say, E.F. Benson's Lucia trilogy, but Miss Pym is more concerned with motivation than action. *A Very Private Eye* is a comforting book, a cozy tea-time on a grey afternoon. And one does not have to be familiar with Miss Pym's novels to enjoy her one-liners: "Mrs. R is rather beautiful but nails not quite worthy."

Once, during a long night of wartime firewatching, Miss Pym finds a passage in Logan Pearsall Smith's *Trivia* that seems to sum up her purpose. Mr. Smith writes: "So I never lose a sense of the whimsical and perilous charm of daily life, with its meetings and words and accidents." "I don't want to lose that," Miss Pym adds emphatically.

She never did. She made the sense of the whimsical and perilous charm of daily life her own special writing ground. And since it is unlikely that there is more of her work to be printed, *A Very Private Eye* must serve her old and new enthusiasts as the eleventh Barbara Pym novel that will never appear.

("Books" continued on page 124)

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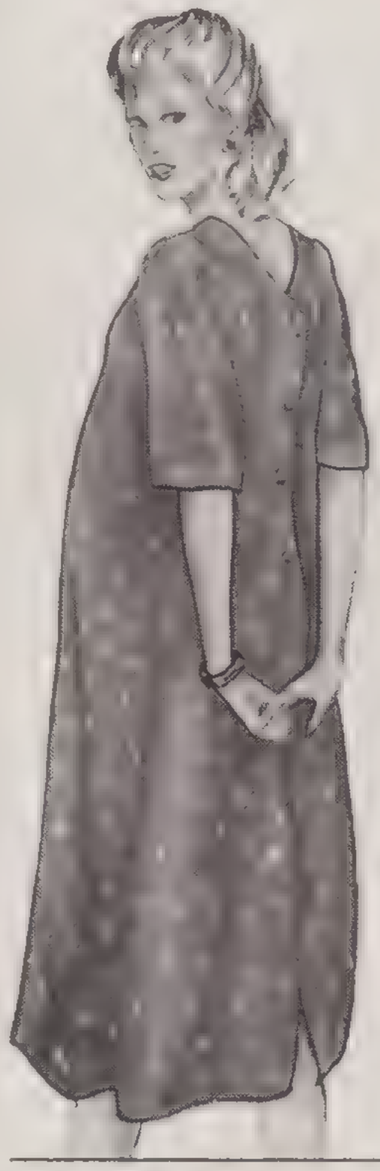

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Books in VOGUE

SENSE AND SENSUALITY

. . . and Other Tomes to Tan By: A Reader's Guide

"Summer Reading!" trumpets the bookish press. The solstice passes, and periodicals that normally push the weighty works of literary behemoths suddenly assume that, because of the season, their subscribers would rather read breathless, well-plotted novels and gossipy, entertaining biographies—in a word, trash. We would prefer not to so indulge *our* readers; but as a compromise, we offer these minor, appropriately obscure titles by some undeniably *haute* names.

Sense and Sensuality. Erotic juvenilia by **Jane Austen**: At the vicar's dinner, Mr. Twitley places himself next to Arabella; his forearm brushes her chairback; footsy ensues.

Meandering Towards Berlin. Having already sold an option to the Ladd Company, **Joan Didion** attempted this self-conscious World War II espionage fiction. The story: Will a G-woman named "Joan Didion" conquer her acute sensibility in time to stop a Hitlerian plot to assassinate Postmaster James A. Farley?

The Fate of the Girth. Before nuclear war was a best-selling topic, there were diet books. Here, detailing the horrific effects of obesity, **Jonathan Schell** argues that uncontrolled snacking could engender the extinction of *homo Americanus*. The controversial Freeze Diet follows.

One Hundred Years of Attitude. Gary Hart took on **Theodore Sorenson**, the old Kennedy hand, as an advisor after reading this quickie social history of the Democratic Party's "cool" wing. The well-coiffed Hart was rumored to have been particularly influenced by the chapter entitled "As Went Their Manes, So Went the Nation."

The Search for Spock: Canopus in Argos; Archives. **Doris Lessing** novelizes the current Paramount film.

White Lightning. Deadly corporate intrigue, lust on a global scale, and a disregard for Biblical and Keynesian injunctions transform sleepy Yoknapatawpha County in this early draft of **William Faulkner**'s *Sartoris*, which has the Colonel at the top of an international whiskey cartel.

Wicki-wacki-woo: Book Two of The Moby Dick Trilogy. This late comeback attempt by **Herman Melville** prefigured the modern seamy show-biz novel. Ishmael returns triumphant to New England as the leader of a successful ukulele troupe, but then becomes a laudanum addict when his public deserts him for the newly popular minstrel shows. Is banjo star "Rastus McCoon" actually the long-lost Queequeg? —BRUCE HANDY

PLANE TRUTH Imagine being the woman of whom Hemingway said, "[She] can write rings around all of us who consider ourselves as writers." He was talking about Beryl Markham, an Englishwoman reared in East Africa who became, in 1936, the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic. Her book West With the Night, first published in 1942 and reissued by North Point Press, is the story of a woman of immodest valor who so

loved her Africa, her racehorses, and her planes that she could do nothing less than immortalize them with words.

Brought up among the intrepid Nandi Murani, she saw life through the eyes of a warrior, an amazon, who took to flying at last because it was an adventure and a "religion." She wrote so well about animals because she thought like one—and so could not begrudge the tamed lion who once attacked her "his moment" of murderous grace. Her description of the bourgeois warthog ("What he does not understand, he suspects, and what he suspects, he fights") is a swift indictment of the virtue-crushing habit we call civilization.

Most of us will never brave the furies of wind and night in our light planes to rescue a dying friend. But Beryl Markham did. She wrote as flamboyantly as she lived. Hemingway, old lion, was right. —C.M.

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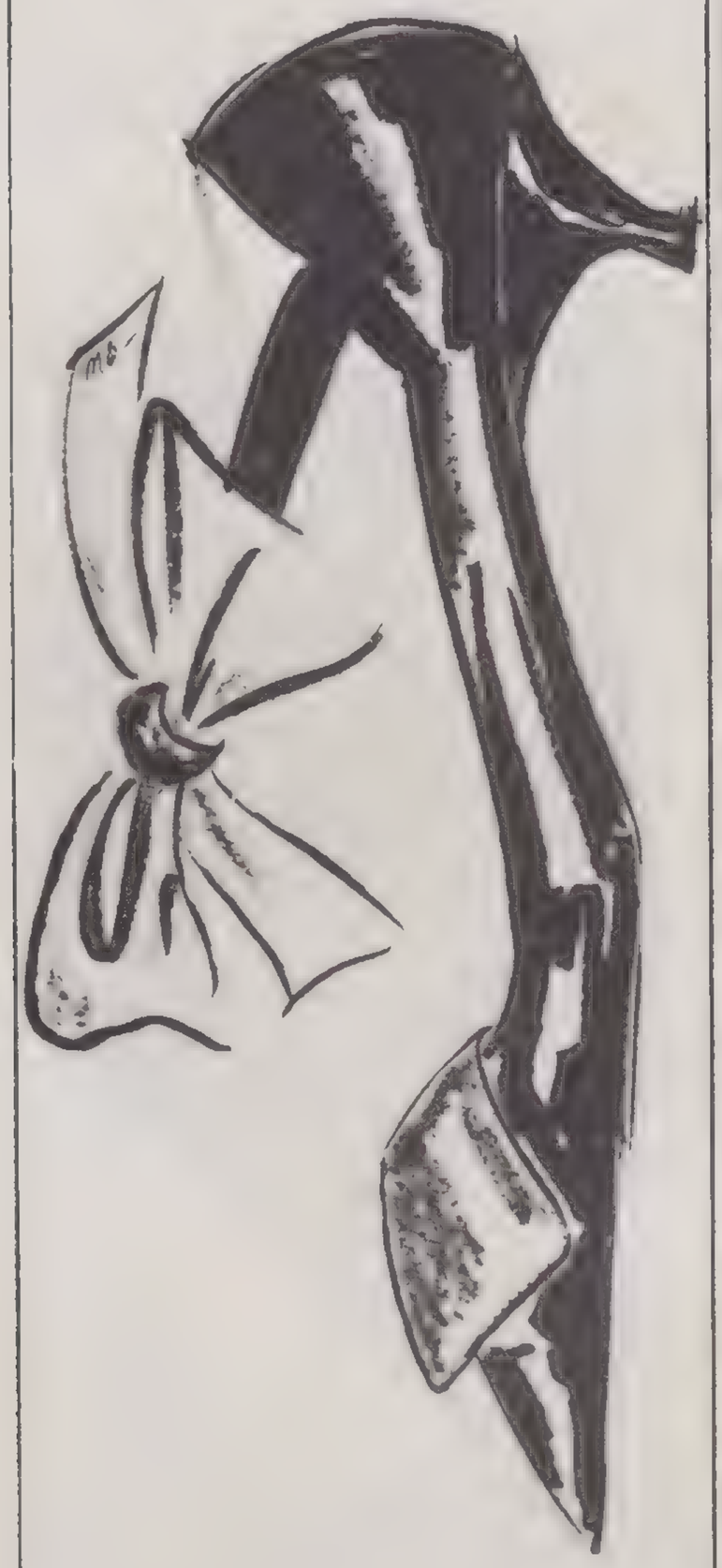

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WHY DEREGULATION IS MAKING WRITING CHECKS, TAKING PLANES, AND DIALING LONG DISTANCE EASIER—AND CHEAPER—THAN EVER

BY SUSAN LEE

Deregulation. It's not a particularly elegant word, nor is it a very precise one. Yet, anyone who flies on commercial airlines, chats long distance, or earns interest on her checking account is profiting by the latest moves to deregulate that are working their way through three important sectors of the economy: finance, transportation, and telecommunications.

These laws and regulations seemed quite reasonable at first. Take, for example, the financial industry. Regulations were written during the 1930s as a response to the amazing super-speculation by financiers that contributed to the Great Crash of 1929.

The New Dealers partitioned the industry into neat, discrete segments. By law, banks did banking; brokerage houses sold stocks; thrift institutions made mortgages—each without competition from the others. But that was over fifty years ago. Today, with technology able to send money around the world at a finger's bleep, the laws and regulations that restrain the free movement of capital seem, well, silly and old-fashioned.

In general, moves to deregulate the economy have been going forward for over a decade now. The goal of this process is to free the markets and allow existing firms and new firms to compete with each other. Freer markets make for a healthier, more flexible economy; and competition itself makes for lower prices and more choices for consumers.

Changes in the financial industry have been dramatic. Small savers, for example, had no option but to put their money in banks and "thrifts," where it earned interest at rates capped by law. When interest rates in other financial markets rose above those ceilings, these savers were stuck with below-market rates of return on their savings. Now, with deregulation, banks and thrift institutions are free to raise their rates and small savers can earn market returns.

Small investors, too, are better off. Before deregulation, those who wanted to buy or sell stocks could do so only at brokerage houses that all charged the same high commissions. These fixed commissions were outlawed in 1975, giving a welcome choice: They could continue paying high prices at old-line firms, but they could also pay much, much less at discount firms.

And the impact of increased competition hasn't stopped there. Financial firms are aggressively courting customers by providing expanded services. At Sears, Roebuck, for instance, a customer can finance her home mortgage, buy furnishings on credit, and then insure the whole lot—all without leaving the store.

As for the airlines, activity has been frenetic since deregulation opened up the industry. Before 1978, the Civil Aeronautics Board controlled fares and routes. Consumers who wanted to fly from big city to big city could choose among airlines, but all charged identical prices. And those traveling between little hamlet and small village had no choice at all: one airline, one fare.

Under deregulation, however, consumers can choose among airlines and among "discount" fares. The emergence of small, low-cost airlines has meant drastic price cuts on most routes. And the ease with which firms can enter new markets has improved service to smaller cities. This proliferation of alternatives extends to less immediate considerations, too. If expense isn't important, consumers can opt for flights offering an array of luxuries—like coast-to-coast Champagne.

In the telecommunications industry, too, deregulation is weighing in heavily on the benefit side. Competition in equipment sales and long distance service has brought prices down—some sharply. It has also brought a burst of innovation in the equipment you can buy. The old familiar telephone can now dial automatically, route calls, take messages, and transmit data; and can look like anything from Mickey Mouse to a jewelry box.

These are not small achievements. The gains benefit everybody. But, like any heavy-duty change, deregulation is having some unpleasant side effects. Airline employees, for example, are finding that their wages must come down if their firms are to stay competitive with newer, non-union firms. Officers of banks, particularly savings banks, are discovering they must hustle for business. And residential telephone users are learning that higher bills are necessary to cover the real costs of their local calls.

While these changes may sting in the short term—and they do—one important fact remains, says *Business Week's* editor-in-chief, Lewis H. Young. "Deregulation has made, and will continue to make, most of us winners. More choices at lower prices—that's a substantial payoff." ▽

VOGUE, July, 1984

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By Richard Alleman

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If you've got the time, Amtrak has just revived a classic way to travel between New York and California without changing sleeping cars. The first leg of this rail adventure is via Amtrak's "Crescent": it leaves New York City at 2:30 P.M., arrives in New Orleans at 6:20 the next evening. A twenty-hour layover in New Orleans—with your sleeping car serving as your hotel—provides time for a night at the World's Fair and a morning at the Sun King exhibition. The journey then continues at 2:35 in the afternoon aboard the "Sunset Limited" and terminates in L.A. two mornings later. En route: two sunsets, spectacular desert scenery, lots of time to unwind. Price: about $600 for one person in a roomette, less for each of two persons sharing a bedroom. See travel agent or page 143 for further information.

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Isn't It Romantic!

A PASSIONATE LOOK AT BRITAIN'S GIFT TO THE ART OF GETTING AWAY— THE COUNTRY-HOUSE HOTEL

BY JILL ROBINSON-SHAW

For an American, living in London is like being at a very good school. You are taught patience, manners, window treatments, and the very old art of the romantic country weekend. This invention of Aristocracy, the country-house weekend, used to be a test of acceptability. Before a young man could court your daughter, or enter a crack regiment, he would be taken on what was called a "knife and fork" weekend. Today, however, you take your mistress and/or your lover to one of the carefully, beautifully designed new country-house hotels that seem to be coming alive all over England's lovely countryside.

The serious country weekend begins around noon Friday. (Why wait, really, because we must have luncheon in any case and one would not wish to miss tea—so one might as well leave before the traffic becomes distasteful.) The same weekend ends around Tuesday afternoon—because why go back Monday when hardly anyone is around? The point is one never weekends in the city. Not done? My dear, to do so defines a life of such sallow indistinction—better one would languish unborne.

Swiftly, my husband and I selected three very new places. They're in the Cotswolds—the softest, prettiest hills. One was so new that we were the first guests. Each one's particular charm was that it was the owners' personal dream, their own fantasy realm.

We're into the country, off towards Oxford past fields of roses, hills bordered with trees like fur trim on cloaks. Here's a cabbage patch behind a stone wall: the landscape of children's stories. The highway language of a dreamworld: "Soft Verges: Emergency Parking Only!" I twist, turn, exclaim, "We have to see this!. . . Look at that!"

"If you stop everywhere," Stuart says, "we will not arrive where we are going."

"But look at those pigs in their little quonset huts—I must get a picture."

"Pigs are *traif* (not Kosher)," he says in the Yiddish I have taught him.

"Only to eat, not to see."

"Look at these sheep with their little grass huts!"

"They're called boudoirs," he says.

"Boudoirs! Enchanting!"

This, then, is the Country Weekend in the Grand English Manner. We have turned down the road to Buckland Manor. Adrienne and Barry Berman, who have designed every moment, are at the door. One might be returning home after an exhausting tour of one's colonial lands. Such supple, informal arrangements of the English antique furniture—you could curl up right here and read on this brocade sofa.

The Bermans have the intuition of the great hosts: they retreat. *(Continued on page 136)*

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COUNTRY HOTELS

(Continued from page 134)

You are here for *your* private weekend. Fruit, teas, soft couch, fireplace. You fling yourself onto this four-poster bed with the canopy and you wake up with views of splendid gardens here, split-rail fences and Cotswolds there. One is home.

Now I'm in the writing room; there are books of all sorts, chess, backgammon—in case there should ever be such a thing as rain. The country-house hosts understand the subtleties of a civilized life indoors that goes beyond making love and (could it be?) beyond dining! Not that the weather is unmanageable. Indeed, the certain thing about English weather is that if you wait a minute it will change. The best weather reporters greet you every morning with promises of "bright intervals." Perhaps the cultural personality of a country is styled by its weather. That may explain why the English muddle through the most appalling difficulties with such amused assurance.

And in that period of longer bright intervals called summer, at Buckland Manor you can ride, play croquet, and walk over the hills out to the Vale of Evesham to see the golden plum trees, the fields of ripe asparagus that Robert Elsmore will poach perfectly for lunch. Sporty as a skier, this chef sends brilliant meals into the most elegant dining room of all. Soups of distinctive flavors float by in antique china tureens: cream of peppers, mushroom nutmeg, asparagus and fennel. There's also a chicken and Brie mousse with cream. English cream is a subject all its own—a major love story with a tragic ending: nothing will ever fit again. Or taste as good.

Gordon Campbell-Gray—of Feathers

Do we write of food today the way we once wrote of sex and love because at least we know there is perfect food? We have had perfect food; and when a meal is hideous, we still believe we will live to cook and to eat again. But love. Who do we know that gets a toque or a star for the way they talk to each other? Cuisine casanovas we all are. He looks at the sweets tray, and I envy a marzipan peach. He tells me, I saw the way you looked at the kumquat, the way you touched its sugar shell. But in America, we never had such a thing as a sweets tray: the dessert that arrives *after* dessert. As we look about this large room of this great country house, I say to Stuart, "Imagine, we could stay for a week. . . think of the writing one could finish. . . ."

Quickly we are on the road again, off to Feathers, which is young, warm, and sexy. A proper Inn, Feathers is set in the middle of the entrancing town of Woodstock with its shops that reach out with such cunning. Particularly

Sidewalk star: Feathers—the new inn in Woodstock

famous for gloves—kid, woolen, and, best of all, aristocrat's gloves made with the fingers padded extra-long so one's hands appear to be more elegant. There's Chaucer's cottage to trot by; it has a Calderesque mobile dangling in the window. Other windows have typewriters on the tables, many books—Oxford is nearby. The academic elite live here. And antiques dealers. . . David John, for one, the great world authority on china.

Feathers is the invention of Gordon Campbell-Gray, who is the early Niven version of the young country squire with an egalitarian sensitivity. He's fierce with guests who are rude to his excellent staff. William MacPherson, the head chef here, has invented the Feathers salad—smoked goose breast, red cabbage, carrots, orange slices, pine nuts, celery, and crispy bacon in a honey dressing. There has not been such a salad since the Cobb salad at the old Brown Derby in Hollywood.

Feathers' guest rooms are charming. Lady Churchill, a friend of Gordon's, designed the prints on draperies, headboards; his great-grandmother's charcoal drawings grace the walls here and there. One writes notes from another century on heavy letter paper with an embossed gold feather. J.H.H., connoisseur/friend, confirms, after receiving note. . . "the best paper to have now."

In the morning, mist rising from Capability Brown's custom-made lake, it's just a stroll up the street to Blenheim Palace, Churchill's birthplace. People nod as you walk by; in the windows, some are setting morning fires. They smile, wave. You're already warmed up because Feathers' *(Continued on page 140)*

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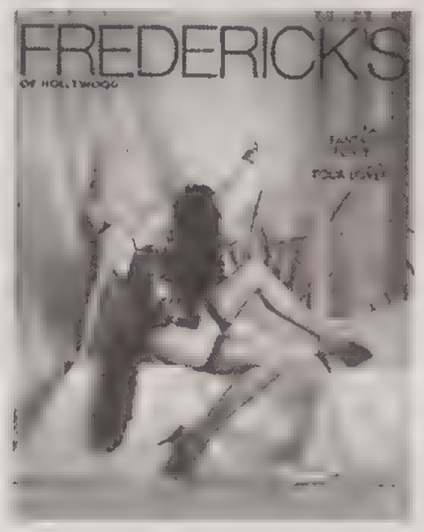

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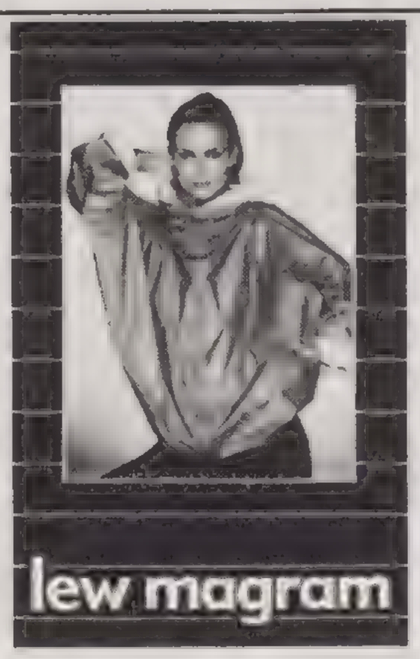

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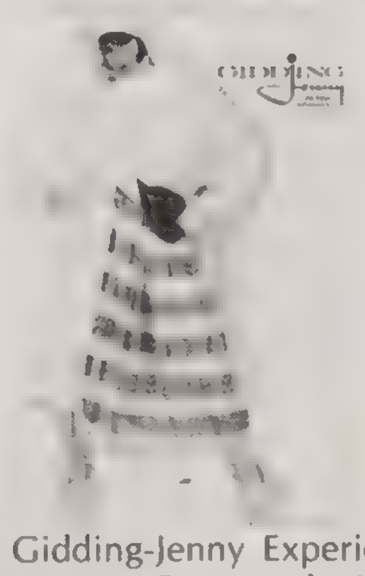

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COUNTRY HOTELS

(Continued from page 136)

full English breakfast is more to lie down under than to eat: a patchwork of eggs, sausages, kippers, and more.

Gordon says a captivating farewell; Charles and Nell, his dogs (who lie guard all night under the front desk), pose beside him. It's not *when* to come back but how soon.

Suspense last winter in England was about Raymond and Jenny Blanc: would their new Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons be ready by spring? Michelin had already astonished by transferring its stars from their former tiny Quat' Saisons restaurant outside Oxford to their new Le Manoir *even* before it was finished. *That* superb. Le Manoir may be the paragon of the French country hotel, which, unlike the English ones, was always designed around its cuisine.

Jenny was running her parents' restaurant in Oxford eleven years ago and needed a really good new waiter who could fill in as maître d'. Applications arrived. Seven in hand, she looked at the pictures. "I'll take that one," she said, reading Raymond's romantic letter about what a restaurant should be. And so, Raymond was hired. Then one day, the chef was away . . . and Raymond cooked. Triumph . . . it's a Gene Kelly movie! They fell in love, married; and seven years ago, their own Quat' Saisons. Raves. Time to invent a new dream. It's this.

Raymond and Jenny show us around during the remodeling of this amazing house, with vast vegetable gardens Raymond has ordered and designed—sixty herbs, potatoes of all sorts and sizes, tiny lima beans. And more: the swimming pool where tea will be served, dovecotes, an old Norman church, stables, tennis courts. The sensational (and uniquely cooperative) English designer Michael Priest has applied Jenny's notion of English Country style with eager French colors: wonderful bright yellows and a particular shade, what apricot ought to be, that you want at once to devour and to copy in every room you ever walk through. We step over beams, ladders, paint tins. Raymond says he hates the pink in this one room. Michael smiles: "Wait until he sees it with the blue and white draperies, the Bristol blue touches."

"If I do not like," says Raymond, "I will cover with white spots with my pastry brush, you will see!" His accent, the way he looks right then at Jenny make you remember the notion of the French lover. Jenny is his everything; she mobilizes, organizes, supervises. All she longs for is that Raymond will love this kitchen, that it will go well, that he will have marvelous days creating his amazing dishes, his sculptures of sugar, his gifts of flavor and color. Her eyes are on him every minute, for every reaction.

A dream is contagious; you want to see everything happen for people who care so much. We are the first to check in three weeks later. The room-key tag matches the flowers in your room's draperies, bed canopy, swags of chintzes. We are in Hollyhocks: blue moiré sofa, white embroidered sheets, six pillows—

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huge square pillows! The bath is perched on a ledge with a view of the gardens. This is the Hollywood version of the English country house; this goes beyond luxury.

> A new star system must be devised for the cream and chocolate pâté

The first lunch. Food critic Egon Ronay is coming. Drives up in this sporty dark-green Jag. Small, hair done, cool. Looks like he does a mean jitterbug. The whole dining room is pretending it is not watching; no guest would dare to acknowledge that we all know who he is. Even his two guests watch as he picks up the heavy fine silver-plate fork. The first bite. Suspense—then the nod. A definitive "yes." Jenny nods to the maître d'. Ronay smiles. Everybody smiles.

Dinner—one orders in the lounge (the living room). Flowers everywhere. Hors d'oeuvres include tiny green sacks (spinach leaves) all bow-tied round with a string of pasta; inside, one perfect scallop. The food tastes, for a change in the *nouvelle* world, even better than it looks. Who else makes chicken really intense? And the salt-crust pigeon: beheaded and carved, an entire bird cooked inside. Raymond's favorites are the fish dishes and the radiant wreaths of vegetables. You persist happily to the desserts. A new star system must be devised for the cream and chocolate pâté with coffee sauce, and for the Forbidden Fruit—a white peach in a cage of nougat with a sugar dove on top.

The evenings are like parties: one gathers for coffee and the superstar of all sweets trays—miniature pastry swans filled with cream. An Englishwoman has been eyeing Betty Page of London's *Record Mirror*—who is wearing a black leather mini-skirt with its chrome zipper opened hem upward. (However you dress, you do these weekends to the teeth.) "Definite upper-class stare," remarks Tony Mitchell, the young music editor of the pop-rock magazine, *Sounds*. He explains, "The lower classes are terrified of the erotic imagination, the middle classes do not acknowledge it exists, but the upper classes wish the rest of us to supply them with revelations." Of course. As long as you use the right fork.

A final cruise around the sweets tray and one collapses into bed, revelations postponed—or does the detailing in this room and bath qualify? If Eros begins with ascending to another plane of reality, being in this room promises quite an excursion. Where have you ever seen embroidered signature labels on the silk linings of the lampshades? You want to say engraved linens. The peach terry robes, gardenfuls of towels....

And the mornings . . . miniature croissants, Raymond's homemade jams on a tray, brought to the lovely round table in your room. Who would want to get up, who would want to go home? It's far more appealing to walk out around the dovecotes and the small chapel, or to stand under stone arches practicing the melancholy the English use as a warm-up exercise for ambition. Or one can stroll over the bridge to the ponds and streams, considering the castles that might have been. Perhaps one simply slinks in all elegance as far as the queen-sized Jacuzzi in the Tudor-beamed bath, all sunny with a bright interval, and lounges with one's love listening to the ravens swooping about the treetops crying, "More, more, more." ▽

Raymond Blanc of Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons

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So Let's Eat!

COMING HOME TO THE GREAT AMERICAN KITCHEN: NEW ORLEANS

BY LEE BAILEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *New Orleanians are passionate about their food. For many, dining is a heady and emotional experience. The city is famous, of course, for its distinctive, spicy cuisine—a gumbo of French, Spanish, Italian, Creole, and Cajun. Visitors to the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition, being held in downtown New Orleans through November 11, will be able to sample crawfish étouffée, Creole shrimp, jambalaya, and spicy fried chicken at some seventy-five locations on the fairgrounds, not to mention the many famous restaurants in the city itself. What many visitors may not know is that New Orleans is the one American city where you can find good food in the simplest places in any part of town. Here, an introduction to some of the city's lesser-known establishments by native Louisianan food authority Lee Bailey, author of "Lee Bailey's Country Weekends" and—in September—"City Food" (Clarkson N. Potter).*

These days, a lot of restaurants in New Orleans are caught up in an exciting whirl of innovation and tradition-polishing. By now, professional food people have covered the city's dynamic new dining scene so well and so often, I would guess that anyone who is interested already knows about hospitable Commander's Palace in the Garden District, trendy K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen in the French Quarter, and venerable Galatoire's a few blocks away. With all of the excitement, what many food critics—and many visitors—are overlooking lately is the city's marvelous, uncomplicated old food—fish and shellfish mostly. Indeed, the grand bounty of the Gulf and of the bayous is so much a part of everyone's diet and life in Southern Louisiana that the city's wonderful seafood is often taken for granted—even by the locals.

Out at the lakefront, for example, you see whole families at big tables happily shelling and eating boiled crabs or shrimp or crawfish. Everyone learns at a young age. It's *(Continued on page 144)*

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NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from page 143)

a scene I was part of when I was growing up, and I can remember my father talking about sitting around a table covered with newspapers and lacing into a mound of steaming river shrimp when he was a boy. That little ritual seems to be a constant in these parts—a rite of passage.

Recently, when I was standing by the oyster bar in an unpretentious neighborhood place, waiting for a table, a nicely dressed older couple—obviously from around the corner and on their way downtown—stopped in and consumed a dozen raw oysters each at the bar while chatting amiably. The two were completely unaware of what a great luxury this would be in other cities. The whole episode took about twenty minutes and was the New Orleans equivalent of a fast hamburger. Places like these are where locals go to taste the past.

So let's eat. Start by following the once notorious North Rampart Street (a former red-light district) until it turns into St. Claude and then continue until Louisa Street crosses it. A few more steps and you will be at Restaurant Mandich. Desire Street, by the way, is two blocks farther on—and the neighborhood has changed little since Tennessee Williams made it famous with his play over thirty-five years ago. As a matter of fact, all the restaurants I'll be mentioning are in neighborhoods which are "in transition"—to put it gracefully. Chic is of no concern here, and there is no dress code at any of these places—although most would probably frown on bare feet.

Bounty of the bayous: crabs, fish, vegetables—for sale on New Orleans street

While Mandich's kitchen turns out a memorable thick and spicy turtle soup and good gumbo (if you ask, they will give you a half portion of each) and while the remoulade sauce for their shrimp is close to the best in town, by far my favorite first course is Oysters Bordelaise on the half shell with strips of garlic toast. I can really make a meal of the oysters—but try to restrain myself so I'll be ready for the creamy butter beans and rice (the Wednesday special), served with either country sausage or with panéed veal (a thin breaded cutlet). Truthfully, the meat doesn't matter. It's the beans that I love.

If you prefer fish, have Mandich's pan-cooked Trout Mandich. And when Crawfish Étouffée is on the menu, try it. Finish with bread pudding doused with whiskey (bourbon) sauce. *Note:* There are just about as many ways of making bread pudding in New Orleans as there are of making gumbo. Have it at several places to get an idea of just how different they can be from one another. Restaurant Mandich is open for dinner (until 10:00 P.M.), only on Friday and Saturday—but is ready to serve you lunch Tuesday through Friday, from 11:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Phone: 947-9553.

On the opposite side of town, in an area between the Garden District and the river, Joe Petrossi's at Louisiana Avenue and Laurel is another uncomplicated New Orleans restaurant. At first glance, it will probably look to you like a family place that grew up in back of a fish market. That's exactly what it is and it's for serious seafood eating. Here, you can order boiled, fried, or broiled crabs (soft- or hard-shelled), crawfish, shrimp, oysters (raw if you prefer), and catfish—in combinations or separately.

Soft-shell crab Po' Boy sandwiches are also on the menu, a variation of this New Orleans classic that you don't find often. For those who don't know, the Po' Boy is a Southern version of the Hero sandwich—made on light and crusty French bread that can be stuffed (and stuffed they are!) with practically any filling. Order your sandwich "dressed"—piled with lettuce *(Continued on page 146)*

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NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from page 144)

and tomato and any kind of sauce handy.

There's no bar at Petrossi's, but they do sell beer. Closed on Monday and Tuesday as many family restaurants tend to be, the place has been known also to close unexpectedly to celebrate family occasions. For that reason, before trying any of these restaurants, call ahead to make sure the establishment is open when you want to go—and that it is serving what you are looking forward to having. Petrossi's phone number: 895-3404.

In the same general area as Petrossi's, but a bit closer to St. Charles Avenue, Casamento's is a place I think of primarily as an oyster restaurant. It does serve other seafood, however, as well as a spaghetti dish that is better left unordered. The interior of Casamento's is the gleaming exception to the other restaurants on my list. All ceramic tile, it resembles Galatoire's in the French Quarter. When you enter, you pass a bar (beer only) and come to the oyster bar, where the "oyster man" opens fat local bivalves on the spot.

Casamento's is noted for its oyster loaves—and 75 percent of the customers seemed to be eating them the day I lunched there. Oyster loaves are served in many places all over the city, but those at Casamento's are made on slices of thick fried bread instead of the more usual French loaf. Have the oyster stew, too—prepared with rich milk and a slick of butter on top. You order it by the number of oysters you want in it. Side dishes are plain salad and crisp fried potatoes. Hours are 11:45 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. and 5:30 P.M. to 9:00 P.M., every day except Monday. I would suggest going for lunch instead of dinner. Phone: 895-9761.

Another restaurant you might want to try for lunch is Mandina's. It is way out in a quiet residential area on Canal Street, the broad avenue that runs through the center of downtown and divides it into the Old Quarter and the "new" uptown sector. Ironically, Mandina's is a restaurant that has gotten a good bit of publicity over the years, which many locals contend has caused it to lose some of its old sweet charm.

On my recent visit to Mandina's, I noticed that the service did seem somewhat offhand and the place was certainly more crowded than I remembered its being. As you always must wait at the big bar for a table, the crowd, especially at noon, will keep you amused. The day I was there, nuns, policemen, students, out-of-town visitors, and cigar-smoking politicians were (except for the nuns) expressing themselves boisterously, generally creating a chaotic and inviting atmosphere.

Always on the menu is turtle soup (to which your waiter will add as much sherry as you like) as well as oyster and artichoke soup. Both are equally good; the gumbo, however, is better elsewhere. If it is Monday, I would opt for red beans and rice (that being the only day when they are served).

Mandina's menu is unnecessarily extensive, I think, and can be overwhelming. So, if you see someone eating something that looks good to you, don't be shy about asking how and what it is. Patrons are very friendly—and usually more reliable than the waiters. Open daily from 11:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. and a little later on the weekends. There is no lunch on Sundays, however. Phone: 482-9179.

Dining on Lake Pontchartrain has been a New Orleans tradition for decades. Sadly, most of the restaurants strung along its shores have abandoned the dedication to freshness and quality that used to characterize these establishments. Still, all is not lost. Only two years ago, Frank and Barbara Chifici opened Deanie's in back of the levee on the lake. Unfortunately, Deanie's doesn't have the view or the screened-in porches that the other places have—but it sure makes up for that with its food.

Deanie's dining room is quite large, always filled. You know you are in the right place when you sit down and a bowl of small potatoes cooked in their skins is placed on the table, along with butter, compliments of the management. The potatoes have been cooked in the same spicy, hot stock as the seafood—giving them a delightful and unexpected flavor. Around you, people are digging into trays full of boiled crawfish.

The gumbo at Deanie's is full of okra (even if you don't like okra, you will like this) and river shrimp—and it is spicy. Be warned, all the food here is highly seasoned. The shrimp, barbecued in their shells and served in individual skillets are big, moist, and perfectly cooked. These must be eaten with your hands. As a matter of fact, lots of this food is easier to eat that way, so dress accordingly. Deanie's is open from 11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., Sunday through Thursday, stays open an hour later in the evening on Friday; Saturday, hours are 12:00 noon to 11:00 P.M. Phone: 831-4141.

And now, blissfully stuffed, let's talk of breakfast—another of the many joys of traditional New Orleans cuisine. On this last visit, I awakened very early one morning and decided to take a walk in the Quarter as the sun was coming up. At the French Market, I watched the stalls being filled with produce—Creole tomatoes, strawberries from Ponchatoula across the lake, joints of sugarcane, big brown croker sacks of pecans, bags of rice. After a while, I found myself next to Café du Monde, so I decided to stop for coffee and beignets (fried doughnuts coated with powdered sugar). I ate inside with the regulars—it was too early to sit outside anyway—and I had forgotten just how beguiling and animated the place could be at this hour of the morning. In fact, I sensed it probably hadn't changed all that much from mornings a century ago after a singer like Jenny Lind had wowed them at the old Opera House a few blocks away.

New Orleans breakfasts are also delightful at many of the small guesthouses in the Quarter. At Soniat House, where I stayed, breakfast was complimentary—and marvelous: a generous glass of freshly squeezed orange juice, wonderful hot biscuits (and I do mean hot) with butter and strawberry jam, coffee with the bite of chicory. Served in my room or out on the patio, it was a perfect way to set me on my feet. ▽

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THE BEST OF Wines

Predictable splendors—great Bordeaux you can count on

By Martin Gersh

My introduction to the red table wines of France began nearly two decades ago with my systematically buying and enjoying numerous Bordeaux then accorded Second or Third Growth status in the wine market place. Within a very short space of time, these wonderful wines became the solid foundation upon which my great passion for complex red wines was built. Then, by my third year of drinking Bordeaux, the wines from the eight celebrated properties currently listed as First Growths came to my dinner table and have stayed there ever since.

Which brings me to the subject of this column: a highly personal classification of what I shall call The Ever-Reliable Bordeaux, representing a revised and expanded version of the very same concept that appeared in my first Vogue article, in January 1980. But before placing these wines in the four categories I shall employ—Fine, Exceptionally Fine, Great and Supremely Great—I think it desirable to tell you a little more about the structure used to evaluate them.

Every red Bordeaux that I shall soon cite has delighted me, time and time again, in an absolute minimum of six vintages during the years 1949-1979. Furthermore, all the wines designated here as Great have done extremely well in not less than ten vintages, while those classified as Supremely Great have, without exception, captivated me in fifteen or more years within that period. I strongly suspect that a modest number of other red Bordeaux may well join my selections once I have come to know them in the half-dozen vintages I consider it necessary to experience before I undertake to classify a wine of this type.

All thirty-nine châteaux on the list are champion performers, truly world class by any rational standards that one could apply in assessing them. Without at present going into the subtle distinctions and nuances that have compelled me to rate one superlative wine higher than another, I would merely suggest that a greater *consistency* of excellence from year to year, and even from bottle to bottle within a given vintage, often played a major part in my final placement of a wine, as did its year-after-year potential for aging. Where the six Supremely Great Bordeaux are concerned—all monumental examples, by the way—each demonstrates such marvelous traits of individuality and even, in the case of Château Montrose, downright eccentricity, that I find in them an element of sheer fascination that is not present to the same degree in the other thirty-three.

My primary reason for compiling this Bordeaux classification far transcends my considerable pleasure in just doing it. I fervently hope to be able to convince you that all of these wines will come through for you year after year, delivering tremendous pleasure every time you drink them, requiring—especially as they are vinified today—only four to eight years of aging beyond the vintage, plus some judicious aeration before you drink them.

Because of all this, I believe it is totally unnecessary and, moreover, somewhat foolish to purchase Bordeaux "futures"—that is, to pay for and reserve the wines a year or more prior to their release from the châteaux and their subsequent journey to this country. Since they are so dependable, why put your money down in advance for something that is certain to reward you by your simply awaiting its normal arrival at the retailer, taking home a single bottle, sitting with it, evaluating the wine for yourself, and *only then* making up your mind as to how much of it you want to buy. By not purchasing a wine that is still being aged in wood and therefore is an unfinished product at the very moment you may be investing in it as a "future," you resist becoming a party to a venture that, in my view, needlessly forces up the prices of these already extremely costly items still further and ultimately penalizes all of us—including you, the very next time you buy that same wine!

Let me assure you—having practiced this myself for the past twenty years—that there is almost nothing relating to wines that quite equals the immense satisfaction of finding out what a wine is "made of" within the peaceful confines of your own home. And of course, when you have learned through first-hand experience how you really feel about it, there is nothing to prevent you from quickly phoning your favorite dealer and purchasing more.

THE ULTIMATES CLASSIFIED

	Supremely Great	Great	Exceptionally Fine	Fine
Pauillac	Château Latour	Château Lafite-Rothschild Château Mouton-Rothschild	Château Pichon-Longueville Château Lynch-Bages	Château Pichon-Longueville-Lalande
Saint-Estèphe	Château Montrose		Château Calon-Ségur Château Cos d'Estournel	Château Lafon-Rochet
Saint-Julien		Château Ducru-Beaucaillou Château Léoville-Las-Cases	Château Beychevelle Château Léoville-Barton Château Léoville-Poyferré	Château Gruaud-Larose Château Talbot
Margaux	Château Palmer	Château Margaux	Château Brane-Cantenac Château Lascombes Château Rausan-Ségla	
Graves	Château La Mission-Haut-Brion	Château Haut-Brion Château La Tour-Haut-Brion	Domaine de Chevalier	Château Pape-Clément
Saint-Émilion	Château Cheval Blanc	Château Ausone Château Figeac	Château Canon	
Pomerol	Château Pétrus	Château Latour à Pomerol Château Trotanoy	Château Certan de May Château Petit Village Vieux Château Certan	Château L'Évangile Château Gazin

(NOTE: These are the "candidates" mentioned in the text for eventual inclusion in this classification: Châteaux Duhart-Milon-Rothschild, La Gaffelière, Giscours, Haut-Bailly, Magdelaine, Pavie, and Prieuré-Lichine.)

RECOMMENDATIONS

Here are eleven red Bordeaux, all Ever-Reliables, from the very good 1979 vintage, joining twenty-two previously reviewed in this column in October 1983.

Château Petit Village 1979 A romantic and completely adorable wine from Pomerol—superabundantly charming, well-rounded, moderately large-scaled, with a *(Continued on page 151)*

STUART WEITZMAN DESIGNS FOR MARTINIQUE

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GREAT BORDEAUX

(Continued from page 149)

terrific, slightly spicy fruit constituent. Best drinking: for the next 7-9 years. Aeration: 3-3 ½ hours. $16-$17. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)

Château Brane-Cantenac 1979 Exceptionally well-made, rather large-bodied, redolent of purple plums, Brane-Cantenac 1979 is truly glorious—one of the most impressive of the eight vintages of this Margaux I have known throughout the years. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 4 ¼-4 ¾ hours. $13-$15.

Château Pichon-Longueville 1979 Opulent, of generous size, with piquant red plum fruitiness—a traditional, first-quality Bordeaux from Pauillac displaying a marvelous sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 4 ¾-5 ¼ hours. $15-$16.

Château Lynch-Bages 1979 Again from Pauillac—sturdy yet sophisticated, showing a fine reserved fruit presence coupled with a salty-sweet finish, Château Lynch-Bages 1979 is classic in style without at all being a monumental wine. Best drinking: for the next 10-11 years. Aeration: 3 ¾-4 ¼ hours. $16-$17.

Château Certan de May 1979 Beautifully integrated on all levels, moderately big-bodied, revealing a potent red raspberry-like fruit element—a most glamorous, civilized, and elegant Pomerol. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 6 ¼-6 ¾ hours. $21-$23.

Château Beychevelle 1979 This exquisite though somber Saint-Julien of medium size and rare distinction possesses pinpoint concentration accentuating a slightly smoky, prune-plum flavor aspect. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 4 ½-5 hours. $18-$20.

Château Figeac 1979 Mysterious, pungently fruity, with substantial body, high tonality, and silken texture—a ravishing Saint-Émilion of great finesse. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 4 ½-5 hours. $18-$20.

Château Calon-Ségur 1979 Huge, high in taste tonality, exhibiting a totally satisfying amalgamation of all its taste components—unquestionably the single most luxuriously beautiful of the nine vintages of this Saint-Estèphe that I have experienced up to the present time. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 4 ¼-4 ¾ hours. $16-$17.

Château Rausan-Ségla 1979 Rarely given its proper due, Château Rausan-Ségla in this 1979 version is an excellent, lovely, and very graceful Margaux of moderate-to-large scale featuring extremely pretty *fraise des bois* fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 4 ½-5 hours. $14-$15.

Château Cos d'Estournel 1979 Ultra-refined in its texture, of impressive size and middle tonality, marked by a tangy flavor and an overall style that suggests both French and California influences—a fascinating and memorable Saint-Estèphe. Best drinking: for the next 6-7 years. Aeration: 2-2 ½ hours. $16-$17.

Château Latour à Pomerol 1979 Big, youthful, highly animated but serious in its manner, with lively boysenberry-like fruitiness, this is an absolutely superb bottle from Pomerol. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 6 ½-7 hours. $23-$25. ▽

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the Omnivore

Olympian feasts—L.A.'s hottest new restaurants—where stargazing is fast giving way to a four-star mania

By Barbara Kafka

In the days of my youth, I read movie magazines. In their glossy black-and-white pages, faultlessly groomed and radiantly lit movie stars seemed to cavort endlessly on the banquettes and in the booths of Romanoff's, The Brown Derby, and Chasen's when they were not being discovered upon the stools of Schwab's. All this to say that Los Angeles has always been a going-to-restaurants-to-see-and-be-seen town. Of the classics, only Chasen's with its chili and hobo steak remains excellent. Before we are all reduced to large plates with a single leaf of lettuce, a dollop of caviar, and one quail egg, there is time to live in the still attractive recent past at Chasen's, where food and welcome are frankly American and ample. Even that most nouvelle-cuisine pair, Gault Millau, in their recently published *The Best of Los Angeles* (Crown), give Chasen's fourteen (out of twenty) points and one toque.

Gault Millau find, as I do, much to admire in the rapidly changing world of Los Angeles food. If you are going out to the Coast for the Olympics or for work or fun, I suggest that you buy a copy of their book, which will lead you not only to good food but also to Trashy Lingerie and other haunts of consumption.

At the Rex, a ceiling to gasp at, circa 1928 Lalique, black glass, steel geometric

The restaurant situation is volatile. For about ten minutes, Seventh Street Bistro in downtown Los Angeles, beautiful with beautiful food, was one of the country's best restaurants; but Joachim Splichal, its talented chef, walked out in a huff. I expect to hear more of him soon. Today, such people are finding the nirvana of opportunity in Los Angeles and its environs. They are the new wave. Before them came the movie-star restaurant; then international cuisine; then very elegant French cuisine.

California color, whimsy—butter "waffle" floats on veggies; poppy-red pepper sauce

Joachim is still young and will remain so for some time if he doesn't become prematurely old trying to live up to his ambition to create extraordinary food. It remains to be seen after this setback what Seventh Street's enlightened owner, Wayne Ratovich, restorer of landmark buildings and bankroller of chefs, will do with this spiffy space, an old bank that has been tactfully transformed by architect Brenda Levin into the only successful post-modern restaurant space I have seen. Pastels and brilliant lighting take the spacious but heavy old arches and float them over our heads and over the cleanly elegant bar.

It is clear that there is a whole wave of chefs who have come to California to exercise their skills. At only thirty-four years of age, Wolfgang Puck is practically the grand old man of the group. He is charming, intelligent, and a gifted chef. He first attracted attention at Ma Maison, Patrick Terrail's trendsetting restaurant of the last wave. There, cooking excellent French food in an informal setting, he was part of the new movie-star restaurant. Now in Spago and Chinois, he has created with his associate and wife, Barbara Lazaroff, two extraordinarily successful and celebrity-laden restaurants. I prefer Spago. Here, the open kitchen works and the chefs turn out in full view a wonderful assortment of nouvelle pizzas, nouvelle salads, really nouvelle dishes such as crab ravioli with fresh tarragon, and terrific simple sautés. When Wolfgang himself is behind the line turning out the food with seemingly endless energy, the food is spectacular. If you are not known, the wait for a table is endless, reservations or no.

While Chinois on Main has its own glamorous audience, it is a little less movie-star laden, a little younger than Spago. I also find it too noisy visually as well as acoustically. It is fun but not great. The open-kitchen idea seems to adapt less well to Chinese-inspired food. Also, Wolf—as he is known to his intimates—does not yet seem to have integrated his European training and the Chinese ingredients and style. He is a brilliant chef, however; and I would be pretty willing to bet that he gets it absolutely right in the future, which should be very interesting.

An eminently *(Continued on page 154)*

Toying with a classic—bouillabaisse of salmon, vegetables, clear broth at Katsu

Sketch MATS GUSTAVSON. Photos, *from left* PAM BARKENTON, TIM STREET-PORTER

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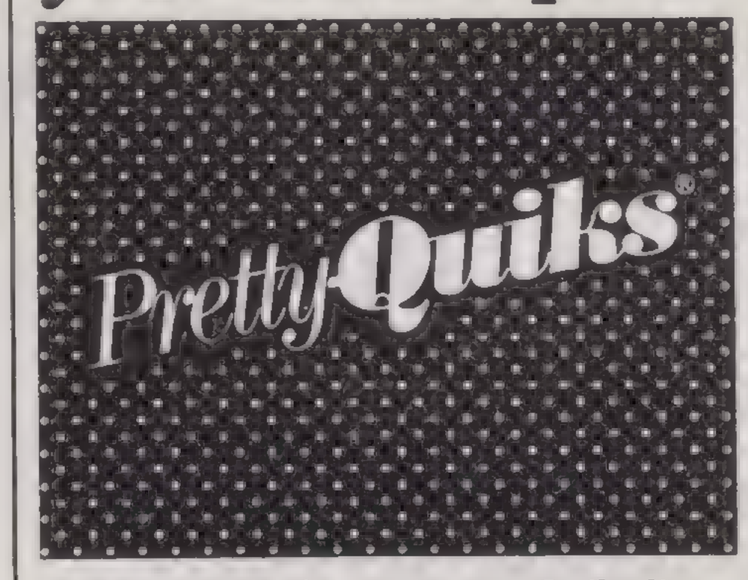

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LOS ANGELES RESTAURANTS

(Continued from page 152)

successful blend of East and West has been achieved at La Petite Chaya, one of the prettiest restaurants in the area. A simple white room with a less formal semi-garden area, it has the elegance of a black dress and the most beautiful flowers. Yuji Tsunoda, owner in Japan of a three-hundred-year-old restaurant, became interested in French cuisine. Working with Japanese chefs and his American manager, Pat Harrington, he has created a highly synthesized cuisine. It is not just a matter of alternating Western and Eastern dishes or sticking alien elements into an old dish. A new cuisine is being attempted and is generally most successful. Two of the best dishes are first courses: Oysters Pacific, barely warmed ruffled oysters with the lightest breath of a sauce and crisply fried seaweed strips, and a sashimi salad of shredded cucumbers and carrots garnished with the tiniest of asparagus and dressed with oil and mustard seeds. It is a beautiful dish and equally edible with fork or chop sticks.

More completely Oriental is Katsu, with its stripped-to-the-bones decor and a tiny Japanese rock garden in front. I have had better sushi, though this is quite satisfactory. What is extraordinary is the clear fish soup brought out in a heavy iron pot. Through the crystalline liquid, one sees the most beautiful arrangement of barely cooked sliced salmon, vegetables, mushrooms, and tofu. They call this, totally irrelevantly, bouillabaisse of salmon, which does indicate a smidge of cross-cultural influence.

Clearly cross-cultural is the wave of mod Thai restaurants. Chan Dara is the most established, closely followed by Tommy Thai and Thairific. The food is spicy, the audience young, and the waiters and waitresses draped in, to me, improbable garments—purely for fun.

Totally French is Bernard's, and it is the Gault Millau favorite. Currently, it is in the Biltmore Hotel; although we hear whispers that it may leave its opulent turn-of-the-century hotel setting to fly on its own. Until then, it is contributing its mite to glamorizing the newly revitalized downtown. The owner Bernard Jacoupy, his chef Roland Gibert, and their young American pastry chef Mark Carter are soaring daily to new heights. Several times while I was in Los Angeles, I had a foodnik ask me if I had tasted this or that recent creation. Go quickly to enjoy the food, the setting, the French and California wine lists. Enjoy also what are the moderate prices—by the standards of an expensive, good-food town where, if you should be a philistine without a car, a taxi to one of the widely disseminated restaurants will cost you not less than twenty and often more than thirty dollars.

Also downtown is the Rex Ristorante. I have never seen a more spectacular building for a restaurant. It is another wise investment of Wayne Ratovich.

By the time you have come through the portals of the Rex, an extraordinary Art Deco moment of a Lalique ceiling—real—lit from behind, black glass and shiny 'thirties steel, like a luxury ocean liner, you will feel the silver fox slipping from the bare shoulders that rise above your

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bare-backed satin crêpe dress, Jean Harlow at the least.

The food is expensive, *nuova cucina Italiana*, and according to reports a mixed blessing. My meals have been spectacularly good. From brilliant pastas to a rabbit with grapefruit and honey that sounds revolting but, although lightly sweet, was beautifully cooked and counterpointed by the slight bitterness and acidity of startlingly red Texas grapefruit. The vegetables—from antipasti, such as thin slices of eggplant with fonduta and tomato (like a light, cold pizza), to sautéed spinach on the side of main orders—are cooked with true Italian respect. This is a place you must see. If the prices and the idea frighten you, go for a drink. You can eat very well in the area. My experience was that you can eat well here, too.

I still think, as I said in an earlier issue, that Valentino has the best Italian food and wine in the L.A. area. Once again, don't be put off by the location or the rather *triste* décor. Confide your desires to owner Piero Selvaggio, his chef Giuseppe Pasqualato, and trust the super wine list. If you don't eat well here, I give up on you. It is unusual without gaudiness and everything tastes first rate.

Now that I have started recapping, I should tell you that Ma Maison has become more classically French without Mr. Puck. It is still excellent and the parking lot still lined with Rolls-Royces, Ferraris, and yet more exotic marks of California prestige. Watch out! It may be moving and turning into a money-making hotel as I write. Michael's, without the-gone-to-New-York-success Jonathan Waxman (Jams), is still going strong in a lovely garden setting, though they need to tighten up their cooking a little.

Also outdoors, in the astonishing to a New Yorker weather, Caffé Roma for a spiffy, outdoorish, pretty people, L.A. experience rather than for superlative food. The well-liked Ivy is also outdoors and has the merit of being unpretentious and having good rather Southwest and California food.

This has really become a restaurant town. It is as if the basically one-industry town (every waiter goes on casting calls) has discovered that restaurants are ultimate theater. In addition to being seen, you get an entire evening of good food. The conditions are right, the local ingredients fantastic. A mark of the level is that I haven't yet mentioned some of the best. The body flags. If you have more energy, go on to The West Beach Café in the madness of Venice, Les Anges, L'Ermitage, and L'Orangerie. All are excellent. Be sure to make reservations before you go—for Spago as much as a month—another sure sign the boom goes on and hasn't peaked.

Where To Eat in the Los Angeles Area

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Rex Ristorante, 617 S. Olive St., (627-2300)
Seventh Street Bar and Grill, 815 West 7th Street, (627-1242)

BEVERLY HILLS
Chasen's, 9039 Beverly Blvd., (271-2168)
The Ivy, 113 N. Robertson Blvd., (274-8303)

WEST HOLLYWOOD
L'Ermitage, 730 N. La Cienega Blvd., (652-5850)
L'Orangerie, 903 N. La Cienega Blvd., (652-9770)
Ma Maison, 8368 Melrose Ave., (655-1991)
Spago, 8795 W. Sunset Blvd., (652-4025)
Trumps, 8764 Melrose Ave., (855-1480)

HOLLYWOOD
Chan Dara, 1511 N. Cahuenga Blvd., (464-8585)
Katsu, 1972 Hillhurst Ave., (665-1891)
La Petite Chaya, 1928 Hillhurst Ave., (665-5991)

VENICE
West Beach Café, 60 N. Venice Blvd., (399-9246)

SANTA MONICA
Chinois on Main, 2709 Main Street, (392-3037)
Les Anges, 14809 West Pacific, (454-1331)
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ENTERTAINING

Diana Phipps: improvisation and engaging fantasy

(Not high) tea: with the thinnest of thin sandwiches

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

Diana Phipps is one of London's most inventive decorators, a master of the sumptuous shortcut. She throws rooms together and gives dinner parties at her houses in London and Oxfordshire with amazing ease. At the moment, she is, in fact, preparing a book on entertaining, and has already written on *Affordable Splendor* (Random House), "decorating elegantly, inexpensively and doing most of it yourself."

Diana knows a good deal about splendor and its transitory nature. Born Countess Sternberg, she spent her childhood in Vienna and in a castle in Czechoslovakia that was confiscated during World War II; she and her family eventually emigrated to America.

A genius with staple gun, glue pot, and paintbrush, Diana transforms her interiors and those of her fortunate friends: Evangeline Bruce's dining room in Brussels, Drue Heinz's kitchen in New York, as well as houses for Gore Vidal in Los Angeles and for Lady Antonia and Harold Pinter in London. For her own dining room, she collects blue-and-white china and finds it amusing that her dishes do not exactly match. "Symmetry is one thing," she says, "but mass production is quite another. Visual improvisation makes doing the ordinary—laying a table, cooking, decorating—more fun."

Whenever we've visited Mrs. Phipps, she has served tea, that most English of meals, on a large, table in front of the fireplace. In summer, her guests may be offered an iced tea sparked with ginger ale, fortified with chopped oranges, lemon juice and mint. A simple tea might be accompanied by toast, the thinnest of thin sandwiches, and slices of fruitcake. A more bounteous meal (never called "high tea," which would be distinctly non-U) might be amplified with individual pork pies, a cold roast ham or veal, and eggs *mollets* that are breaded, deep-fried, and served hot with tomato sauce—and a neglected delicacy, fried parsley.

Watermelon ice, chocolate "seeds"

Fantasy expresses itself in Diana's surrealist inventions, such as a sorbet of ripe red watermelon studded with chocolate "seeds." Or, she might present her guests with a rich Chenier cake, simply made as one coffee-flavored chocolate mousse provides both cake and filling.

In London, Mrs. Phipps's dining room has two banquettes in one corner. The round table in front of them, always set for four, has an air of friendly expectancy. "It looks nicer than a bare table," she says, "and saves time besides." For less formal occasions, Mrs. Phipps follows the eighteenth-century French idea that tables can be set up and meals taken in any room in the house. The result: a movable—and easily removable—feast.

A PERFECT GUEST

Somewhere between the delight of being invited and the excitement of arriving at a friend's weekend retreat, pops the question of what to give your hosts—something that has the weight and texture of country days. *Left:* Mexican plates with a voluptuous thickness, simple silverware, or some found treasure—like an 1850 Staffordshire transfer pitcher—bring that summery essence indoors. For picnics, 1950s agateware plates are appealing and sturdy alternatives to china or paper and can be found in antiques stores. Perhaps give them wrapped in napkins, an ethnic checked tablecloth, or a turn-of-the-century American Bear's Paw quilt.

—DANA B. COWIN

JEFF McNAMARA, DAVID MASSEY, Details, last pages

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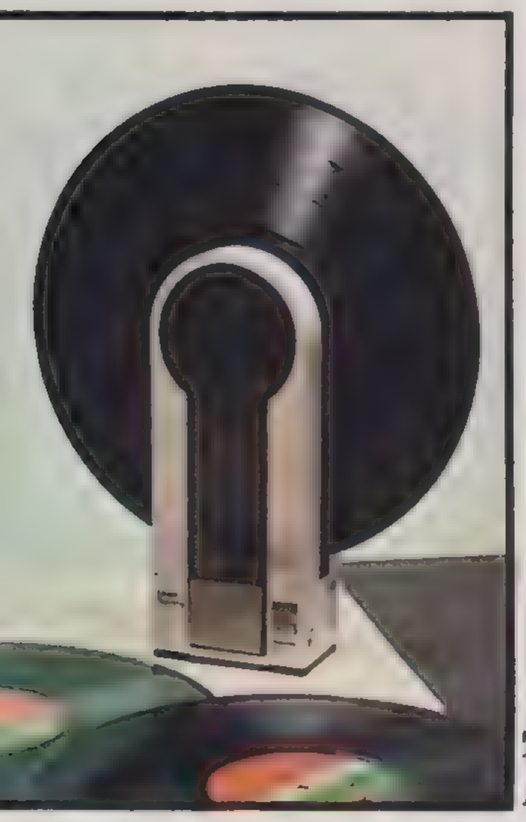
By Barbara Plumb

BEACH IT!

Designer Salvati Tresoldi named his Italian easy chair "Miamina" (for "little Miami") because of its proclivity for beach life. On the sand, chair's Missoni-printed cotton canvas seat can double as a blanket; its headrest, as a pillow. Both the chair and its companion ottoman have chrome tubular supports that snap apart, fold into matching canvas bag for transport. Chair, $1390; ottoman, $1108; bag, $134. Through decorators, Campaniello Imports, New York City.

TO DREAM

For "nights out": "Star-Gazer" tent, designed by Charles William Moss, offers an elegant construction of intersecting curves. The "skylight," door and triangular window are covered with net for excellent ventilation and views. Roomy enough for three, the lightweight tan tent folds down to a compact rolled size of 21 x 6 inches; coated taffeta floor in Burgundy adds comfort and luxury. Represented in the Design Study Collection, Museum of Modern Art, NYC. $310, in the Museum Shop.



Sofa, so good "Cabriolet"—name for a light, folding-top carriage (or a convertible automobile)—is befitting for this sofa, which folds up and snaps into place for easy transport from city apartment to country house, from summer-house living room to deck or porch. Designed in Italy by Bruno Rota; frame in chrome, or in steel painted shiny red, grey, green, white, or black. Cotton duck upholstery, in the same color choices as the steel frame, zips off cushions for washing. $1250, available through designers at Linea Plus, NYC.

Space saver: Sony's PS-F5 portable two-speed turntable weighs only four pounds, operates vertically, hanging on a wall, or horizontally, is powered by batteries or AC or DC adaptor. Use with headphones, stereo speakers, stereo radio, or self-powered speakers—without awkwardness of "tinny" old-time portables. $149.95; Available at Capital Audio-Electronics, New York City.

BETH BAPTISTE Sketch: ADOLFO SANCHEZ

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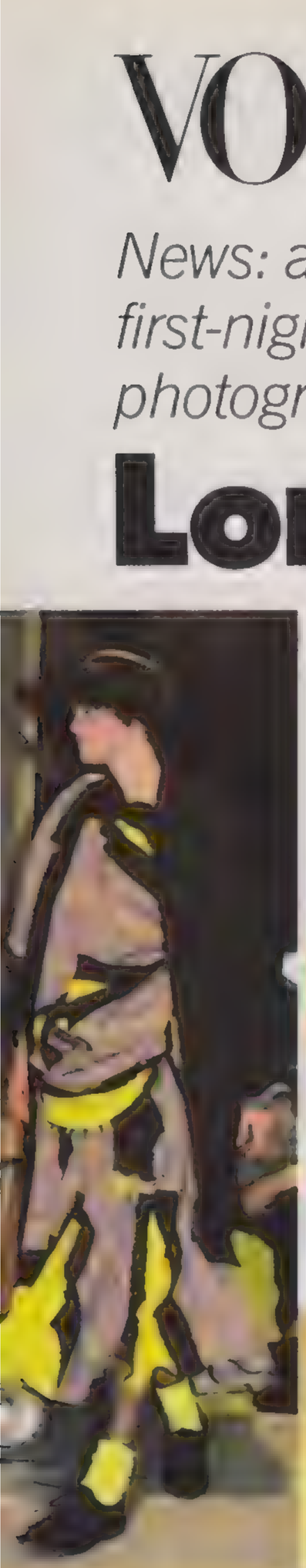
VOGUE'S View

News: accessory mixes… first-nighter fashion… photographers' focused style

London's new beat



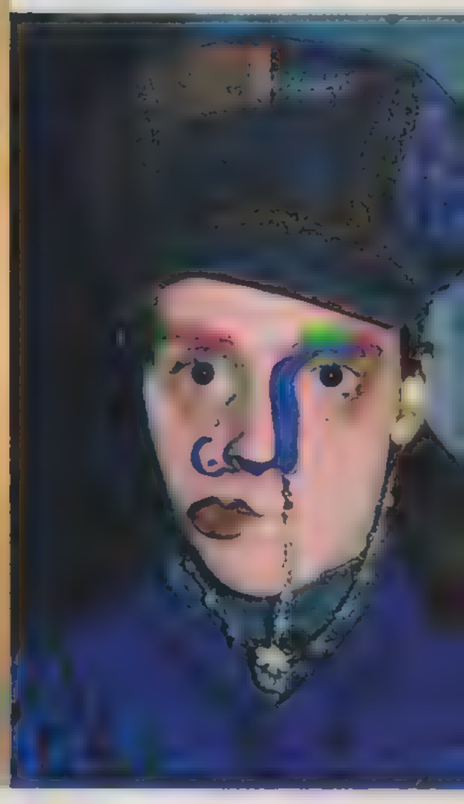
Behind the new British invasion: real style, "real clothes" to wear!

London's "new" names—Culture Shock, Body Map, Timney Fowler, Bernstock/Speirs, Monty Don, PX—may sound whimsical. Runway presentations can be equally offbeat. But take these "names" off a runway, disassemble the looks, and what everyone's talking about gets considerably clearer. Many new London clothes, and inventive accessories, this season, are simply great "items," appealing things to work into a wardrobe. Easy standouts: terrific oversized topcoats—from giant plaid steamers to poplin trenches, jackets—velvet smokers or cotton anoraks; baggy black flannel suspender trousers or classic tartan pants looking new, now, in brights. Stephen Jones's hats may be "serious" bowlers or small stocking caps; Monty Don's jewelry—

("View" continued on page 162)

Easy-going: Betty Jackson print pieces, above left:Stephen Jones pompon hat for Gaultier, above

Inventive London: PX layers, above; from Katharine Hamnett, left, riding coat, big shirt, knit pants. Below, colors à la Picasso: London street makeup



Great pieces: John Richmond's pants, "mini" kilt, big raincoat, left; Stephen Jones's "flamenco" hat-in-a-hat with curls, right

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THE SPECIALISTS IN HAIR REMOVAL

view

London's new beat

(Continued) mock diamond crosses, or gem-encrusted "war medals."

Are Americans buying? At some London designers, reportedly, up to one-third, this fall, of everything they've sold. Reportedly, too, even ignoring a traditional American conservatism and choosing colors that are the brightest possible. "The young designers are not just kids off the street anymore," explains Jayne Harkness, from Barneys, NYC. "They have a wider span, a real lasting power." Many new-to-America names have been "established" in Europe for a while already—Stephen Jones, making hats for Gaultier, Mugler, Boy George, even Princess Di; Betty Jackson—working since the mid-'seventies—this season, garnering raves with her great "body clothes" and oversized suits.

Some are nearly fashion "establishment." "You don't want to be a nine-day wonder," says Betty Jackson. "So designers like me are more quality conscious than ever; if it has my name on it, it has to be made well." She also notes that Margaret Thatcher's fashion-week party for London's '80s designers injected a new spirit, a new feeling of permanency.

Part of the reason why the "new" London fashion works well overseas—a conscious effort to maintain a broad appeal. "I try to think of myself as an international designer, not just a guy from London," says Stephen Jones, who made hats some of London's—Paris'—most charming accessories. "After all, good design is simply good design. No matter where it comes from."

This fall, Americans are snapping up London's "new" designer looks faster than ever...

("View" continued on page 164)

A FLOWER POWER

A budding new look, something to find in unexpected places, always with a real sense of delight: prints of flowers—the bigger the better! The garden variety of possibilities here: oversized blooms splashed on Valentino's evening dress ...Norma Kamali's cabbage-rose bag ...Kenzo's rose-print pants.

SEPP HORVAT, ROXANNE LOWIT Sketch by RICHARD GRO

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SAKOWITZ
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
TED LAND—Palm Springs
THALHIMERS—Memphis
THE SMART SHOP—Houston
WOODWARD & LOTHROP—Washington, D.C.

view

Mixing it up

Plaids with prints, giant "jewels": fall's new eclectic pleasures

What's coming? By the sound of it, it could be a season wrought by a mad haberdasher: A fashion season when checks may go with stripes with paisleys with tweeds. Then a giant jewel gets pinned on. And that's simply one outfit.

In fact, it's one—quite charming—option. In a fall season when nearly everyone is playing with mixes of fabric patterns and textures within a single look, final effects can be subtle or offbeat. On runways, most designers have then added a real minimum of accessories. Another notion, something to work on occasion with pleasure: adding more riches of pattern, of texture—a plaid hat, snakeskin shoes, challis scarf. The delight comes from mixing pieces in a whimsical manner.

That means an inventive layering of accessories, colors, textures, pattern. Examples: An antique paisley muffler, knotted like an ascot and held at the neck by a giant jewel-color cross pin—with a tartan muffler then tied above both. It could be two rhinestone pins linked by a chain, a man's-style belt, or a mix of bangle bracelets, chain bracelets of rhinestones, cut stones, antique gold.

Key pieces? Pins—more than have been around for years: oversized, whimsical, often "jeweled." Necklaces or bracelets of colored faceted stones and burnished gold. Belts, bags, and shoes of textured leathers; soft wool tights in a foulard or herringbone pattern; a wardrobe of scarves *(see right)*. The secret: A sense—in mixing—of simple fun. Also, mixing accessories against a background of tailored clothes.

ROXANNE LOWIT

STARTING WITH SCARVES...

They might be tied as ascots or tucked in breast pockets . . . layered along the necklines of suit jackets or over hats. This fall, the ubiquitous accessories of the season: classic menswear scarves.

Watch for: paisleys, ancient madders, foulards; tartan wool, challis, or silk versions in rich, deep colors. The most versatile shape, clearly, is an oblong—a classic 12 x 54 inches or something 20 x 70 inches, more oversized; the new square is a large pocket size.

Standouts too: Ralph Lauren's brand new scarf collection—fringed paisleys, rich ancient madder silks, new cashmeres, dotted silk foulards. For hits of real color, classic cashmere mufflers like those that Perry Ellis showed with his men's collection. The colors, deliberately delicious: scarlet, gold, fuchsia. . . .

("View" continued on page 168)

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Photographed at Fourteen Eighteen North Lake Shore Drive, model residence.

view

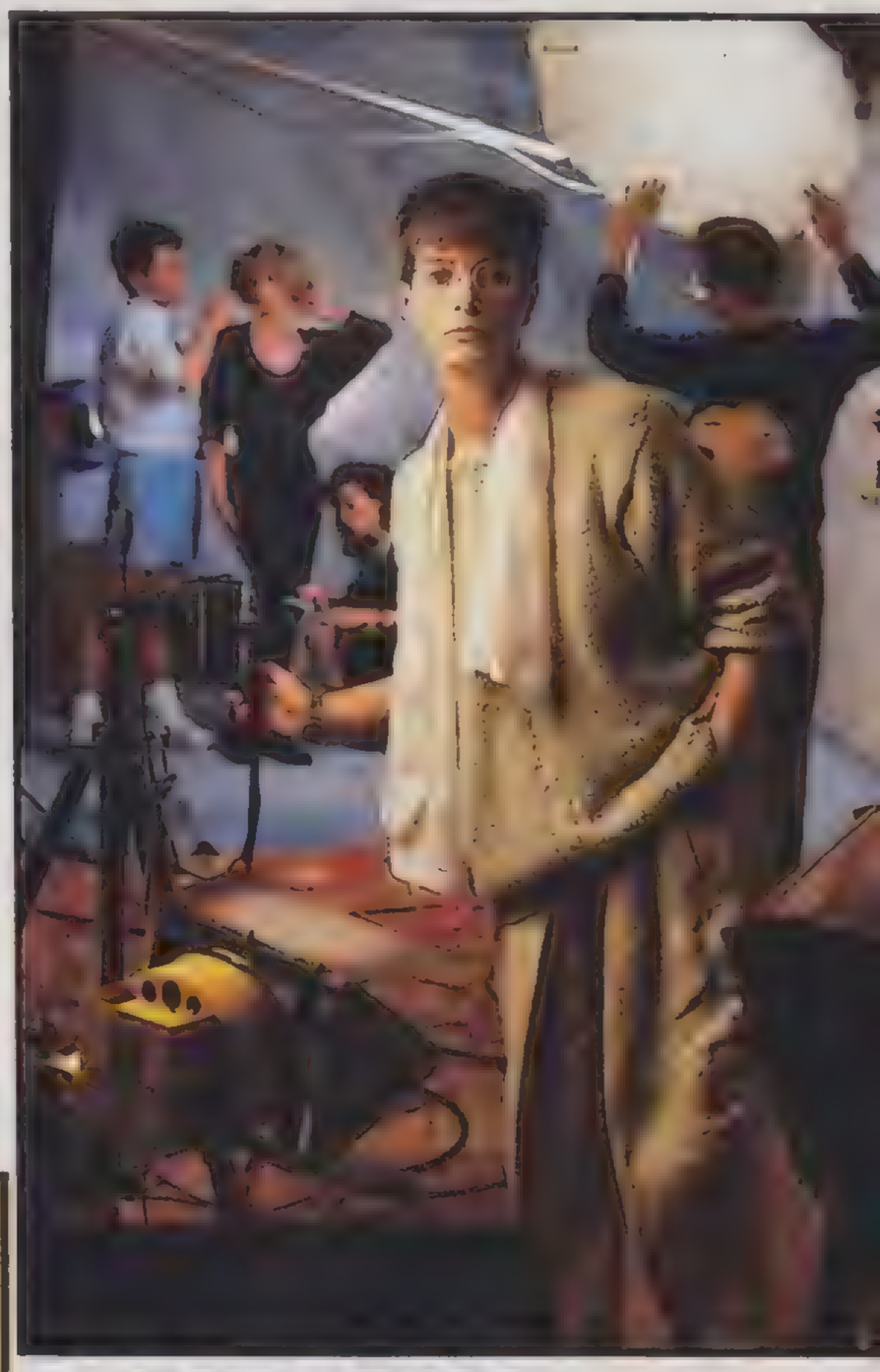
From the other side of the lens *(clockwise, from right):* Lynn Kohlman—at work, all in menswear; Jean Pagliuso—on location in Bali, in a hot-weather sarong; Dominique Issermann's black-and-whites: Chinese pyjama shirt, men's pants, black socks, sandals; Sacha, in Japanese-style layers

CLOSE-UPS: PERSONAL STYLE

Great style: as women photographers see it, wear it themselves

As photographers, by definition, they must have a strong visual sense; as women, photographing other women, they focus on unique moments of personality, fashion, style. Women may (or may not, the old debate goes) see through a lens a definably different set of fashion images than men do; they do, without a doubt, have a clear view on what works and what doesn't.

Often, these women arrive at similar results: for example, a tendency to believe in style not "fashion"...and to dress in menswear. "Fashion goes in and out," says New Yorker Lynn Kohlman. "But oversized jackets, shirts, pants stay the same; it's a look I've never departed from and never will." Once a model herself, she works now wearing menswear pieces (secondhand or Perry Ellis'), in earth colors. Only changes: antique earrings, shots of pastel.



At fourteen, Dominique Issermann "lifted" from her brother a black-and-white hunting shirt and high black socks. At thirty-seven, she's still opting for men's button-downs, T-shirts, pants—"seasonless" clothes that are "more practical, perfect for work and riding my motorbike."

In Paris, pieces in black, white, or grey make "dressing every morning simple," says Sacha. She's as apt to shop in Morocco or Senegal as Paris, likes menswear "because it doesn't try to be unnecessarily neat or pretty—just efficient, streamlined, and comfortable."

And, for a photographer, the ability to move—move easily—is no small matter. "I can't wear anything clingy," says Jean Pagliuso, "because I'm often down on the ground shooting, with my knees up around my ears." California-born, she defines style quite differently from fashion. "I'm just not comfortable in a head-to-toe designer look," she says. "I have to have one disheveled piece in there, then it's really mine." *("View" continued on page 170)*

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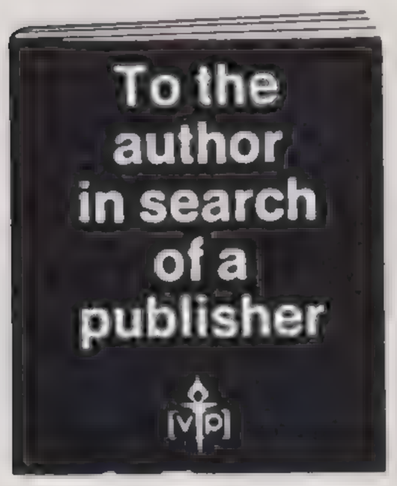

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view

OPENING NIGHTS

First-night fashion: *Above*, Oscar de la Renta's 1984 charmeuse dress. *Below, from left:* circa 1926, Poiret's beaded silk; Adrian's '40's silk dress and cape; a 1920's evening coat. All from "Fashion and Broadway."

FOR A CENTURY—MORE—GLAMOUR'S COME FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Remember the grand old days, when women really "dressed" for events? They're richly documented (along with on-stage splendors) in "Fashion and Broadway," now on view at New York City's Fashion Institute of Technology. So, too, are ten current American designers' (among others, Carolina Herrera, Norma Kamali, Bill Blass's) ideas of '84 audience opening-night wear. It seems women's lives may have changed; their desire for dressing hasn't.

The "constant," clearly, is glamour. But the richest fabrics—lamé, satin, brocade—now are more likely to be handled in a way Gloria Sachs defines as "opulence with nonchalance," a concept reflected in great numbers of sweatery tops and skirts, beaded, sequined, extravagantly ornamented. James Galanos, for one, sees a move to narrowness—"a contemporary, more maneuverable line." More jackets, too—from simple wool to fur-trimmed velvet: modern women's choice, alongside bareness.

("View" continued on page 172)

MARIO TESTINO, illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER. Photographed at Sardi's, NYC. Hair, Oribe of John Dellaria, NYC. Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin

GianniVersace

BOUTIQUES:

SAN FRANCISCO, 70 Post Street NEW YORK, 816 Madison Avenue MIAMI, Mayfair in the Grove
BEVERLY HILLS, 437 North Rodeo Drive HOUSTON, Mall in the Boulevard

What's new: handbags with a menswear twist...single pieces that make a look...spring changes: what's coming

view

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

People are talking about fall standouts: clothes pieces so effective they're "accessories" in themselves: be it a pair of sequined glen plaid trousers—with a sweater, at John Anthony, giving as much ornamentation as any woman would want for night...or a black jersey dress—with rhinestone buttons like giant jewels, at Geoffrey Beene. Designers are using gorgeously colored coats—a bright red topper at Oscar de la Renta, say, or at Bill Blass a taxi-yellow jacket—to make an entire look simply with a black sweater and skirt or pants. Color used as a jewel itself.

What's news: theater costumes, his first ever, done by Gianfranco Ferre, on stage this summer in Los Angeles. For Tamara and the convoluted 'twenties world of painter Tamara de Lempicka and Italian soldier, poet, lover Gabriele d'Annunzio—Ferre's outfitted all cast members, made up everything from evening clothes to lingerie, chauffeur's gear to a general's uniform. All were designed and made to measure by Ferre in Milan—couture costumes to be seen close-at-hand: Tamara is staged so audiences can actually enter into d'Annunzio's ''villa,'' follow the action room by room by peeping through windows, doors....What's coming? Rentable skiwear, and it's an interesting notion: starting in fall at some three hundred U.S. shops—including those right by the slopes in Vail, Aspen, Stowe, Jackson Hole—Gerry Skiwear is providing down parkas and bib overalls to rent for a weekend or whatever. Now, spur-of-the-moment or occasional skiers can get outfitted with ease: in the same way they also temporarily take on skis, boots, poles.

There's a noticeable difference in fall handbags...and, in part, a "menswear" difference: look for new bags derived from classic men's briefcase or satchel shapes—shapes softened, made fuller, formed out of newly textured (stamped or embossed) leathers. One new Carlos Falchi bag looks like the sort of clutch bag some European men carry; you'll find new toiletry-case, doctor's-bag, or great portfolio-like handbags. Colors are mostly classic—dark browns, wines, deep forest greens; leathers may be worked in crocodile-like patterns, be folded into zebra-stripe waves. Always you'll find some added interest: the charm is that it's done in inventive, subtle ways.

Some of the great finds of the fall season? Quite simply, great shirts. New white shirts, crisp plaid shirts, oversized polo shirts. They're there, in some form, in almost every designer's collection—and, most often, an integral part (with a coat, with pants) of a total look. Most, clearly, are menswear derived; they're not, though, men's shirting.

This fall a shirt usually starts with a somewhat generous scale; a small collar (a charming rounded collar at Ralph Lauren, a tiny "mandarin" from Danny Noble) keeps a sense of neatness. It might come in a soft plaid (as Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren worked them) or be in a remarkable bright color and put with a dark suit as Catherine Hipp did.

For his Blassport collection, Bill Blass consistently used a crisp white shirt as a neat part of suit looks. White shirts, in fact, with some new turn—a beautifully textured fabric, a tidy collar—are some of the real pleasures of the season, everywhere.

"White shirts with a new turn...some of the real pleasures of the season, everywhere"

Once, there were simply wools and summer cottons. Clearly, things have changed: so, too, has the whole notion of "seasonal." Now, new pieces from West Coast designers, for example, in deep earth tones or bright brights, more than ever before, come in cotton sheeting fabric, twill, canvas, in cotton knits or quiltings. And those are for fall/winter not just for Californians but for Southern women, Southwestern women, women everywhere. More fabric changes are in store, too, it seems, for next spring from designers here and abroad.

What's coming? For warm weather, newly "summerized" wools: thin, sheer, the lightest weights ever; you'll find new polished wool gabardines, gauzes, and failles, less silk or wrinkled cotton and linen. People are talking about new almost-airy textures, jacquard weaves, soft "rustic" cottons now blended with rayon. Best news: more color everywhere —clear "pastels" (cobalt blues, chartreuse, soft pink), color bursting forth in prints—in oversized graphics, brushstroke florals. Designers are asking for them. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

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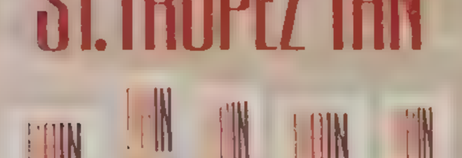
BAIN DE SOLEIL

FOR THE ST. TROPEZ TAN



A full range of tanning formulas.

photo: David Seidner

YVES SAINT LAURENT
footwear

WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT FASHION THIS FALL...

THE CHANGES, THE STANDOUT LOOKS TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON

No season generates the interest or the excitement of fall/winter—it's fashion's biggest "opening night" in a sense. One of the reasons: what happens in the fall sets up what happens for months to come. Differences in dressing count more, have more impact. And this fall, no question, there are differences across the board. This issue is a guide to those key changes from New York to Paris to Milan.

It's a season that—literally—shapes up differently in line and scale and length. Where line is concerned, everything "starts" at the shoulder. Shoulders now are stronger, squarer, broader—at least two to three inches broader than last year's. Lengths are longer. Meaning: A long coat is up to five or six inches longer than last fall's long coat. Shorter coats are longer—coming right to the knee. Jackets are longer. If you see a skirt for day, it's usually a longer (below-calf) skirt. Clearly, the scale of fashion has changed. And with it, a change in the way clothes feel: there's a certain roominess, a relaxed ease that comes from bigger shoulders, a certain dash that comes from longer lengths. But what's also true—and it's a big but—clothes narrow in from the shoulder. Nothing is full and baggy. Coats may be bigger; what's under a coat is narrow. A strong-shouldered pullover narrows to the waist. A broad-shouldered jacket can be slightly fitted: the body is always "there."

Unmistakable from the start—this is a great year for coats—and it's true everywhere. Never before has there been more emphasis placed on coats...on straight-lined doubled-breasted coats tailored the way a man's overcoat is tailored...on wonderfully easy raglan-sleeved balmacaans...on the raciest trench coats...on oversized polo coats ...and on the newest length coat—the 7/8 coat—that comes right above or on the knee. No matter what shape or length, these coats share a strong presence; with their under-pieces, they become the season's suit equivalents.

And what's under a coat—what's under almost every top this fall—pants. The most prevalent shape: the trouser—but a different trouser: softer, pleated, fuller on top; straight-legged; belted and cuffed. Other new-shape pants: wider, softer, cropped pants...new narrow ski pants, with or without stirrups ...narrow pants that crush at the ankle. Even with these variations, there are no hard-to-handle shapes, no exaggerations. As for skirts for day—quite simply, there aren't as many. When you do see a skirt, chances are it's a longer skirt, front pleated, wrapped, or in some way related to a sarong. The emphasis is clearly on pants.

An early standout this fall: jersey dressing—a change of pace from the "sportswear" beat of fashion. It's a different kind of dressing in jersey: these aren't simple, dolman-sleeved jersey T-dresses, or simple little jersey chemises. What makes jersey so appealing this fall: the inventiveness of design—a longer, narrower jersey dress, shirred to hold the body...the charm of a little "schoolgirl" dress in navy jersey with a white satin collar...a sophisticated jersey wrap dress. And it isn't only dresses: there are distinguished tops and pants in jersey...a softly shirred jersey skirt—one of the season's rare skirt finds. Another of jersey's appealing attributes: the way it can move from day to late day. And later.

A charming difference—a charming option this fall—the way accessories play up and play against the texture of clothes. For one thing, a look often starts out "mixed": a herringbone coat over a plaid jacket and pinstriped trousers. Under the jacket, another texture—a cashmere crewneck. And that's still the beginning: then the accessories are added—a paisley muffler or a silk foulard or a cashmere plaid...and holding the scarf, a multicolored jeweled pin...at the wrist, bracelets of colored stones, rhinestones, burnished gold...shiny reptile low-heeled oxfords, tweedy-patterned wool stockings. The constant mix—texture on texture on texture; pattern on pattern on pattern—defines what you like best about accessories this fall.

Something else that counts—in a big way—the look of hair. Not exactly a revelation. But what is: the number of appealing options this fall. The context is still shorter hair—with fall's new scale of clothes, you need the control, the balance—but the variations are endless. And a word about familiar words: blunt cut, layering, ponytail. You may think, from the words, that nothing is very different—and that couldn't be farther from the truth; some of the most striking changes this fall are changes in hair.

Outstanding—the difference in dressing at night. Everywhere, a great effort has been made to change the character of evening dressing. A successful effort. And, in contrast to the simplicity of day, there's a very real sense of ornamental luxury at night. One of the most welcome, most charming changes: the evolution of small, ornamental jackets—easy shapes heightened by fabric and decorative effects: a loden-green jacket with gold braid; a black-and-gold sequined jacket. Jackets worn with softer (not bigger) ankle-length skirts in equally glorious fabrics—gold-flecked black, lamé—it's a kind of separates dressing you haven't seen before and it's a knockout.

Often what's most appealing about fashion is what's unexpected—the little surprises that whet your appetite for more. This fall is no exception. There's the delight that comes from unexpected texture—a perfect turtleneck—in black velvet!—with pinstriped trousers: it gives day dressing a new character....A delight from unexpected color: one of the dashing new 7/8 coats in brilliant red or yellow to wear over black....From an unexpected juxtaposition: a Hudson's Bay blanket coat—for evening—red wool with black stripes, silver piping over something bare and black....From unexpected ornamentation: jersey dresses with self-jewels—glorious rhinestone buttons.... From unexpected pieces—sweaters unlike any sweaters you've seen before: a unique ski sweater—big, square-shaped—"decorated" with hand-knit tapestry flowers...or a cashmere tunic top—scaled differently, "decorated" differently—one of the changes that leads off an issue of change, beginning on the next page...

FAST START

And what's clear from the start: the strength and consistency of certain key themes in fashion this fall. First, a sense of dressing that borrows its casual attitude, its ease, its reliance on separate pieces from the world of sportswear dressing. It's something you find everywhere this season—in the New York collections, not surprisingly—at its best. But don't be misled by the terms: these clothes are worked out very differently; they have a sophisticated character, a style all their own. One reason: the scale of everything has changed—it's much bigger, roomier, much more relaxed. Another key theme—with many variations—the spareness, the simplicity of dressing for day contrasted with the ornamental luxury of evening. The shapes may be the same, day to night, but the textures are very different. And texture is key to fashion this fall: interesting textures combined in new ways along with rich colorings give the season its distinctive nature. On these ten pages, the season's news at its best from New York—perfect expressions of change...

perfect expressions

# of change

Off and running at **Perry Ellis,** *this page:* a collection
filled with extraordinary, unexpected colorings and prints—
his homage to artist Sonia Delaunay. And a collection with sweaters
that have a totally unique character: they become something else, something special.
Something special for day, center: his wonderful, long, big-scaled
charcoal cashmere turtleneck tunic with its bold pattern;
a short, narrow red cashmere skirt striped in black. (For the men:
the same inventive knitting—and knockout coloring—
Perry Ellis right on target!) Top, about $550. Skirt, about $260. Late
August at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny;
Lou Lattimore, Dallas; I. Magnin. Hair, Valentin for Jean-Louis David, NYC;
makeup, Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details,
men's clothes, more stores, last pages.

Jim Varriale

perfect expressions of change

By now the message is clear: it's a season of terrific coats. Yet there are still surprises. One of the most delightful—the sensational evening coat, *this page*, at **Geoffrey Beene**—his Hudson's Bay blanket coat in bright red with black stripes, silver piping. Cozy, unlined—a dream over something black; here, his bare-back wool dress. Coat (of English wool), about $1250. September at Martha; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. . . . A welcome change, *opposite*—sophisticated, glamorous "separates" that bring a new attitude to dressing at night. Beene's small-fitting loden-green wool "military" jacket piped in gold. (Fabric, Agnona.) And a beautiful gold-flecked black evening skirt, scalloped and edged in gold, the waist wrapped and held. Skirt, of silk/cotton. About $2375. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Rich's; Jacobson's; Frost Bros. *This page*, hair by Valentin for Jean-Louis David, NYC; *right*, by Garren of Garren, NYC; makeup, *both pages*, Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Jim Varriale

perfect expressions of change

No question, this fall's strongest influence—that of sportswear/menswear dressing. At its best, at **Calvin Klein,** *this page.* His dashing raglan-sleeved wool herringbone balmacaan; heathery wool plaid jacket; cashmere crew-neck; and plaid wool covert trousers. Coat, about $460; jacket, about $390; pants, about $240; sweater, about $350. (Jacket and pants available August.) Turnout at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Swansons on the Plaza; The Denver, Denver Co. . . . The season's sophisticated approach to separates dressing, *right,* at **Perry Ellis.** One of his remarkable cashmere tunics—another in his Delaunay series—with striking color; a bolder, bigger, squarer shape. And a new skirt—longer, wrapped, "ruffled" down the side—in black cashmere.

Tunic, about $800. Skirt, about $300. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. . . .

Beauty Note: Soft, but striking color in makeup—Elizabeth Arden's Nude on lips and cheeks. Hair, *this page,* By Valentin for Jean-Louis David, NYC; *right,* Garren of Garren, NYC. Makeup, both pages, Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Jim Varriale

The essence of a new dressing for day, *this page:* a simplicity of shape, an uncomplicated ease . . . and unexpected textures that give everything a different character. **Ralph Lauren's** turtleneck top in black velvet; easy trousers in grey worsted pinstriped in blue; a classic crocodile belt. Rolex watch at Tiffany. Top, about $278. Pants, about $238. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Polo/Ralph Lauren, San Antonio . . . .

News at night, *right,* in the framework of familiar pieces, a whole new sophistication: **Bill Blass's** black cashmere sweater set—the long cardigan edged in black bugle beads—over the most enchanting evening skirt of black point d'esprit—very low-key, very glamorous—it represents a new direction in dressing at night. About $2960. September at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills; to order at Balliet's . . . . Hair, *both pages,* Garren of Garren, NYC; makeup, *left,* George Newell; *right,* Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

perfect expressions of change

perfect expressions of change Unmistakable this season: the day to night contrast. Perfect example of the purity of day dressing, *this page:* **Calvin Klein's** new longer, collarless jacket in loden wool cavalry twill over a spare charcoal cashmere crewneck; longer, black wool gabardine skirt, pleated in front. Jacket, about $350; skirt, about $170; sweater, about $350. Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.... The turnaround at night, *opposite,* simple, relaxed shapes but out-and-out dazzling. **Oscar de la Renta's** small black-and-gold sequined jacket over a gold silk lamé blouse; gentler, softer skirt in black-and-gold wool/silk. Jacket, about $2950. Blouse and skirt, about $1100. September at Martha, NYC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hair, *this page,* Valentin for Jean-Louis David NYC; *opposite,* Garren of Garren, NYC; makeup, *both pages,* Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Jim Varriale

Never before . . . evening shoes this uncommon, this all-out glamorous. Shoes with remarkable impact that comes from unusual textures; sculptural, slender silhouettes; sophisticated colors (characteristics you'll also see in day shoes later this issue). With an added appeal that comes from imaginative details—the gentle rounding of a slender heel, the fantasy of feathers... We're talking about shoes like Walter Steiger's satin pumps (pumps are the prevailing shoe at night)—slim, shapely, provocatively bowed . . . three vibrant colors. . . . It's also a season of uncommon legs. Example: these glittered black panty stockings from Stilnovo for Flash legs. About $12. Altman's; Shillito/Rikes, Cincinnati OH; Maison Blanche, New Orleans LA. The shoes, about $230. Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Beverly Hills; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Details, background art, last pages, this issue.

PURE PLEASURE: the season's uncommon

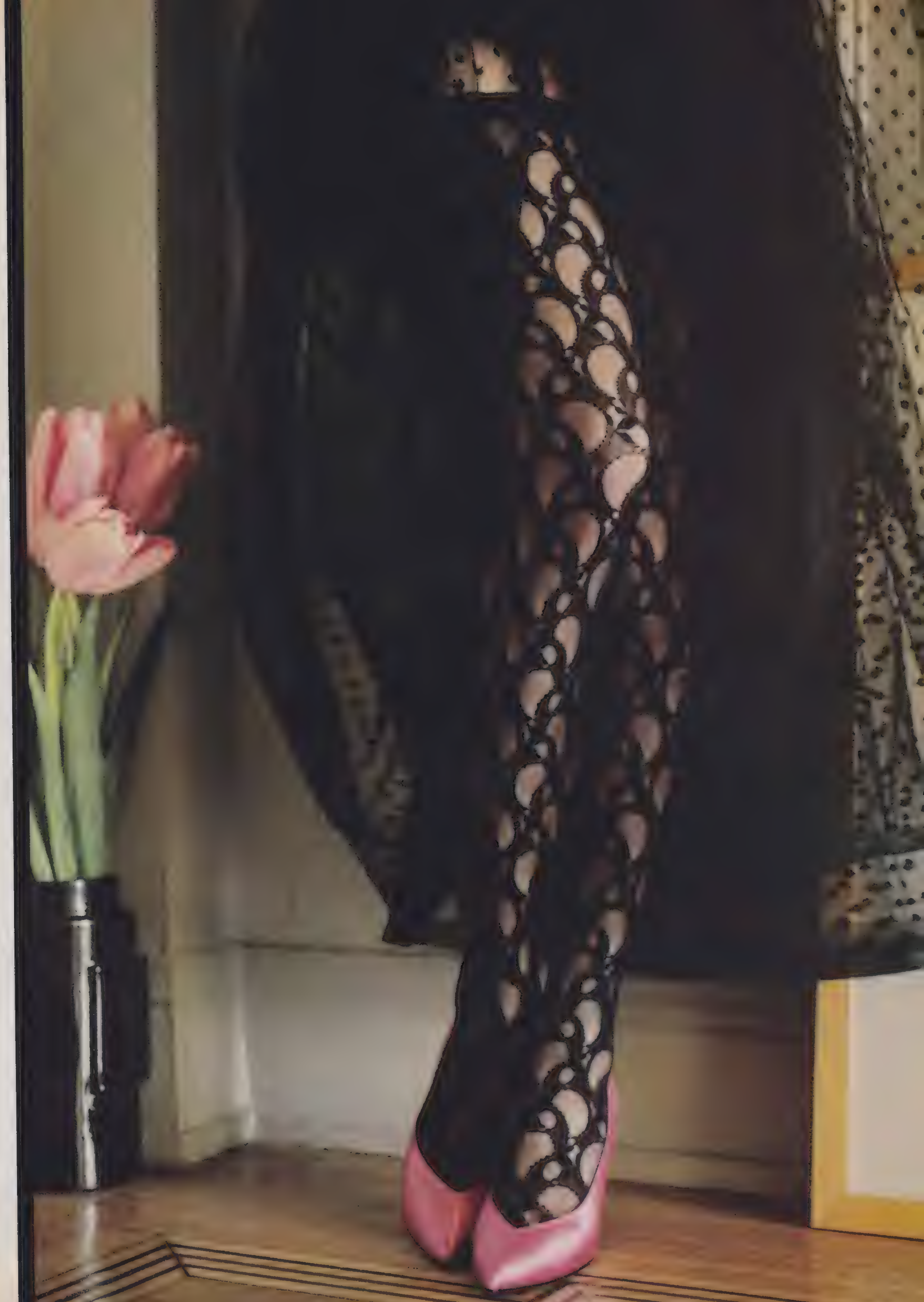
shoes...they make all the difference in dressing at night

Shelia Metzner

UNCOMMON SHOES

There are black evening pumps. And then there are black evening pumps like Charles Jourdan's, *this page*—slim,very graceful, with just enough pink to add excitement but not limit the shoe's versatility. More excitement: Norma Kamali's black panty stockings with silver tear drops. For Camp Hosiery. About $13. Macy's, New York. The satin shoes, about $180. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Jourdan, Tulsa OK; Charles Jourdan, Wilshire Blvd, Beverly Hills....Captivating: Yves Saint Laurent's satin pumps, *opposite*. Everybody loved the subtle, go-with-everything color, the unusual ridging on the toe and heel. News: black legs with colored shoes. And when we say boldly patterned panty stockings—as bold and provocative as these by Le Bourget/Globus Mercantile. About $16. Macy's, Herald Square; Nan Duskin. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear, about $128. Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Details, art, last pages.

Sheila Metzner



There's a whole added dimension in the character of a gold leather pump when the heel and back are designed in black suede. The beautifully balanced one, *this page*, by Maud Frizon. About $205. Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. . . . Unexpected, utterly beguiling: feathers on the heels of Andrea Pfister's wine satin pumps, *opposite*. . . . . It's a "given": what counts about legs—not how much leg shows but what's on it. And, like the season's shoes, the season's panty stockings are bolder, stronger, clearly meant for more than background. The best are dark, sheer, patterned, textured, glittered. And often as seductive as these: undulating stripes on sheer black. From Stilnovo for Flash Legs. About $8. Bonwit Teller; Shillito/Rikes, Cincinnati OH; Goudchaux, Baton Rouge LA. The shoes, about $375. Saks Fifth Avenue; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.

Shelia Metzner

GABRIELLE LAZURE

The essence of things Rykiel, *left*. In delectable candy-pink wool jersey, her new sleeve-narrow pants—cut like the best-fitting jeans—and the contrast of a big, wonderful "stretched-out" shape pullover in candy-pink wool/angora. Pants, about $155. Top, about $490. Bloomingdale's; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Filene's; Jacobson's; Lily Simon, Quebec . . . In close-up, *right*—a look at beguiling Rykiel "details"—the soft coloring, the captivating little sailor hat she used throughout. And a closer look at Gabrielle Lazure, a very busy young actress who's just finished her tenth movie—"Souvenir, Souvenir." Next: Robert Kramer's "Diesel." . . . *Beauty Note:* The soft coloring in makeup—Tender Mauve Lipstick, Whisper Powder Blush, both from Chanel. These four pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Heidi Moravetz. Paris location: the Hôtel de Crillon, in a Rykiel-designed suite. Accessories,more stores, last pages, this issue.

Arthur Elgort

PARIS

THE CHARMING CHARACTER OF DRESSING AT SONIA RYKIEL

On these four pages, perfect chemistry: the special presence charm of a Sonia Rykiel collection and the charming of Geneviève Lezuier, a beautiful young Canadian actress who's taken Paris by storm. Here, with wonderful examples of the distinctive Rykiel style, the famous Rykiel knitting in different shapes for fall...

GABRIELLE LAZURE

PARIS... THE CHARMING CHARACTER OF DRESSING

Unmistakable in this Rykiel collection: the particularly gentle way she interprets the season's strong points. For example, *left*, her black pants suit with new-shape wool jersey pants—crossed-over and snapped at the waist, a little fuller in the leg, ankle length. And one of her classic sweater sets—a V-neck pullover and cardigan in black (wool/angora) with pink stripes. Pants, about $260; pullover, about $425; cardigan, about $495. Sonia Rykiel Boutique, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Filene's; Hattie; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. *Beauty Note:* The gentle-color pink in makeup—Charles of the Ritz's Prairie Pink Color-Perfect Lipstick....In a season of jersey dresses, what makes this one so appealing, *right*—the unique shaping with its softly bloused front, the prettiest shade of blue. Dress, of wool/angora jersey. About $435. Barney's; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Lily Simon, Quebec. *Beauty Note:* More pretty color—Germaine Monteil's Romantic Rose lipstick. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

PARIS... A DIFFERENT CHARACTER TO DRESSING

On these eight pages, a look
at highlights from the ready-to-wear.
A look at the new shapes of coats
and jackets, at a new pants dressing.
Highlights of a season when
ideas of scale and proportion
have changed; a season of interesting
textures; a season when the attitude
is casual...and when fashion—
at its best—is a little different,
a little unexpected...

Starting here, *left*, at **Karl Lagerfeld,** with the differences in shape to keep your eye on; differences that define the season's character his longer, slightly-fitted jacket in navy wool and new wider, softer cropped wool flannel pants in charcoal. The idea may be familiar—but the look, the total effect —is something else . . something very charming. Jacket, about $1170; pants, about $720. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Location, Motsch Fils Hat Shop, Paris. . . . And, *right*, **Lagerfeld's** innovative approach to a dress, in navy wool jersey. The elongated line, the soft shirring, the way it fits and holds the body, the way it moves from day to late day to dinner—everything about it, is a little bit more. Dress, about $950. September at Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. These eight pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup Stéphane Marais. Photographed at the Galerie Philippe Ratton and Patrick Serraire, Paris. Accessories, details, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

PARIS... A DIFFERENT CHARACTER TO DRESSING

PARIS... THE CHARMING CHARACTER OF DRESSING

fferent kind of , *left*—in scale, xture. **Claude ontana's** signa- shaped jacket—
lder, aver a cashmere- and-wool polo shirt. Easy, glamorous—it's a new "heightened" casual dressing. acket (available in ushed wool ve- about $505; weater, about 380. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Ultimo, Chi- go; Lou Lattimore, Charles Gal- erly Hills. Par- ion: Cador Shop and oom . . . At **ntino,** one of ewest—best— ideas, *right*: his nderful long edy wool knit car- gan-coat over a matching pullover, with the contrast of checked wool trousers—all in the same beige-to-brown tones. In the casual attitude, in the mix of the textures, perfect definitions of the season's character. Cardigan, about $955; pullover, about $260; pants, about $375. Saks Fifth Avenue; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; Montaldo's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus. Details, more stores, see last pages.

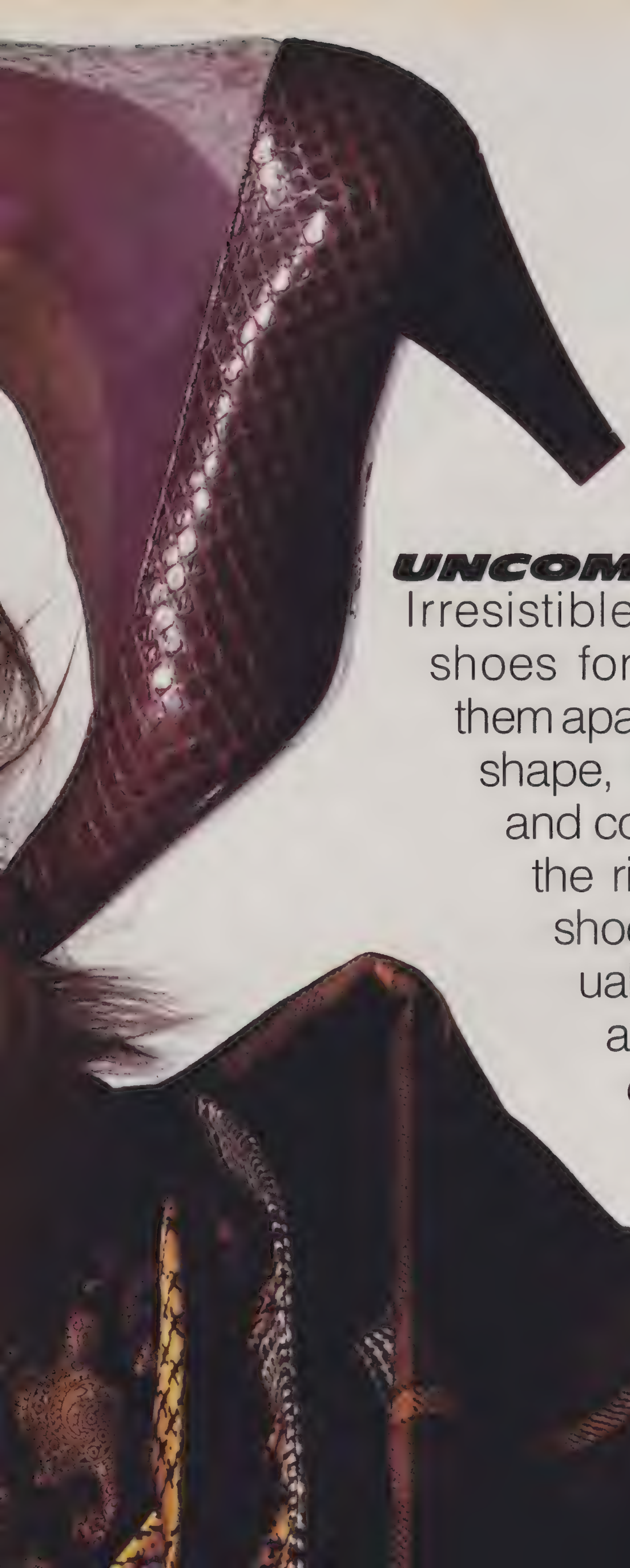
PARIS... A DIFFERENT CHARACTER TO DRESSING

...lect symbol, *left*, of season's sense of ...ish, the sharper edge to everything—all in a context of ease, of softer dressing. Here, **Sonia Rykiel's** tweedy wool jersey coat with a wonderful hat, gold-coin earrings. Coat, about $650. Sonia Rykiel Boutique, NYC; Filene's; Jacobson's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Location, Cador Pastry Shop and Tearoom, Paris.... In the subtle changes—the way a jacket is shaped, the new softness of pants, in the overall "finished" impression—the key differences. Best example, *right*, from **Saint Laurent Rive Gauche**—a new longer, slightly fitted jacket in navy wool with passementerie frog closings, over soft, pleated wool grey flannels, and a black wool knit turtleneck. Jacket, about $1000; pants, about $295; sweater, about $220. August at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington, DC; Palm Beach; Jacksonville FL; Houston; Costa Mesa CA. Photographed at the Hotel Ritz, Paris. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Details,
more stores,
last pages.

Penn



One of the most attractive pumps in years, this one by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear in garnet snakeskin with a tapered silhouette, straight sides, a heel that's slim but easy to walk on. It can do anything a black pump can, but it's racier, has that extra "edge" that's the season's hallmark. And, it goes right on to evening. Worn with Hue's varicolored panty stockings. Panty stockings now are less opaque; always patterned and textured. You'll see menswear herringbones, plaids, paisleys. You'll see cables, checks, chevrons. You'll see wit, whimsy, and flair. Hue panty stockings, about $12. Macy's, Herald Square; Filene's; The Denver, Denver CO; The shoes, about $205. Bloomingdale's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Boston and Dallas; I. Magnin. *Beauty Note:* Attractive lip color: L'Oreal's Cuivre. These pages: hair, Christiaan; make-up, François Nars.

MORE UNCOMMON SHOES...

Irresistible: this season's shoes for day. What sets them apart: the refinement of shape, the unusual textures and combinations of leather, the rich, deep color. These shoes have enough individuality and character to bring added dimension to everything you wear. So do the new "dressed" legs that go with them

You'll see less black this season. Instead: wonderful rich neutral shades of rust, brown, grey, wine, often in combination. And always set off by bold, imaginative panty stockings . . . You couldn't ask for anything more wearable or more attractive with the season's textured wools and tweeds than Walter Steiger's laced shoe, *near right,* of tan snakeskin, piped and laced in black, with a shapely black heel. For added dash, Hue's panty stockings—multicolored dashes and dots on brown. Stockings, about $14. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Goldwaters, Phoenix AZ; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Shoes, about $285. Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC; Hattie, Palm Beach and Birmingham MI . . . . Better than a shoe in a neutral color, a shoe in two neutral colors. *Center:* Andrea Pfister's beautiful pump of brown reptile and taupe leather, its slender toe appliquéd, its heel delicately curved. About $325. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus . . . . To wear as easily as you would a moccasin, but with infinitely more élan, *far right,* Guido Pasquali's slender, uncomplicated shoe of brown alligator, its high-cut sides gracefully curved. With it, Norma Kamali's brown/green/tan panty stockings patterned to catch, hold the eye. About $15. For Camp Hosiery. August at Bloomingdale's. The shoes, about $375. Barneys; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

UNCOMMON SHOES

Seldom seen: this level of sophistication in low-heeled shoes. They're slim and graceful, with interesting details, extraordinary textures, and the kind of "polish" that makes shoes not just an accessory but a major factor in putting a look together this season

There's a whole new approach to boots. Nothing derivative. No déjà vu. These boots are short, racy, lightweight and they share the season's prevailing slenderness. The most exciting difference — they look like two shoes in one; like a sandal worn over a sock!

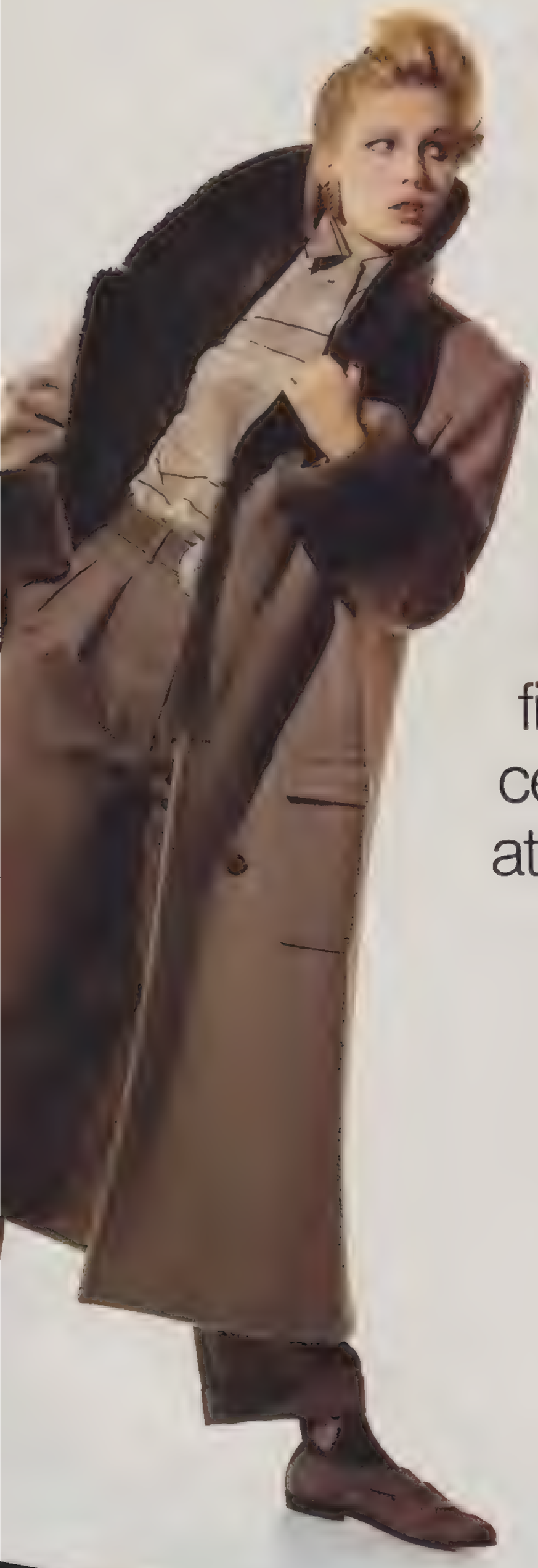
UNCOMMON BOOTS

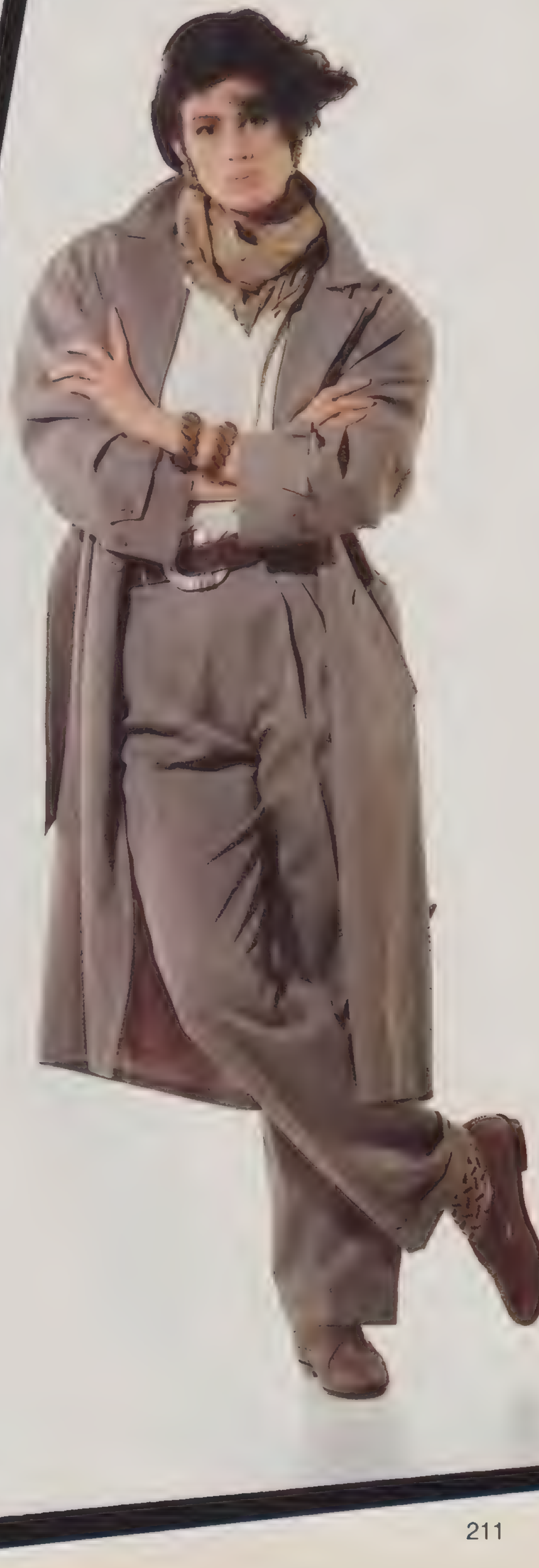
To wear with the new pants, longer skirts, *far left*, Mario Valentino's wine leather "sandals" with crushy little suede socks inside. Here, with Hue's wine/black striped socks that look hand knit. Socks, about $9. Mid-July at Macy's, New York; Filene's; I. Magnin. Boots, about $350. Mario Valentino, NYC; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . . Another knockout layered-look boot, *center,* by Mario Valentino in alligator with rust suede. The contrasting multicolored knee socks are by Hue. About $10. Mid-July at Bergdorf Goodman; Filene's; Marshall Field's; Macy's, San Francisco. The boots, about $350. Mario Valentino, NYC. . . . You see the season's emphasis on refinement even in lug-soled shoes. The pared-down version by Vittorio Ricci, *above,* in wine patent, buckled on the side. Rose-patterned knee socks by Perry Ellis for Trimfit. About $8. August at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Davison's, Atlanta; Bullock's. The shoes, about $155. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Via Lusso, Chicago; Mayfield, Los Angeles.

In a year when pants dressing stands out: the standouts! It starts, *this page*, with Oscar de la Renta's perfect wool suit—a perfectly cut double-breasted jacket and easier cuffed trousers in a key menswear plaid; texture-mixed—another key point this season—with a houndstooth silk blouse. Turnout, about $1200. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Montaldo's; Topp's, Omaha NB; Neiman Marcus .... From John Anthony, *center*, another complete, completely attractive turnout: a great-scaled wool melton coat trimmed with sheared beaver, with soft wool cuffed trousers and a plaid silk blouse—both, finished enough to have dressing presence when the coat is off. Coat, about $1590. Blouse and pants, about $600. Late August at Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Kane's, Chicago; Frost Bros.... Pants dressing that's a little more casual, equally finished, *far right:* Rodier Paris' wool trench coat, with matching wool gabardine pleated trousers and a wool/acrylic polo shirt. Coat, about $396. Shirt, about $97. Pants, about $147. Available late July at all Rodier Paris Stores. These pages: hair, Ray Allington; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

THE NEW PANTS DRESSING: KEY VARIATIONS

Pants: the key look of the season. And the key to the new pants dressing: very definite "looks" finished, accessible, and attractive...





Eric Boman

PANTS: KEY DRESSING

Pants dressing that varies totally in mood; that remains totally finished. *Left:* New shapes on the sportif side, from Marithe & François Girbaud—wide, cropped navy pants, an oversized cropped navy sweater, the lift of a white cotton shirt. Pants, of viscose/cotton, about $120. Sweater, of wool/nylon, about $100. Shirt, about $80. October at Bloomingdale's; Robinson's, California. . . . And unexpected dazzle in an unexpected pairing, *near right:* Michael Kors's gleaming silk lamé pullover, tucked into plaid wool pants from Paul Smith Menswear—a more interesting mix of textures, a neater, more "finished" look. Blouse, about $350. August at Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Pants, about $120. September at Charivari, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. . . . *Far right*: Very uncomplicated, very pulled together: Dalton's navy dolman-sleeved sweater, leaner navy wool trousers. Sweater, about $75. Pants, about $80. Mid-July at Rose Dratt, NYC; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's. Fashion information, more stores, last pages this issue.

Eric Boman

PANTS: KEY DRESSING

More pants, the base of complete looks—an influence that touches even the most easygoing designs: what you get with Anne Klein II's take on navy wool ski pants, *this page,* with their signature wool jacket. Pants, about $70; jacket, about $160; sweater, about $104. Sept., Bonwit Teller, NYC; Shillito/Rikes, Cincinnati OH; Hudson's; Dayton's; Robinson's, Newport Beach and Beverly Hills CA; Nordstrom, San Diego. ....*Near right:* Tiktiner's relaxed pants dressing—a long brown wool/angora pullover with an ivory "shirt dickey," and brown pinstripe wool trousers. Pullover, about $390; pants, about $325. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Bullocks Wilshire....*Far right:* Pants dressing with a menswear theme—a plaid double-breasted wool jacket, matching trousers. From Dana Côte d'Azur. Jacket, about $525; pants, about $215. Dana Côte d'Azur, NYC; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Chicago. Fashion information, additional stores, last pages.

Eric Boman

In a killer of a play on Broadway, he's blowing apart the rules of masculinity. He's got an eye for truth and an ear for fine-tuned American speech. He's even got the Pulitzer. Why is this man so angry?

...By Mary Cantwell

Thirty-eight years, half a continent, and disparate sensibilities separate the extraordinary Eudora Welty and David Mamet, who won a Pulitzer Prize this spring for his play, *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Still, they share a physical peculiarity. When exposed to the extravagances of American speech, their ears, as Miss Welty has said of hers, "open like morning glories."

David Mamet is not otherwise flowerlike. He is a short, sturdy man of thirty-seven, whose black hair hugs his head and whose smile is unexpectedly sunny. Unexpectedly, because Mamet in repose is dour. "Very, very *français*, very Jean Genêt," he said recently of a photograph *(opposite)* in which he looks especially glum. "Ma mère," he continued, in perfect high-school French, "est morte hier."

Early in his career, Mamet was hailed as Chicago's best playwright. Today, after *A Life in the Theater*, *American Buffalo*, and now *Glengarry Glen Ross*—to name only the best known of his considerable output—he is a national, rather than a regional, possession. He is as calm about his fame, however, as he is fierce about his convictions. "The greatest rewards are being able to work with my friends and live a comfortable life with my family. [Mamet and his wife, Lindsay Crouse, have a small daughter.] As for the rest . . . it's nice to be fêted once in a while, but I wouldn't want it to happen too regularly. I was very fortunate when I started writing in being incredibly frightened, and I said to myself, 'Good God, you seem to have a talent for this. If you fuck this up, you deserve to rot in hell.' So I just put my nose down and started writing. I'm always writing. I have plays and plays and plays. It makes me happy to write; it makes me happy to be able to do something well."

David Mamet's morning-glory ears have recorded the harsher notes of American speech with a fidelity that has made the occasional critic blanch. He does not take such fastidiousness, nor much else for that matter, lightly. "It's like saying, 'Picasso, *Pabs*, don't you realize that the nose actually comes *between* the two ears?' It's a *play*. One is trying not to convince someone of something, but to express something that one feels. And the hidden cynicism involved in asking the question 'Why do you use so much profanity?' is 'Why have you stooped so *low* as to employ a device that anyone could have used to have affected an audience? And you tell me this is art!' "

The men in *Glengarry Glen Ross* are real estate salesmen, and their office is a killing ground. Nature red in tooth and claw is a metaphor for this crowd: they compete with the ferocity of jackals at a lion's corpse. They con each other, con a customer (but that, of course, goes with the territory), bribe the office manager for leads, contemplate and commit theft, all the while talking in whirls of words that spiral to the theater's roof like so many dust devils. When the eldest of the salesmen, Shelly "The Machine" Levene, who is down on his luck but still fighting, taunts the bloodless office manager, saying, "Who told you you could work with men?" it is with the most phallic of all cigars stuck in his mouth. It might as well be a club.

Glengarry Glen Ross is a gang drama, about men and work and, in its subject matter, as exclusively male as Clare Boothe Luce's *The Women* is exclusively female. "The play," Mamet says, "is about rampant, unbridled competition in a society where all that pays off is how much money you make, who's on top of the chart. It's the American way: hooray for me and fuck you."

Coincidentally, another exemplar of the American way of success is playing a block away from *Glengarry Glen Ross*—Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949. Mamet had never seen *Salesman* *(Continued on page 281)*

David Mamet

Bulldog of the

Hiro

middle class

The Olympics

Still they endure

In the Games, as sport and as spectacle, we see again that will is the crucial element in life

...By James Salter

The Olympic games in Los Angeles came to a close in the Coliseum late in the day before ninety-five thousand people many of whom, according to one description, stood and as the sun sank into the vast Pacific joined in the singing of *Aloha*. The games had been wonderfully organized and despite everything a success. Whatever fears existed as a result of the deeply troubled state of the world had proved exaggerated. The Japanese astonished everyone by nearly sweeping the men's swimming events; traditionally these had belonged to the United States. Such things are sometimes omens. We now see that there were a number: the great red sun over the Pacific, the unexpected victory of the young Japanese, the haunting song of farewell.

That was in 1932.

Fifty-two years later the games have returned to this city. Nothing has changed—the infinite, sunlit town with its slow backstreets and speeding arteries, its film myths and handsome faces, the same huge stadium, the crowds and emotion, the bodies in the sun. Everything has changed—only the banner, the ceremonies, and the Olympic flame remain from the past. The scope of these games is different, their pervasiveness, their meaning, their ethic.

They are great theater. They open with a sacred rite, the bringing of the flame from Greece, carried from hand to hand. It is to light the immortal performances. The hundred dramas that will be enacted are all morality plays, the simplest and most moving we know. In them strength of limb, dedication, and character enable the true spirit to conquer. We see again that will is the crucial element in life and, something even more satisfying, that every grain of effort weighs in the end.

The very word Olympic and its various couplings—with runner, swimmer, champion, team—has its power. In a world where so much proves empty—dreams, presidents, works of art—it's thrilling to hear a runner who has come thousands of miles to race say that he is not concerned with records, only with what happens here. "Even if you break a world record it does not last, but you can never take away an Olympic title." It was an aging, by which I mean twenty-seven-year-old, New Zealander with a withered arm, Murray Halberg, who said that in 1960 and went on to win the 5000 meter run in Rome, collapsing as he reached the tape.

I am thinking of my father who believed all this or wanted me to believe it, and the lines by Kipling he had me memorize, ending,

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it . . .

My father lived in the golden age of the revived Olympics, the period between the two World Wars. In 1932 the team from Brazil had no money to pay its expenses. The government provided a naval vessel and fifty-thousand bags of coffee to be sold at ports along the way. Sales were small, and when the team reached Los Angeles, most of them didn't even have the one dollar landing fee. Twenty-four came ashore and the rest sailed on to peddle more coffee and were not heard of in the athletic world again. How distant it all seems.

Originating in ancient Greece, the games flourished in more than one location and were probably more than five hundred years old in 776 B.C. from which date we begin to have records. Olympia became the most important site. The first known winner was a cook named Coroebus.

The centuries grind small. In their rubble and dust there can still be found the names of nearly a thousand years' worth of Olympic champions. The games continued after the Roman conquest, but the Romans had a different and less reverent view of athletics. They considered it demeaning to strip naked and contend in public. The tone of the games gradually changed and they became not so much contests as public entertainments. Nero was fond of them and participated himself. He made music an event. In one race he fell out of his chariot and was still declared the winner. Everyone knows the discredited nature of Rome in those days. The city was teeming, its population was over a million. There were mock naval battles in the Piazza Navona and genuine ones in the Coliseum. More than one hundred fifty holidays were designated every year. What remained of the *(Continued on page 276)*

James Salter *is the author of the novels "A Sport and a Past Time," "Solo Faces," and "Light Years." A collection of his short stories will be published by the North Point Press next year.*

Co Rentmeester

They're commercial, controversial, maybe even sexist—and yet, at the moment of competition, there's only the athlete and the reach for the heroic.

PICS

Politics of sports

Despite twelve new Olympic events, women's athletics remain controversial

...By Janice Kaplan

Despite the lessons of past Olympics—the Black Power demonstrations in 1968, the terrorist murder of thirteen Israeli Olympians in 1972, the American boycott of the Moscow Games in 1980, and of course the confusion this year—we persist in believing that sports can be pure, with rules and morals that exist outside the real world. The truth: Sports are a reflection of our values, our ideals. Our athletes are symbols of who we are and what we can achieve.

It is almost a decade since the tennis match between Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs—the Battle of the Sexes it was billed, and it was. There has probably never been a sporting event that was less about sports, more about major social issues. The big issue in this match was women: where we belonged and what we could do. Forget Supreme Court decisions and ERA votes; we looked to two athletes to settle the issues of equality for women in a way that really *mattered*. In sports, all is writ large and writ in concrete: There is a winner and a loser; there is no debate.

For many women, there was a sense of personal triumph in Billie Jean's victory. It seemed to release an energy in women all over the country. Young women demanded—and got—a greater role in college sports. Prize money for women in many professional sports soared. Little girls began playing Little League, joining boys' teams, proving that the physiological differences between males and females aren't as great as once imagined. It seemed that we had arrived; women could no longer be denied their rightful place in sports.

But we were wrong. February, 1984: the Supreme Court rules in the case of Grove City College and decides that women *can* be denied their place in sports. At issue: the interpretation of Title IX.

Title IX is the Equal Rights Amendment of sports. It bans sexual discrimination in "any education program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance." Before Title IX was passed by Congress in 1972, colleges spent an estimated 2 percent of their athletic budgets on women's sports; now, it's closer to 20 percent. Before, there were virtually *no* athletic scholarships for university-bound women; now, there are more than ten thousand.

In the Grove City case, the Supreme Court undermined the potency of Title IX by ruling that the law is "program specific." Meaning: If the math department in a school receives federal funds, it can not discriminate; if the English department in the same school doesn't receive federal funds, it can discriminate. Needless to say, athletic programs rarely receive direct aid.

WOMEN'S SPORTS:
SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL

For the past dozen years, the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations encouraged a much broader interpretation of Title IX—banning sex dis- *(Continued on page 276)*

Preview: women to watch

...By Skip Rozin

Here, a fast look at who's going for gold in L.A., who's their competition...

Attention on Tracie Ruiz and Candy Costie comes not just because the American pair is expected to win the first synchronized swimming event, but because they are bright, articulate, stunning young women. And in an event where actual twins are common, they are studies in contrast. "They're night and day in personality and appearance," according to Paula Oyer, executive director, U.S. Synchronized Swimming, "but they look exactly alike in the water. Biomechanical studies tell us their physical set-up is identical, more so than twins."

Not only are Ruiz and Costie probably America's best chance for gold medals in Los Angeles, they are in one of the few events virtually unaffected by the current status of this year's games. Only the Canadians and Japanese challenge the U.S. in synchronized swimming.

The situation in track and field is not so clear. Most of the very best runners, jumpers, and throwers are from Eastern Europe. Their absence, however, strengthens America's chances for as many as five gold medals.

The hottest American is twenty-five-year-old Mary Decker (see page 270). With the Russians out, only Brigitte Kraus of West Germany, and Wendy Sly and possibly Zola Budd of Great Britain offer any serious threat.

For sheer speed, the American 4 x 100-meter relay team to be chosen from runners Evelyn Ashford, Chandra Cheeseborough, Alice Brown, Diane Williams, Jeanette Bolden, Florence Griffith, and Randi Givens will be unbeatable. But in relays, passing the baton is a crucial maneuver, and the U.S. has proved vulnerable there. Challengers: British and Jamaican teams.

The premier women's event, the first women's Olympic marathon, may feature a duel between America's Joan Benoit and Norway's Grete Waitz—assuming Benoit's recovery from knee surgery continues uninterrupted. In the marathon, Julie Brown is also a possibility. Also worth watching in track are high-jumper Louise Ritter and long-jumper Carol Lewis.

The volleyball team may be good enough to win a gold and is considered a strong contender for America's first medal in the sport. To watch: Flo Hyman, twenty-nine, a 6-foot, 5-inch Californian who spikes the ball at over 100 miles an hour. Competition: China and Japan, introduced to volleyball by our servicemen.

The U.S. women's basketball team is at least as good, if not better, headed by Cheryl Miller, nineteen, a 6-foot, 2-inch forward. A strong team from China has qualified to compete.

Women's cycling is another new event in the 1984 Olympics. The competition for supremacy within the U.S.—between Connie Carpenter and Rebecca Twigg—is nearly as strong as the expected race for the gold. Top foreign contenders: Jeannie Longo of France and Marianne Berglund of Sweden.

Best of the new swimming team members: Tiffany Cohen in the distance freestyle; Dara Torres in the sprint freestyle; Sue Walsh, in the backstroke; Mary T. Meagher in the butterfly; Tracy Caulkins who could compete in the individual medley.

The best hopes for an American victory in diving rest with Wendy Wyland, Megan Neyer, and Kelly McCormick. In 1984, the top divers—and real competitors—are the Chinese.

An uncrushable spirit in Poland creates loaded images of tragedy and transcendence

...By Barbara Rose

The telephone rings while I am typing. The female voice on the other end announces with a heavy Slavic accent: "This is Magdalena Abakanowicz." I am slightly stunned since I have been collecting slides of this Polish artist's works ever since I first encountered her powerful sculptures in various European exhibitions and museums. I presumed, however, that she never left Warsaw. Now, she tells me, she is in Chicago for the opening of her first major show in the United States, a full-scale retrospective currently at the new Dallas Museum of Art (through August 26), and she would like to see me. "That's odd," I say, "because I have been thinking of you. Last night I gave a lecture on sculpture and showed slides of your work. I am very interested in what you are doing."

"I know," she replies without hesitation. "I am psychic. We have been communicating for some time." I am embarrassed to admit that I, too, believe in telepathy and have the sensation of receiving messages from her work, which I find very moving, perhaps because my father and the generations of my family before him were born in Warsaw. I am rarely inclined to ask anyone for dinner, but I am so anxious to meet this mysterious woman whose enigmatic, potently charged art fascinates me that I ask her to come to my loft on her one-evening stopover in New York City. "I must catch a 4:00 A.M. plane to *(Continued on page 279)*

Magdalena Abakanowicz, left, believes that "It is from fiber that all living organisms are built—the tissue of plants, and ourselves. . . . We are fibrous structures." Her row of "Seated Figures," right, 1974-79, are made of burlap, string, and glue, and pressed into plaster molds. The row of headless bodies suggests the crushing effect of social conformity on individuality.

Magdalena Abakanowicz

The force of gravity

Stan Malinowski

Hair,
Barry MaGuire,
The Church,
London;
makeup,
Linda Cantello

Transatlantic love

BRIT IS IT! Why are so many Americans in hot pursuit of the stiff upper lip, old money, nannies, high tea, even English rock music? Who says you can never go home again?...*By Joan Juliet Buck*

Truism: England is our parent country, which gave us our language, the architecture of our men's clubs, our idea of dignity. We came into being by rebelling against it. It is the Athens to our Rome, providing models for good behavior and real theater (our sculpture, *pace* Henry Moore, is better than theirs) while we run around in checked shirts interfering with other countries. Yet the tension between European finesse and American barbarity that provided the dramatic framework for Edith Wharton and Henry James no longer applies. Culture, which Oswald Spengler saw as "formative of the entire inner being," no longer exists. We are in a period of borrowings, rapidly changing fashions in art, revivals—three things that Spengler defined in 1918 as characteristic of "existence without inner form." As decades change, so do styles of being. The rapidity and seeming ease of these changes indicates that we are at the end of the civilization that we know. For details, read Spengler's *Decline of the West*.

We get through the years by affecting modes of thought that we imagine to be proof of our own evolution. How much is pose and how much is truly felt is a tricky and impolite question. My wise friend E thinks in decades, and concludes that no one is immune to the atmosphere of the times. "Your own psyche gets overwhelmed by a stream of consciousness from the environment. The mass concern used to be with real morality, a belief in the fundamental issues. Now it's materialism, and a sense of fun so driving that it precludes having emotional involvements. There's a divorce of Eros and the mind: It has to do with controlling your sense of urgency, doing what's good for you and your ambition, rather than what you want to do."

The sincerity of limousine liberals was in doubt even when compassion was universally fashionable, instead of tax deductible as it is today. Now that sincerity is as passé as astrology, now that the government wants us to believe there are no poor in America, now that Liberace has been revived, the level of common understanding is entirely material. Real estate, finance, and career are the subjects. But how can we keep the same high opinion we had of ourselves as we did when we were striving to be good souls and save the world? The environment is such that survival depends on enlightened self-advancement. The only way to legitimize and make attractive the motivations of the 'eighties seems to be to shut your eyes and think of England, a device used by Victorian brides to endure sex.

At its height, England was so rapacious that the joke went: "The sun never sets on the British empire because God doesn't trust the British in the dark." The British showed the world how to be conquerors while appearing to care only about how the roses were doing on the south wall. In America, particularly after years spent cultivating the invisible inner self, striving for the *corpore sano*, coherence of the emotions, and forgiveness towards one's parents, we need an attractive pattern on which to cut our new and necessary greed.

The only rich American style we have is that of the cowboy robber baron. It is an authentic style, and a popular one—particularly in foreign countries, where *Dallas* and *Dynasty* confirm the prejudices of delighted audiences who are sure that that style and that life of utter gaudy venality represent the truth. It is not attractive to those of us who once dreamt of being pure and now dream of being rich. Ten-gallon hats, ostrich boots, Cadillacs, yucca-tree coffee tables, *(Continued on page 280)*

Two faces of British style—the bowlered impeccability of jolly old England, and the exotic, intentionally bemusing shocks of the new. Left: Annie Lennox, the charismatic and slightly ominous lead singer of the Eurythmics, who, like the best of Brit invasion groups, are as much about style as music. Lennox saunters out in a sharp men's-cut suit, then sings in a dark-honey voice, trance inducing.

Kazumi Kurigami

© Burt Glinn/Magnum

Transatlantic love

England's finest export—actors. Above: Art Malik appears in "The Jewel in the Crown," a fourteen-part TV series said to rival, even surpass "Brideshead Revisited." Based on Paul Scott's brilliant novels, "The Raj Quartet," it starts here in January. Rupert Everett, right, is riveting—intensely romantic, ironic, untamable, poignant—in "Another Country" as the young, homosexual Guy Bennett (a lightly disguised Guy Burgess, who became a high-ranking diplomat and communist spy). The film is awash in English-isms—uppercrust boy's-school traditions, smart chat, distanced passion, nostalgia—and near-flawless.

TRUE BRIT! An Englishman suggests that, down deep in our democratic souls, we yearn for aristocracy—its lazy refinement, effortless superiority, and unmistakable accent...*By Christopher Hitchens*

How did it all start? For that matter, *where* did it all start? Was it *Upstairs, Downstairs,* and that delicious snobbery which Americans could both share and deplore? Was it, perhaps, the social intricacies of *The Forsyte Saga?* Could it be that, buried in the republican meritocracy of the United States, there is a yearning for aristocracy, breeding, lazy refinement, and effortless superiority? For all those who have pined over *Brideshead Revisited,* or wondered if they missed something by skipping *Nicholas Nickleby*'s Dotheboys Hall, there is a simple diagnosis—Anglophilia.

Commonplace scenes in the life of an Englishman, once he has expatriated himself to the United States, will include:

- Girl on switchboard, or motherly lady in lift (elevator): "Oh, keep right on talking. I just love your accent."
- Desperate hostess: "I thought the wedding of your Queen Di was like a . . . like a—*fairy tale!*"
- Metropolitan poseur: "You English have such a sense of humor. It's your *irony,* really."
- Genial Midwesterner: "We have an English pub right here in town. Guess you'll appreciate the tartan theme."
- Strange youth at near-punk party: "Were you beaten at school? I mean, *really* beaten?"
- Hollywood asshole: "Since David Niven passed on, the industry has needed a *genuine* English character."

While setting down these exchanges, in all of which I have been the British half, I start to wonder: Who is patronizing whom? Two decades ago, Harold Macmillan (now the Earl of Stockton) accepted that Britain was finished as an empire proper and proposed to John Kennedy that England become "Greece to the American Rome." As a metaphor of the Anglo-American "special relationship," that fatuous comparison works quite well. America is the newly powerful and nouveau riche colossus. British people may envy Americans, but Americans are jealous of, and even nervous of, the Brits. It all has something to do with the fear of being laughed at. But the ability to use humor as a code is the historic prerogative of the inferior.

The British are well placed to act as courtiers in the United States, flattering their wealthier hosts while sniggering about them in private. The United States is a country where the affirmative and the unambiguous go a long way. England is a country where irony and understatement are considered signs of maturity. In this clash between sincerity and cynicism, openness and hypocrisy, or credulity and world-weariness, infinite possibilities exist for twitting the *(Continued on page 280)*

Christopher Hitchens, *Washington columnist for "The Nation," writes American Notes for London's Times Literary Supplement.*

James Mortimer

HOW THE ENGLISH MIND

THEIR MANORS

A prominent British couple pursues the dream of renovating an Elizabethan manor in the glorious green hills of the Cotswolds

...By Rachel Billington

Edgeworth Manor, the country home of publisher Paul Hamlyn and his wife, Helen, has a stonework exterior, right, that dates back several centuries. Mrs. Hamlyn transformed the front hall, above, by installing a twelfth-century Romanesque arch, imported from France. She commissioned the pair of carved lions atop the balustrades, contemporary copies of Elizabethan ones. On the rear wall, a sixteenth-century English portrait.

Karen Radkai

ENGLISH MANORS

The main hall, a room of grandiose proportions, features a seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry and a huge Gothic fireplace that the Hamlyns brought from France because they couldn't find one of that size in England. They found the imposing eighteenth-century invalid's chair in Paris. A pair of Cromwellian chairs with original leather upholstery flank a Jacobean table.

Karen Radkai

Helen and Paul Hamlyn are not a couple who flinch from radical action. He is an internationally successful British publisher who believes that books should be beautifully designed and produced in order to attract readers, particularly those who don't normally spend their money in bookshops. She is a designer and preservationist whose zeal is directed towards acquiring and restoring old houses. Her background is in the arts and fashion—she studied for three years at the Royal College of Art and then worked for fifteen years as a designer for a London fashion house, Cresta. She rejects the idea of being "a decorator," describing herself as one who "creates environment." And she seems never to run out of environments: the Hamlyns own a house in the Chelsea section of London, a country house in the Cotswolds, another country house in the South of France, and a flat in Paris. For a change of pace, they spend part of each year in a rented house in Bali.

Paul Hamlyn, not altogether jokingly, describes "the bulldozers moving in" soon after Helen gets her hands on a new house. It is a surprising image to associate with a dazzlingly beautiful woman with Irish-inherited flame-colored hair and the figure of a lucky teenager. While she was still a schoolgirl, she designed her parents' two homes, the first when she was only fourteen. As a single woman supporting herself as a fashion designer, she completely renovated her fourteenth-century house in Warwickshire, from which stems her love of old houses—and, indeed, much of the furniture for her present country home.

The Hamlyn's London house, acquired about fifteen years ago, was designed in the 1930s by Erich Mendelsohn, who had fled Nazi Germany. He and his friend Walter Gropius were commissioned by two friends, Benn Levy and Denis Cohen, to design a house each on adjoining plots. The Hamlyns' house, which reveals nothing but a long plaster wall from the outside, is a classic example of German Expressionist architecture. The first impression is of space, light, and absence of color. Through the long curved window at the end of the living room, there is a sight unusual in this part of London, a very large garden. Elsewhere, the house seems to turn in on itself, making an exceptionally calm space in the middle of cosmopolitan angst. Indeed, it must to some extent mirror Mendelsohn's relief at escaping from the nightmare of prewar Germany.

ENGLISH MANORS

It's her essentially English mix of romance and realism that makes Helen Hamlyn so successful

Sensitive to this atmosphere, Helen has filled the house with busts, figures, and screens from many parts of the world, though predominantly Oriental in origin. In the living room, there is a Chinese T'ang-dynasty stone head of an acolyte, a wooden figure of an eighteenth-century Burmese devotee, and an Egyptian head from the New Kingdom dynasty of Ramses II.

Helen attributes *(Continued on page 281)*

Dinner is often served on a long Elizabethan table, above, in the main hall. On the far wall, a Flemish tapestry, flanked by French seventeenth-century painted-wood candle holders in the form of angels. The Hamlyns removed partitions and added an oak beam to create an all-new rustic kitchen, top left. Old stone barn, near right, houses a swimming pool. Far right: Mrs. Hamlyn attends to Pickle, the bloodhound, and Katie, the wolfhound.

Karen Radkai

BEST FRIENDS

Susan Crile/Beverly Pepper

Twelve interviews with great friends that unveil the private sides of some public people—tributes to the endurance of sincerity and trust, and the importance of laughter. By Hillary Johnson. Photographs by Denis Piel

New York sculptor Beverly Pepper's son introduced her to painter Susan Crile in 1973, when he took an art course from Crile at Princeton. The two women became close friends and in 1983 spent February in Italy at Pepper's house on the outskirts of Todi, where she lives half the year.

Susan Crile: My friendship with Beverly is unique because we've had time to spend with each other. We've actually lived together. It's different even from knowing someone fifteen years and seeing them once a week. You have a chance to come to terms with exactly what you like and don't like about a person, and get past it.

The sharing of work is terribly important. I have other friends who aren't artists. Their understanding is analytic. The whole issue of honesty in relation to work becomes a problem, especially as you get older. But I've gotten good criticism from Beverly. It's rare to establish a kind of relationship where you can talk directly about each other's work.

I used to think friends could be for life. I increasingly think it takes effort, except for childhood friends. Years later, you can still connect on some primordial level. But unless you're there working on those friendships, they don't have the same resonance.

The nature of your friendships changes over the years. I'm less interested in friendships predicated on neediness, my own or another's. I'm more interested in positive relationships that involve sharing interests and support. But, during my twenties, most of my friendships were based on a need. That's not interesting anymore. I also think it's important to have people in your life who are at stages different from yours. There's more breadth to life that way. You don't get locked into one space or time.

Beverly Pepper: *In New York City no one has enough time to invest in friendships. You need that very luxurious island living—not physically—but in the sense of time. As you get older, if you're going to maintain the quality of your friendships, you practically have to wait for someone to die to make room.*

Last February, Susie and I were snowed-in in Italy the entire month. We didn't even know how to get the chains on the tires. During that month, I learned a lot about the way Susie worked. We work in the same way, in a sense. We spend more time looking than doing. I never thought of painters doing that—it's sculptural.

I once thought the best friend you could have was someone with whom you had no work connection. But there are spaces that we fill in each others' lives. We make each other stronger. I can trust her to tell me what she doesn't like in my work, because she loves me. I look at it through her eyes, and I listen with a third ear. I think that it's virtually impossible for artists to be friends if they don't respect each other's work.

Susie grew up in a generation where women were friends. But in my generation, women needed permission to have friends. I don't think friendship between men and women can exist without overtones of sex. If you become friends with a man, it's a choice, because you know friendship will be more enduring. With old lovers, there is a moment between passion and friendship. With women friends, you don't have that gap.

Susie and I share work and intimacies. I have complete trust in her. There's a façade that society demands of you. How much of the dark side of your sun can you show? People feel betrayed if they find out I'm weak. But I can be honest with Susie.

Denis Piel

Liz Smith/Robert Benton

Liz Smith and Robert Benton were University of Texas students together. New Yorkers now, Smith is a syndicated newspaper columnist and Benton is a writer—he co-wrote "Bonnie and Clyde" and "What's Up Doc?"—and movie director—he directed "The Late Show," "Still of the Night" and won an Oscar for "Kramer vs. Kramer." He recently directed his—as yet untitled—"Texas picture," which will be released in September.

Liz Smith: We met selling the campus magazine *The Ranger* together. He was a cartoonist and I was an associate editor. I was very brash and he was very shy. I was also a little older and I think he looked up to me, while I sort of ordered him around. I thought he was lovable and cute, but I didn't know if he was talented and deep, or that he was going to become this wonderful person. I always underestimated him, I think.

I came to New York after I got out of college and lost track of him, until he came to New York and became a journalist. I think we felt we had to leave Texas to accomplish whatever it was we wanted. Our careers sort of happened simultaneously.

He's the same as he always was. I might do anything—go either way for a box of chocolates, as Noel Coward said—but he is really fixed in his orbit: he knows exactly who he is. He even still looks to me like this young person I knew, except he's become more attractive.

I think our perceptions of each other are mysterious and would be very surprising to each other. But, I think we've always had some deep-seated sexual attraction without ever doing anything about it. And it's sort of like having a wonderful secret—or money in the bank. I find I respond to him very much on the level of his being this terrific male person who really loves women—he's not one of these macho guys. He would burst into tears before he would do anything mean. He's just a lovely person without being a wimp. It's great to have a friend you feel that way about.

We also have a deep understanding of each other. I really do understand all about where he's coming from, and always have. He grew up just twenty-five miles from where my brothers were born. We have a lot of fun talking about Texas and corny things, and we break ourselves up. I've been through a lot of things with him, too. Before he married, he had many celebrated love affairs, and he's always telling me I helped him live through them. I never really had to ask him for anything, but I know he would be there if I did need anything—I know he's on my side.

Robert Benton: *Liz was the first movie star I ever met. She wrote for the literary magazine and had a column in the student newspaper. But it wasn't just the column. She had that certain thing that stars have—that ability to make themselves felt in situations where they're not directly present. I was terrified of her—terrified. We had to sell the magazine at this card table in front of the student union. She just sort of took charge.*

Most people go through a kind of extraordinary change after college. But Liz has become the essence of what she was.

What we share isn't simply being from Texas. We share that sense of being in exile in New York. I need friends whom I can talk to, who understand what makes me different from a lot of other people here, friends whom I don't have to explain that Midwesternism to.

Once she carried me through a major romantic crisis. She really did get me through it day by day. She's very, very strong. But even in what seemed like the most dense and hopeless situation, she saw that it wasn't quite so serious as I thought and made me understand that. I've never seen her when we didn't laugh, even in the midst of melodrama. And she's very careful not to show off, but she's extremely smart. It's important to have friends who are smart. A good heart is one thing, but it's another thing to sit there and listen to someone's perception of your problem—and your eyes cross.

Friendship is a kind of love and its boundaries are as amorphous as any other kind of love's. It's hard to talk about love, because finally, there's some part of it, and the best part of it, which can't be said, which exists by virtue of its action. I really love Liz; and as with anyone I love, it's hard for me to talk about her.

I guess one thing I have always believed is that you have a family that you're born with and a family you find along the way, and Liz is part of that family that I found along the way.

BEST FRIENDS

Stanley Jaffe/Sherry Lansing

Stanley Jaffe and Sherry Lansing met at a Hollywood dinner party nine years ago. Today, they work on opposite coasts as partners in their own two-year-old film production company. "First Born," their most recent production, will be released in October.

Stanley Jaffe: I remember very distinctly meeting Sherry. It was at Joyce Haber's house, and Sherry was seated across from me. It turned out she had been a math teacher. Someone gave us a five-line equation to solve. (Jaffe is a Wharton Business School graduate.) We got it pretty quickly. It was very unusual in that town, and under those circumstances, to meet someone who was, A, as pretty as Sherry and, B, who was talking about things totally divorced from the movie business.

The whole package was really very exciting. The first thing you're struck by is that you're talking to an extremely beautiful woman. She's interested, and interesting. She's taught in the school system in an underprivileged section of town. She was really a citizen—involved in things of importance.

One quality we share is that we work from passion. We don't have small beliefs, and we're willing to fight—including with each other—for what we believe in. Neither of us is a killer, nor will either of us be abused. Sherry's more diplomatic. She's also the only person I've met in the movie business who can give someone a "no" and they come out thinking she did them a favor. She's a very positive person, too. Once she says "yes," she has the courage to go into the trenches.

She's helped me through bad periods in my personal life. We've spent a lot of hours talking about people we've been involved with, and why it didn't work out and wishing it had. She is totally trustworthy—I've never been afraid that something I've said to her in a vulnerable time would come back to me through someone else.

We tickle each other's funny bone, too. I am very intense, she's much less so. If I'm around someone who's down, we crash to the floor very quickly. Sherry keeps it light. I have an acerbic wit, and she understands my jokes. I can throw out a one-liner, and she might be the only one in the room who gets it. There's a sort of shorthand that exists between us that two people in business together ordinarily wouldn't have. You go in knowing you can trust the other person, that your sensibilities are the same, and that in a moment of crisis, the other person isn't going to abandon you.

Plenty of people have asked me, "How come the two of you don't get married?" Maybe it's chemical. But I know one thing: I value our friendship too much to see what it might be like on the other side, and then try to come back and make it work the other way. And besides, she's not blond.

Sherry Lansing: *The very first time I met Stanley, I remember thinking, "He has a nice face. He looks open. He doesn't look pretentious or like he's posing." There's a decency about Stanley, it's just there in his face. I think it's impossible for him to lie.*

Quite a bit of time passed before we worked together. But making our first film together, "Kramer vs. Kramer," was the best working experience I've ever had in my life. Working with someone on something you're passionate about, that is outside both of you, creates a bond. If it's a pleasant experience, it becomes a friendship. We share such common purposes and goals—work is a passion for us. My other friends are empathic, but can't possibly share as much as Stanley and I do.

Men always say, "I'd get in the trenches with him." I don't know what the female equivalent is, but I would get in the trenches with Stanley. One of the qualities you want in friends is the sense that they don't have any ulterior motives, that they can separate themselves from their own needs and judgments and really root for you. I really feel that with Stanley.

We share esthetic values. Much more important, we share the same moral values. We're both rather wholesome and square. We value family and children; we like quiet dinners with friends. We even share the same birthday. We really should get married, now that I think about it—it would make my mother very happy!

Seriously, you always wonder why you took one path instead of another. I can't imagine being closer to anyone than to Stanley. Yet, in our case, we drifted into a brother-sister relationship and are comfortable with that. I like all of Stanley's girl friends.

Denis Piel

Alice Arlen/Frances Fitzgerald

Alice Arlen and Frances Fitzgerald became friends while at Radcliffe. Arlen, a Chicago native, co-wrote the screenplay for the movie "Silkwood," and wrote the screenplay for Louis Malle's upcoming "Alamo Bay." Fitzgerald, from Boston, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1973 for her book about the Vietnam war, "Fire in the Lake." She is currently working on a book about new forms of community in America. Both live in Manhattan.

Alice Arlen: My glamorous Aunt Alicia, who like Auntie Mame took me up at a certain point when I was in high school, told me about this perfect person she had met while in Africa. Aunt Alicia had been on a trip with Adlai Stevenson, Frankie's mother—Marietta Tree, Frankie, and others. I was told how Frankie had taken detailed notes of everything that happened, how her manners were absolutely perfect, and how she knew the politics of every African country they went to. There was just no end to how perfect this person was. I knew I was going to hate Frankie if I ever saw her.

Then, somehow I got into Radcliffe, and there was Frankie. The last thing I expected was that she would be totally unpretentious. One day, she asked me to room with her off campus. I was absolutely astonished, and flattered. I never would have dared to ask her to room with me. I said, "Why not? Right?" The next three years, we shared one room in a house.

Through no fault of her own, Frankie had about five million friends and connections, and she always shared them. I met tons of people I would never have met otherwise. She's unbelievably generous. We had our twenty-first birthday party together. Actually, she had the most glamorous party; and she asked me to have it with her. The great surprise to me, and it took about three years to get close enough to find out, was that she's an extremely vulnerable person. When I found that out, of course, I liked her even better. I always want to protect Frankie, and I never know why because she absolutely takes care of herself.

The strangest thing was when I was living in Chicago, married, and having babies, and Frankie told me, "I'm going to Vietnam." I said, "Why? What do you mean you're going to Vietnam?" That really was kind of a leap. Later, I remember she came to Chicago on a lecture tour, and there I was with two little kids. It just seemed astonishing. I couldn't believe we had been on the same plane, and she went so far. I'm sure there must have been a year there, to be honest, when I resented it. It was very hard to cope with one's friend's winning the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award and whatever else she won in one year. I would say to people, "You're not going to believe this, but she was my roommate for three years." I must have said that a hundred times.

I always had the feeling that Frankie put up with me when I wasn't producing things, but that it was a great relief when I came through and did something. She always prodded me, saying, "You really ought to work more." For a long time, I think I was more of an emotional connection than an intellectual one, because Frankie has had such a distinguished intellectual life. That's just a part of Frankie. I don't pretend to share that.

I feel like being Frankie's friend is playing tennis with a better player. I think what she gets out of it is a lot of love from me, because I really do love her. She's noble. As they always used to say at school about the girl with the pure spirit and great heart—the kind of prizes I never got—she definitely deserves them, without being icky.

Frances Fitzgerald: *I don't think Alice or I had any idea of what we wanted to do when we were in college. After we graduated, in 1962, I went to "Newsweek" to apply for a job as a writer. They told me they didn't hire women as writers, so I went to Paris to try to write a novel, which gives you some idea of the uncertainty that was rather characteristic of our class. There was a gap in our relationship where I would see her very occasionally. I then went off to Vietnam in 1966.*

In the 'seventies, we both moved to New York and the relationship seemed absolutely, perfectly normal. It's funny, but I've always felt the same way about Alice. She's somebody that I've trusted with anything. It's been lucky, perhaps, that we've simply grown up with the same kinds of concerns and mutual friends, so there are external things that bring us together in any case. And we have the same tastes. If you look at her living room, there's a similarity of feeling—she'll have masses of books, chinoiserie, adventures into modern painting. We generally have the same tastes in people, too. If not, I tend to question my own judgment, not Alice's.

She's brilliant, but her brilliance is particularly in the realm of emotions and *(Continued on page 276)*

BEST FRIENDS

Tim Lovejoy / Frederica von Stade

Tim Lovejoy and Frederica von Stade were childhood playmates in rural Oldwick, New Jersey. Today, Lovejoy, who lives in Manhattan, is a painter; Von Stade is an opera singer who has performed at NYC's Metropolitan Opera, the Paris Opera, and La Scala in Milan. She lives on Long Island with her husband and two daughters.

Tim Lovejoy: It's been thirty-six years or so that I've known Flicka. She is my best and oldest friend. I began as her brother's playmate. She was three when we met, I was five. They lived up the road, and I spent most of my childhood in that house. Flicka always sang. In our families, everyone had a party turn that they would do after dinner. She had this wonderful voice, natural poise, and she was so charming when she sang. If I had to get up, I would start to shake.

We were odd horses where we lived. I wanted to write and she wanted to sing or act, and we lived in this library-like community of lawyers. I think we survived that transition where you grow out of your childhood friendships because we didn't move away from each other into different worlds.

I never felt such pride as the first time she sang at the Met. It was really emotional for me to see those big curtains lifting, and there was little Flicka, belting it out. Now, I'm a bit more jaded about it—it's sort of, "Oh—Flicka's singing again."

It's difficult to talk about our friendship, because one is talking about someone who was like my sister, and someone whom I certainly was a little bit in love with—at times, a great deal in love with—as a child. Our childhood was complicated. Her mother once said to me when I was very young, and we were obviously very close, "I would kill you if you ever fell in love with Flicka. Lovers are easy to find. Friends are impossible to find!"

Part of it, on the simplest level, is that I don't know anyone whom I laugh so much with. There are people who are bonded because of their trauma and there are people who are bonded because they laugh together. I think we have always brought the good times to one another.

Frederica von Stade: *Tim and I grew up in a little town, which was super, but there wasn't a whole lot going on. It was very solitary. I think we spent every day together, all day long. Going to Tim's house was a comfort, because there were real meals with plates and dishes on the table. Our house was just not remotely normal. There were certain wonderful rituals. Instead of making a meal, we made "pairs." A "pair" was just two slices of toast with peanut butter. We subsisted on "pairs." I remember best the summer days that seemed to have no end, and feeling that we didn't have to do anything—that incredible luxury of just being there and having it be enough.*

We were a team for years, until Tim went away to school. Then I felt sort of betrayed. Once, I went up to Exeter as his date for a dance and wore my sweater the whole time over my strapless dress. I wasn't a great glamour girl, then or now.

Tim and I share artistic interests. For both of us, it's part of our lives. As teenagers, we used to come into New York to the old Roxy to see shows. I didn't know what I wanted to be, but that energy and ambition was always there in some form. My career has been this magic thing. It was as if I just opened up a drawer once, and there was this opera singer. Of course, you think it's just happened to you until you analyze all the steps and realize that you worked very hard to make certain things happen.

I would probably be the last person to hear about Tim's feelings when I first performed at the Met, and yet I would know how he felt . . . it's the way I felt recently at his gallery opening. To see the place filled with people admiring his work gave me the most incredible sense of elation.

If you don't see someone for a while, it's not because you are busy being a star, it's because you're busy doing what you're doing. Tim understands that. The most amazing thing about Tim is that there are no "shoulds" about him. I don't ever feel I "should" call Tim. And I don't think he feels he "should" call me. When we connect, it's always like doing your most favorite thing, and it happens at the last moment.

It's always been a brotherly thing with Tim except that, unlike siblings, we've never had a conflict of wills, we've never fought. He's a magical person, and his visions always have a kind of gleam to them. I don't seek solace in my friendship with Tim. If I thought my world was coming to an end, I wouldn't pick up the phone and call him. It's just seeking what has always been there—that continual sense of joy, and seeing that your life takes you in different places, and that you can come back.

Denis Piel

Shaun O'Brien/Jacques d'Amboise

Shaun O'Brien and Jacques d'Amboise met in 1949 at the School of American Ballet in New York City. O'Brien has danced the great character roles of the New York City Ballet's most popular ballets; d'Amboise was a lead dancer with the company until founding the National Dance Institute, a program introducing schoolchildren to dance.

Shaun O'Brien: Jacques didn't like me when we first met. He had just come from the Bronx; and although I come from Brooklyn, I had already been to Europe, South America, and had worked with big impresarios. I suppose I was everything he dreaded in a male dancer—somewhat stylish and confident and, as he says, snooty. Also, he's never had the fine, classical points. His figure and dancing are just magnificent, but they've always been a little bit on the other side of classical. And I had these qualities. I mean, I had elegant feet. And that was probably a bit of an annoyance.

When he was injured [in Germany], there was no one who could really replace him. Balanchine had to drop several ballets from the repertoire, and Jacques felt that he had somehow failed Balanchine. He was in a bad way. I don't remember anything specific I did, but I guess his predicament drew us together.

The company is a laboratory of human nature, and we liked to talk about people and their motives. I always kept what I call an even keel and tried to have a full life outside the company, which is not the case with most dancers. Jacques had the same attitude, and so we compared notes—you know, sort of sat back and watched the show, with Mr. Balanchine as the central figure. He had so many facets to him, we were always fascinated.

When Jacques's son Chris began dancing with the company, Chris showed up in my dressing room and said, "My father told me to get you talking on some subject and just listen. So here I am. Start talking." Jacques also seemed to think my making-up was a family entertainment. He would come in with his children and they would all sit around giggling, watching me put on my yard-long nose, my grey wig, my hump, and my cape. I would get into the character—it was a performance before the performance. Jacques likened it to the parties bullfighters always have in the dressing room before they go out and face the bull—I guess because it might be the last time you'll see them.

Jacques has an "élan vital." Even when he's in a bad mood or temperamental, he's an up. I even enjoy watching him lose his temper, because it's such a nice performance and its so natural and it's coming from a genuine source. And I know it wouldn't seem so when he's running a rehearsal, but essentially, he's very kind.

Jacques d'Amboise: *I was fifteen and had just joined the New York City Ballet when I met Shaun. He was a few years older, and much more professional. I remember he was wearing white shoes, green tights, white socks, and some kind of sweatshirt. He was at the barre, and he was doing a step called ronde de jambe. He had just been hired, and everyone was whispering, "That's the new boy." I was not enormously impressed—not by the ronde de jambe. I was impressed by his name. It was such a wonderful Irish name.*

We became fellow dancers, and very close friends. Shaun is the wisest person I know. We roomed together in 1962 on the company's Russian tour. He held my heart and soul together. I was at my peak as a dancer when I was hit by a streetcar in Hamburg, and I was trying to get back into dance in Russia. The concentration and effort involved were so enormous that I really needed a lot of care and wisdom and love and humor—everything that he brought. Shaun is supportive of anybody that he meets. When my son, Chris, joined the company, I told him, "Shaun is your advisor." And I told Shaun to take care of Chris. Shaun has always been a part of my childrens' lives.

We've never been competitive. Never. Because what I do, I do very well. I do my best at it, and I can't lose. How can I do any better than my best? The same goes for him—he is an extraordinary artist. So there are two great big juicy successes! He's going to star in a show I am doing with thousands of children this summer, by the way. He's going to play God.

We argue constantly. It's joyful contention for the pleasure of communicating. All those years when we were on tour, we would finish the performance and go to a restaurant to eat and talk. They would throw us out at four in the morning, and we would still be talking. He combines extraordinary intelligence, imagination, deep compassion and—let me explain—a tremendous sense of humor. And the whole thing is wrapped up in a package of good nature and tact. Tact is something I never had.

Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. On the eyes: Brown Velvet Eye Contouring Pencil lining eyes, in crease. On the hair: Swiss Hair Control Gel; all, Estée Lauder. Necklace, John Iversen. Details, see next to last pages.

HAIR '84

real change, real news

In beauty, as in fashion, there are moments of real change, and that moment has arrived for hair. The changes start here, with five key directional looks that represent the news and an extraordinary richness of options, now as varied and accessible as those in fashion, to choose and adapt at will. They are changes so striking they occasion a complete redefinition of familiar terms, changes so far-reaching we've compiled them into a comprehensive international hair report that follows. Yet the overall message remains a realistic, modern attractiveness that every woman can understand...

Key difference: the layered bob—the inclusion of varying lengths now allowing for more volume, versatility: a "cap" when layers are brushed forward

Hiro

Hair, *opposite page*, Garren of Garren, NYC. Earring, John Iversen. On the eyes, Kenya Brown and Jaipur Rose shadows from Christian Dior. Lifting the bangs, Vidal Sassoon Styling Mousse. Hair, *this page*, cut and styled by John Sahag. Eyes shaded with Buttermint and Taupe shadows from Merle Norman. Finishing the hair, a misting of Shpritz Forte: Sebastian International. Makeup, *both pages*, Linda Cantello. Details, see last pages.

Hiro

Key difference: the ponytail—now exposing a nape of shorter layers; now creating an eve - ning look when waves are added in the front

Key difference: blunt layers—now scissored straight across, not angled, to deliver more volume; combed close to the head, it's a layered cap

Hair: real change

Hiro

Hair, *this page*, cut and styled by Bruno of Bruno Dessange, NYC. Earrings, Stephen Allendorf. The eyes defined with Kohl Brown Frost pencil. Holding the shape of the hair, Protein Condition Hair Spray; both by Almay. Hair, *opposite page*, Sam McKnight. On the eyes, Silversmoke Fawn shadow by Lancôme. Styling the hair, L'Oréal's Free Hold Mousse. Makeup, *both pages* Linda Cantello. Details, see next to last pages.

Key difference: the bare nape, exposed by the shortest layers; here combined with longer, wavy top layers, styled to form a "wedge"

Key difference: mixed textures, mixed lengths —hair left longer and waved at the crown; at sides and nape, it's short and straight

International Hair Report '84
A new sense of style

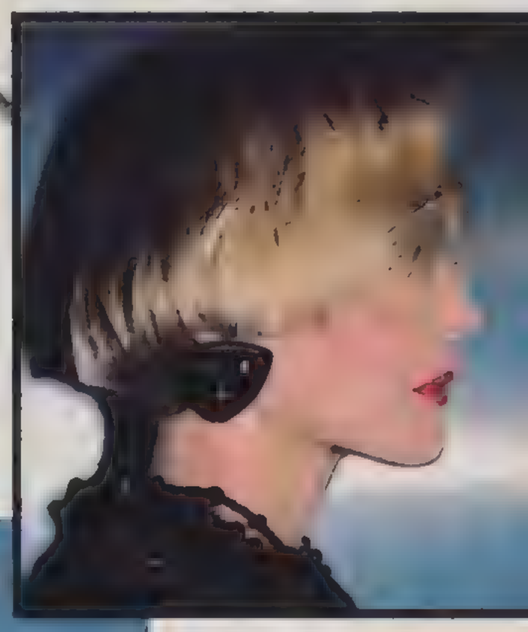
Here, an early look at news, trends, ideas for fall '84... latest think on style, color, length... from top stylists in NYC, London, Paris, Milan, Rome ...plus stylists' new rapport with clients

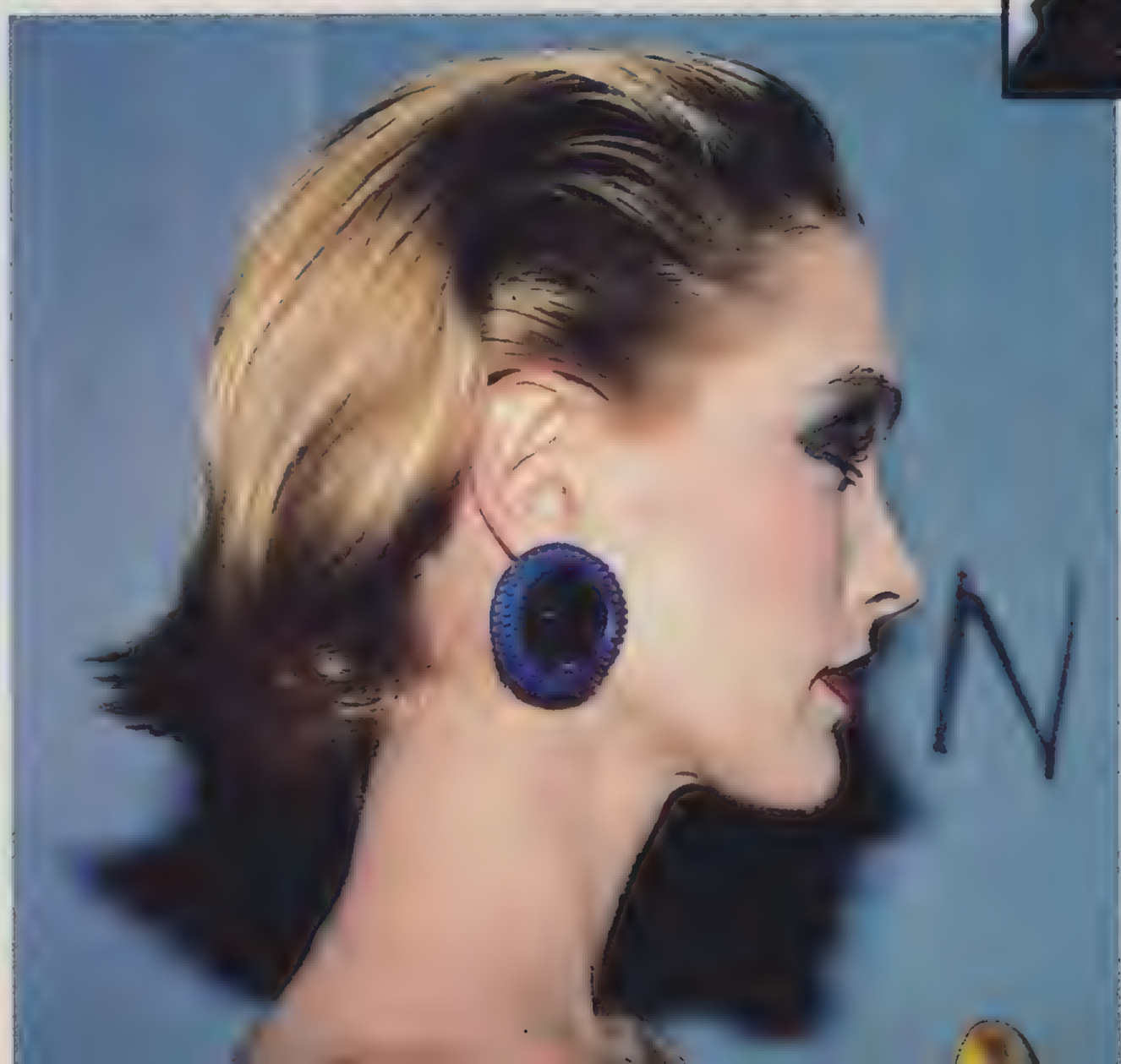
By Dorothy Schefer

Everywhere, the trend to double-layering, *above:* longer lengths on top, shorter underneath. Jean-Marc Maniatis, Paris

Sketch by Mats Gustavson

LAYERS





What makes a "trend" more "classic": a slightly longer, or in some cases, shorter length... an adaptation of style. *Above:* A classic bob, shorter, layered, the way it looked on the runway at Geoffrey Beene. *Left:* The same bob, slightly longer, off the face, by Christiaan for Bill Blass

Roxanne Lowit

It happens at least once a year and as often as every season: a woman contemplates a change in the look of her hair; and, whether she wants a change of color, length, or style, she wants something different.

The desire to make a hair change comes with a change of seasons, with the new directions in fashion, in makeup. Women today, who increasingly view fashion as a matter of choice, of mixing elements of clothing, of accessories from many different designers into looks that are uniquely their own, should, says Suga of Suga Salon, NYC, learn to look at hair in the same way, to "watch for subtle changes . . . a piece of hair brushed in a new direction . . . a new way of layering. Changes that allow a woman to update, not totally change, her look."

Options in style. . .

This year, there is real change in hair—one based, most of all, on the sheer number of attractive, appealing options. "Hair style today is as much a matter of mood and attitude as cut," says Marc Pipino of NYC's Pipino-Buccheri Salon. But the biggest news: a new awareness that "service" to a client goes beyond simply giving a woman the best possible cut. More than promoting "the look of the year," top stylists feel a responsibility to help a client choose a hair look that works for her, that she can live with . . . as well as to help her decide when it is—or isn't—time for a change.

For this report, we interviewed the forty top stylists and colorists in New York, Paris, London, Rome, Milan. The directions in style: "Hair that *moves* . . . that moves forward onto or towards the face . . . that has multiple layers and lengths, multiple textures" . . . "Think of hair worn somewhat shorter in back, longer in front . . . hair that exposes the nape" . . . "Watch for ponytails . . . and bangs—short and spiky/brushed forward/waved and rolled" . . . But the message that always came through: "What is important is that hair always looks natural, never overdone." *(Continued)*

Does style begin with the cut? This season it depends . . . Cuts count for line, but technique offers versatility. In some cases, layering does both jobs. *Clockwise, from top left:* Classic-turned-modern at Bill Blass . . . At YSL, imperceptible layering, maximum length . . . Soft layers for a natural effect: at YSL. . . Double-layered hair at its shortest, its most extreme, by Per, Milan.

"A woman should never feel she has to change her hairstyle *totally* each season," says Suga, NYC, "It's too extreme." This season, there are attractive, subtle changes... techniques that offer two things every woman wants, says Kenneth, NYC: "Versatility and a fuller, more luxurious feeling."

At YSL: Hair more layered within a shape, with more graduation, more ease . . .

"Fashion is not everybody," says Giorgio Armani. Armani believes women should consider personality and age in deciding how to wear their hair. And, this season, believes in softer, more natural hair—"like that of the modern, attractive women who walk down the streets." (His runway models, *above.*)

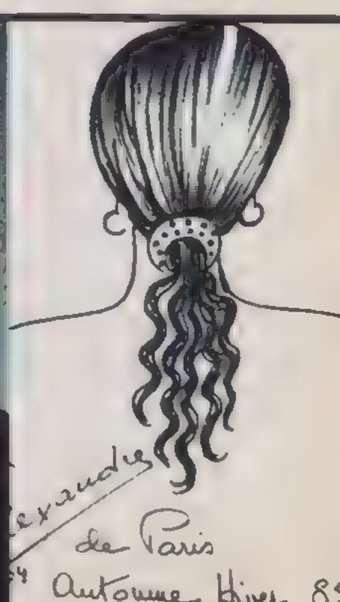
It's usually the "inch too long" that makes a woman too classic, says Katia. "To give a more modern look, trim . . . layer . . . use gel to give hair a tousled look." Emphasis: On movement of all kinds—the way Christiaan brushed a traditional cut forward (Bill Blass).

From classic to trendiest, # PONYTAILS

hair was pulled up neatly/spiked out in every direction, always tied...

Counterclockwise, from above left: **Bowtied braid at Sonia Rykiel (Romain, Patrick Alès) . . . A ribboned tail on "buzzed" hair, Moisant, Paris . . . Alexandre's double-bow tail for Chanel . . . Chanel's P.M. look, with some hair at the nape . . . At Lagerfeld: a difference in texture; Alexandre**

Sketch by David Croland



(Continued) What we *didn't* hear—and what marks the real change in hair thought now: about any one particular cut or style. Granted, there are the season's extremes—the mannish, razor-cut "buzz," the outsize, frizzed "do's" in London—but even stylists who made these their signatures now speak of "adapting" these looks.

Style is no longer imposed on a woman by the person who cuts her hair. As Bruno Dessange, Paris/New York, puts it, "I don't approach a season with a look or a cut. I approach it with a spirit and adapt that spirit to each woman." The one rule today may simply be that there are no rules—except, as Katia, of Jean-Marc Maniatis, Paris, noted, "not to act on a whim . . . not to make extreme changes."

Question of length

Most stylists today agree that hair should be no longer than just above the shoulders. "Any longer and it doesn't move with the head," said Guillaume, who did the hair at the Kenzo and Issey Miyake shows and is creative director of Mod's Hair, Paris, Tokyo, and, next year, New York.

Not every stylist, of course, agreed. "For some women, long hair is like a religion," noted Alexandre, Paris. "What might be too long on one woman might not be on another," added Christophe Carita (Paris).

Super-short hair, too, was approached with a newly critical eye. Stylists noted that while the "buzz" is flattering to some women, it is too bare, too hard-lined for many. Even Christiaan, master of the buzz cut, cautioned, "I have to guard some heads from hair's being cut too short." . . . "I feel that a cut that does not give a woman the option of changing her hair style is simply too short," says Paris's Laurent Gaudefroy, whose clients have social calendars that take them out three or four nights a week.

Other stylists emphasized that today even short hair is not simply short—that it can be short on the *(Continued)*

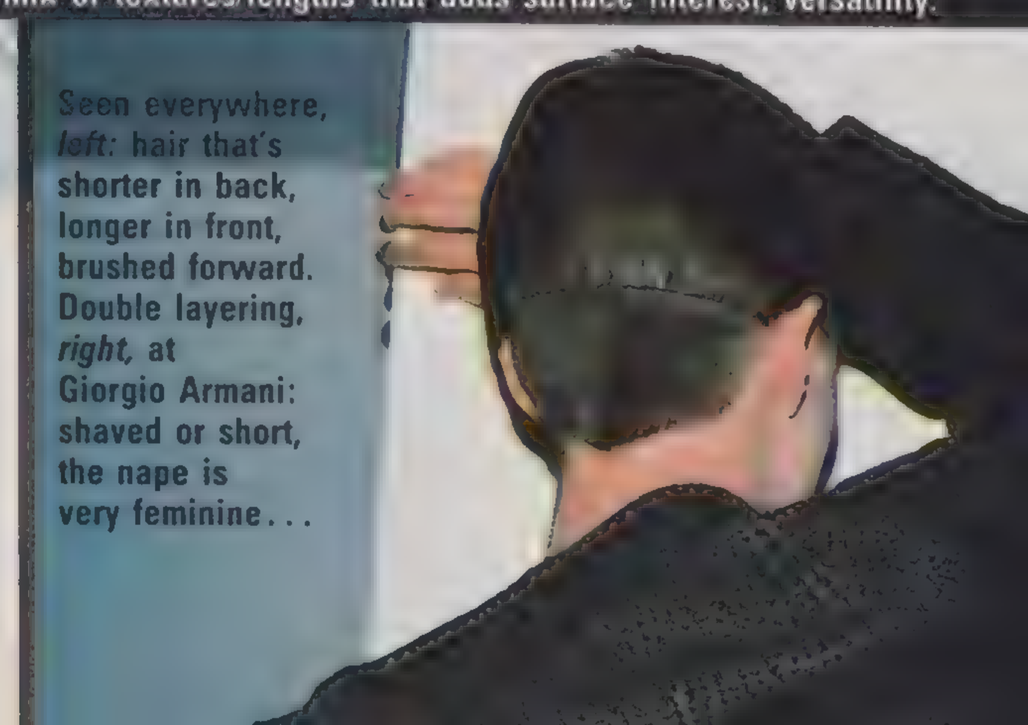
"Women often want a big change, but it is seldom the right thing to do," stylists agree. For neatness for day, more texture at night, new techniques: "Scrunching," the way Christiaan showed the Bill Blass runway model, *above left*: using mousse and "hand-setting" to crimp wave into hair. *Center*: Texture by day at Calvin Klein—more controlled—Bruno Dessange, Paris/New York City.

SPIKY

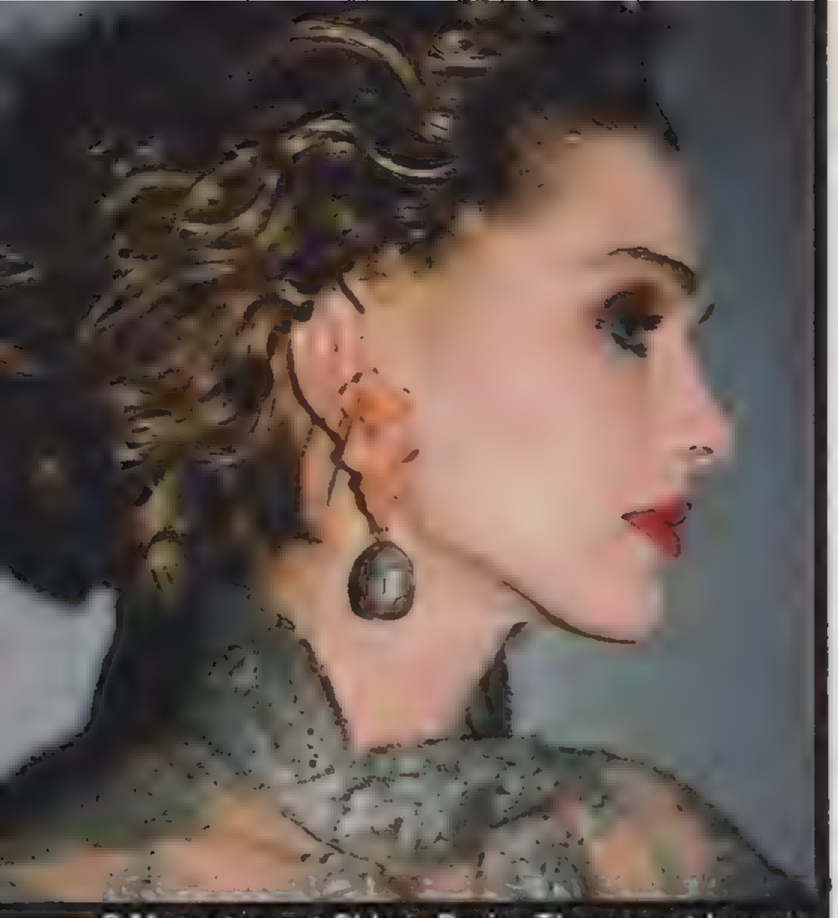
"We are working with a different balance, new styling elements: forward, straight, spiky. Hair clears the collar... texture's straighter ...and it can be adapted to longer or more classic hair..."

—Christopher Brooker, Vidal Sassoon Salons

Giving new meaning to the word *volume*, the look, *above*, using mousse on a short, classic blunt cut; Lella Airoldi, Milan. Takes technique, but the effect is natural: what Geri Cusenza, Cassandre 2000, L.A., calls a "blurring of the bob" —a mix of textures/lengths that adds surface interest, versatility.



Seen everywhere, *left*: hair that's shorter in back, longer in front, brushed forward. Double layering, *right*, at Giorgio Armani: shaved or short, the nape is very feminine . . .



P.M. texture at Chloe, Paris: The secret here is mousse—more effective than spray or gel, hair has a softer look/feel—especially on short layered hair (Valentin, Jean-Louis David).

TEXTURE

What's news: A trend toward contrasts within hair...different textures...*double* textures—a mix of curly and straight, spiky and smooth, short and long...a move to "shapeless" shapes, to more subtly "graduated" layering techniques, for the effect of teasing without the damage, so hair has height along with health

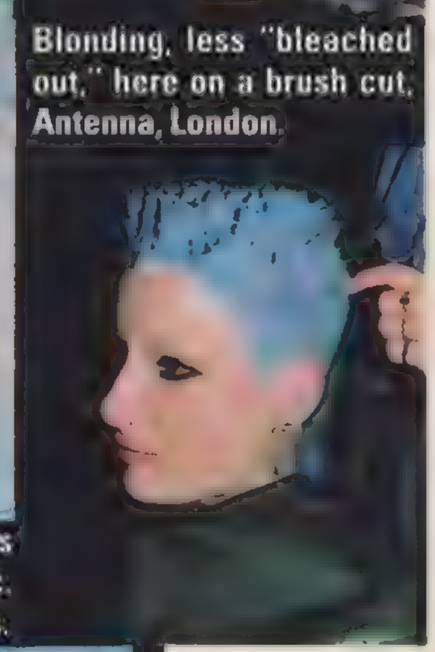
NEW BANGS... from the shortest—at Karl Lagerfeld, *above left*, the way Alexandre did them, peeking out from a hat...to the wrap-and-tied spiky bangs, *right*, at Comme des Garçons by Christiaan, bangs were *everywhere*... brushed forward...standing up stick-straight...waved, "spiked" out.

COLOR

New directions: darker roots...multilayered tones to give more "strength" to the cut...

Now, color! More important than perms, being used on a cut's edges. *Above*: London "street" style at its most dramatic. Colorists are creating a whole new effect by deepening roots.

Varying color placement: a streak of grey, pinned into Iman's hair by Christiaan at Bill Blass.



Blonding, less "bleached out," here on a brush cut, Antenna, London.

"It's a moment of freedom for hair," says Sergio Valente, Rome; "but fashion is only a guideline: the hairstyle that looks best is what works best—with 'touches' that make it modern." For Valente, it's a bare neck—"but to work, it needs the right proportion."

Sketches by Mats Gustavson

NAPE

Roxanne Lowit

(Continued) bottom, longer on top, layered in multiple directions. It is this mix of lengths—the use of shorter layers that "support" longer layers—that makes it possible to move hair forward or back . . . add more height . . . slick one side back, the other forward.

Need for versatility

Where once stylists emphasized the cut above all else, more and more of them now point to the real impact of how a cut is used, how it adapts to a woman's ease and needs. "Whatever doesn't appear natural is out of style," said Guillaume. "Some women still use hair curlers, blow dryers, but we don't believe in them. We cut hair so well today that it frees a woman from reliance on these tools, makes 'styling' per se unnecessary." . . . "To me, the most important thing—as far as hair is concerned—is minimal upkeep," said Regis of Bruno, Paris. "I believe in the importance of cut."

In many cases, what gives versatility to hair is layering, now used not so much for volume as for texture. New multi-length layering techniques "solve" problems once addressed with perms, giving hair longer-lasting, non-damaging fullness and curve. What this shorter "undercutting" also does: makes it easier to use mousse to revive hair's fullness (two cautions here: mousse works best on slightly damp hair and should be used with a light hand, for natural-looking fullness, not a wet look).

When perms are used, they're more likely to be loose body waves than tight curls, to give hair "bend" rather than wave, and to be "spot-perms" used just on underneath layers, say, or—vertically rather than horizontally—at the back of the head. And, in more and more salons, the rule is to perm before a cut, "to use hair's texture as a starting point," says Jean-Louis David, Paris, NYC, who will soon introduce a super-fast twelve-roller perm in his salons worldwide, for women who don't have the time, or desire, to spend three hours in a beauty shop. *(Continued on page 278)*

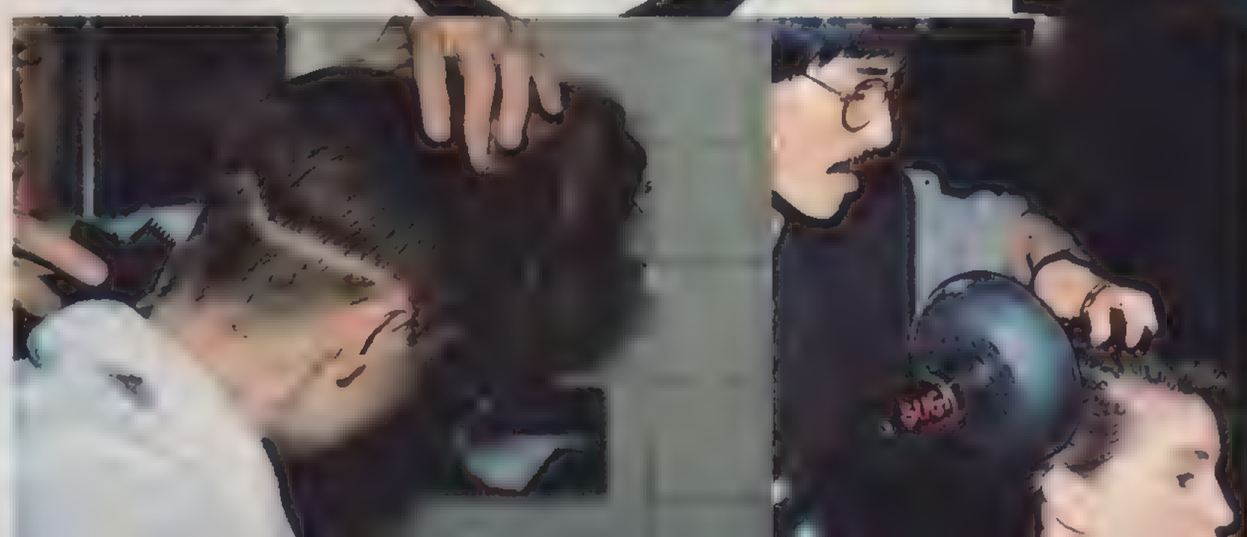
New interiors: At Antenna, London, *above*, a decor to match their trendy "street" styling . . . The muslin-draped chair, *below*, Hair for Heroes, Milan

"We're looking for new ways of cutting hair so it doesn't look 'just cut,'"—Romain, Patrick Alès, Paris, *above*, known for unique tools—Japanese shears, large photo. *Left:* "Buzzing" hair ends

Sketch by David Croland

Below: Service with a smile at John Frieda, London. "Nothing for a client is too much trouble."

The buzz cut (Christiaan, *below*)—seen everywhere, not for everyone



Above and left: Backstage at Matsuda, NYC, Suga's fall look: Cuts that use wave, that emphasize hair's texture, enhanced by working hair with hands, using mousse, a diffusing dryer.

Roxanne Lowit

Above: Video as a way of communicating style news to clients, of improving training methods for stylists . . . *Below:* Tissue-wrap "slippers" for pedicured feet, at Daniel Galvin, London

High-tech Hair Making salons more efficient: computerized hair care—dryers into which you punch length, thickness . . . precise haircoloring . . . perms without damage. *Above right:* The revolving hairdryer at Coppola, Milan. *Below:* Jean-Louis David's (NYC/Paris) Jet Set lifts hair, dries in spikiness.

At Laurent, Paris: foil-wrapped rollers, heat-crimping tongs for adding texture without perming, even for hard-to-curl hair

NEW TRENDS

At Harlow, Paris; *above left,* double-texture hair created via a new dimension in permanent waving, using a prototype system that imprints hair with natural, subtle wave. "It will change the way we permanent hair in the future," says Daniel Harlow. *Center,* and seen all over Europe: the "half-roller," used not for curl but for bending hair, adding height and dimension, especially to bangs. *Right:* Schumi Shapers—rubber-coated wires for setting or perming hair, for wave not frizz

At the best salons around the world, innovation takes a changing point of view: "There's too much fashion in hair," say top stylists. A woman's face...hair texture...her personal style are what count. "It is vital that the cut work *for* the woman, not the other way around. This is the most modern attitude," says Suga, NYC.

At the best salons: great *food! Top:* Daily lunch "bar", Sergio Valente, Rome. *Bottom:* Tea service, Molton Brown, London.

Wigs! Wigs! Wigs! They were everywhere—cut short and spiky by Julien and Yannick d'Is at Yohji Yamamoto/Paris, to "try out" new styles used in pieces—the "tails" by Alexandre for Karl Lagerfeld and, always, for fun. *Above:* Amusing wigs sold along King's Road, London.

MILAN: NEW DASH...NEW COATS!

The big news in Milan, where these sixteen pages were photographed: coats and dressing around a coat—news that's everywhere this season—but done in Italy with great bravado. With a more casual dash. With a go-for-it attention to man-tailored details and an unusual mix of textures and patterns that create texture....Where the bravado begins—with the trench—the coat of Milan, a key symbol of the season. This one, *left*—Luciano Soprani's in Milan's favorite menswear fabric—wool covert. With matching cuffed trousers. Coat, about $835. Late July at Rita Jamie, NYC; Filene's; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Elegance Boutique, Dallas; Poupée, Palo Alto CA.... The new focus on texture, *right,* and a coat length to watch—shorter, almost to the knee. Here, Missoni's terrific big-shouldered cardigan-coat over a matching sweater. Cardigan-coat, of wool/alpaca/nylon/rayon, about $1175. Coat, late July at Missoni Boutique, NYC; Frost Bros. These sixteen pages: hair, Madelaine for Bruno Dessange, NYC; make-up, Cindy Joseph. Details, more stores, last pages.

Eddy Kohli

MILAN: NEW DASH...

From Giorgio Armani, the master tailor and star of Milan, three menswear looks at their best—all perfectly scaled, cut to fall from the shoulders. Here, from Giorgio Armani Milano, his key shapes... Wonderful, trim, double-breasted, with a back belt—a perfect coat cut like a man's—*right*, in navy wool twill. To wear over his new red sweater-vest, grey wool trousers. Coat, about $1100. Pants, about $300. Vest, about $530. Turnout, August at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Coat and pants, Balliet's. Coat at Chez Catherine, Canada... The "longer" jacket—key to the "new pants suit" in an ingenious pattern and texture mix, *center*. Jacket of black, beige, and white wool "graphic" plaid; grey-and-white pin-striped silk/wool blouse; shadow-striped grey, white, and black wool-and-silk pants. Jacket, about $825; blouse, about $420; pants, about $398. Turnout, August at Bloomingdale's; Panache, Millburn NJ; Ultimo, Chicago; Hattie; Harzfelds. Pants and blouse at Balliet's... *Far right*, a coat, similar to the one this page, but this time in wool/cashmere, cut a little wider, and without the back belt. About $1400. August at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Eddy Kohli

MILAN: NEW DASH...

Texture again, this time in a "roughed-up" wool and angora coat, *right,* from Laura Biagiotti—it's bigger, fuller, more glamorous—in the palest shade of ivory (a star color in many collections). Over an off-white knitted jumpsuit. Coat, about $950. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills....A play of contrasting textures, neatly pulled together by André Laug, *opposite page.* A strong-shouldered knitted sweater-jacket, topper-length, in prune and grey over grey-and-black pinstriped pants. Jacket of wool and mohair, about $1260. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Details, more stores, last pages.

Patty Dryden

Eddy Kohli

MILAN: NEW DASH...

From Gianfranco Ferre the most unexpected mix of luxurious fabrics with an easy sportswear feeling. Here, Ferre at his best: his winter "whites"—in a range from cream to ivory. *Far left:* A reversed shearling topcoat—scaled like a man's—roomy but carefully detailed, over a wool-and-silk sweater designed like a one-button jacket; pleated suede trousers. Coat, about $2395; sweater, about $590; sleeveless wool turtleneck, about $270; trousers, about $900. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Gianfranco Ferre Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Coat, turtleneck, and pants at Femina, Scottsdale AZ. . . . *Center:* A knockout coat—big and loosely cut, easy as a bathrobe, but in the most buttery suede with a quilted lining. About $2550. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Ultimo, Chicago; Femina, Scottsdale AZ; Gianfranco Ferre Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. . . . The perfect white wool coat—one of three—a classic "reefer" but broader through the shoulders, narrower through the body, much, much softer, *this page.* About $1675. Bergdorf Goodman; Gianfranco Ferre Boutique, at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Fashion information, additional stores, next to last pages.

Eddy Kohli

Eddy Kohli

MILAN: NEW DASH...

Shearling and leather—part of a robustly sportif attitude you always find in Milan . . . with Complice's oversized three-quarter shearling coat, *opposite page*—the perfect "finish" for a hooded black wool jersey turtleneck sweater, new narrow ski pants. Coat, about $1675. August at Bergdorf Goodman; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Apropos, Woodland Hills CA; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills . . . . The seven-eighths coat, *near left*—from Krizia—with one of the famous Krizia animal motifs. About $2500. Krizia Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Garfinckel's; Sakowitz. . . .

Beauty Note: More "finish" in the palest makeup color, *opposite*—Maybelline's new Moisture Whip Makeup in Light Ivory. Details, see last pages.

Patty Dryden

MILAN: NEW DASH...

More coat-and-trouser dressing, more pattern and vivid texture, from Erreuno, *above*—in a classic man's double-breasted wool topcoat. About $955.... Altman's; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Milan's strongest message: the trench coat—but at Basile, a different way to wear it—over a jacket, over a skirt that's longer, pleated, all in an attractive beige-and-cream pattern mix, *right*. All of wool. Trench, about $650 (available in September); jacket, about $730; skirt, about $300. Coat and blazer at Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Blazer and skirt at Bergdorf Goodman. Skirt at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore, MD; Perkins Shearer, Denver. A short jacket, very special, charming, *opposite page*, by Gianni Versace in shearling with leather—perfect over his new soft, crushy pants. Jacket, about $1856. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Miami, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Ultimo, Chicago. Details, last pages.

Patty Dryden

Eddy Kohli

MILAN: NEW DASH...

In a coat season, an exceptionally attractive Gianni Versace coat-dress, *left*, longer, beautifully shaped—small at the waist, broader at the shoulders—in dark-brown wool covert. Shown here "taking in" the sights of Milan—where all these pages were photographed. About $1027. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC; Miami; Houston; Beverly Hills; San Francisco.... Another great coat, knee-length, like a man's—this time in a soft tobacco leather with special "trench" details, like a button-over front-flap, *right*, from Mario Valentino. More texture interest—the contrast of soft cotton corduroy trousers. Coat, about $790. August at Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, last pages.

Eddy Kohli

Patty Dryden

MILAN: NEW DASH...

In a season of texture—the most incredibly textured furs—from Fendi. Here, three variations on a key shape—a shorter, dolman-sleeved blouson—cozy, always hip-wrapped. For evening, a luxurious "dinner" fur in black lacquered mole that almost shimmers in the light, *above*—with two over-the-shoulder silver foxes. About $17,500. The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus . . . A fur that's as light as a cashmere sweater, and pulls on like one, too, with a ruched effect that adds volume, softness, *center,* in an extraordinary brown beige grey black marbled squirrel. About $10,000. Bergdorf Goodman; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus . . . Another fur that goes on like a sweater, *far right*—a beige fox "cardigan" with mottled squirrel muffler and edgings. About $18,500. Bergdorf Goodman; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Eddy Kolli

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: with new choices of lengths in pants, dresses. . .sophisticated handling of textures. . .great suits, tops—a new look that starts at the neckline

As fall approaches, the focal points of the new season surface. New pants. New thinking about texture, proportion. All, aspects of fashion where changes are taking place—changes that you are going to see in dressing.

Pants are undoubtedly the most striking examples of change, accounting for the majority of new looks on runways and in stores. **What's different about the new pants dressing is that we are, indeed, talking about "dressing," about pulling together complete looks, not simply about single items of clothing.** The pants you see in this issue serve as the base for a very polished degree of dressing. What makes that possible: a coordination (not necessarily a matching up) of the pants with a jacket, blouse, or sweater. In "suit" pieces, now, look for a similarity, not a direct duplication of coloring, pattern, quality of fabric.

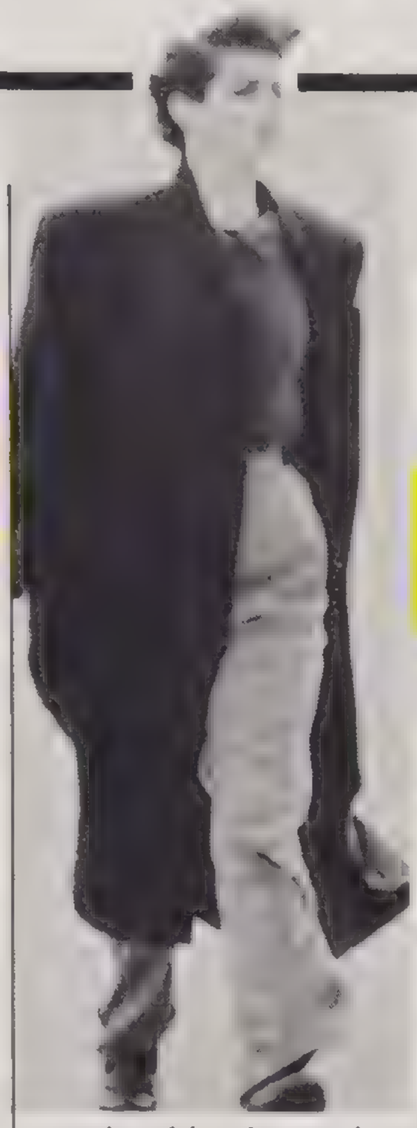
A perfect example is Oscar de la Renta's trouser suit, *right and on page 210*. What constitutes a major new area of attention this fall: the interplay of textures that adds to the cohesiveness and to the interest of this sort of unmatched suit. Here, it's a mixture of earth-toned menswear plaid in the jacket and pants, a color-coordinated check of the blouse—and beige socks with a herringbone-like pattern.

When wearing pants this fall, the stockings and shoes you choose are important considerations in completing a look. A suit such as this is too "dressed" for casual moccasins; it needs the more polished appeal of shoes given the dressier edge, and the texture, of a glossy alligator finish, as *here*. Other possibilities: oxford ties or delicate flat shoes such as Guido Pasquali's crocodile version, *lower right and on page 207*, worn with more texture on the leg: *here*, Norma Kamali's "mud print" tights.

In addition to paying attention to textures, you'll also consider new proportions when you dress. This year, there seem to be more silhouettes and more lengths than possibly ever before: a blessing that allows for more freedom and more choices but also demands some careful thought about the various shoes and stockings you're going to want with each new option.

One length that is very much around is shy-of-the-ankle: the length of Karl Lagerfeld's wide, cropped pants, *far left and on page 196*. You're going to see a lot of this length—in pants and in skirts. What you won't want to see with it are sheer stockings or high heels—a combination that could end up looking as if you intended to wear a dress, then changed your mind, but not your shoes, at the last minute. You need texture on the leg to anchor the line; a flat heel to anchor the look. Again, the crocodile flat, *below right*, would be a good choice.

Another look you'll see a lot of: narrow dresses, skirts with a mid-calf hemline such as Lagerfeld's dress, *left and on page 197*. Its leanness focuses attention on the body; its hemline focuses attention on the legs and feet. This is the length that can carry a day dress into dinner; this is the length that can carry a shoe with more of a heel—Yves Saint Laurent's snakeskin pump, *below and on page 205*, fits the bill beautifully.



When it comes to evening dressing, many hemlines hover just above the ankle, directing attention to the feet. The shoes and stockings you'll want to wear are meant to be ornaments, as provocative as the feathered wine satin shoe and black patterned stocking you'll find on page 191.

Looking "up" and looking ahead, there's another big change in store: an uncluttering of necklines that's like a breath of fresh air. It, too, might take some getting used to. Coming up as the necklines of the season are a tiny collar or a plain crewneck. You can see an example, *above and on page 252*, in the bareness of the neckline in Giorgio Armani's turnout. It provides this look—one that's based on men's dressing—with a fresh, feminizing appeal, a lift.

The look, though, may seem a bit stark at first. And that's where a strategically placed accessory might alleviate the simplicity. It could be a man's paisley muffler, say, tied as an ascot, or a collection of link chains laid in the neckline, like a little extra trim. It's one way of dealing with change—adapting it to your own level.

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HEALTH *style*

Fine-tuning your body clock...options: how to recognize yours...interview with a winner...a more positive fitness attitude

High on fitness—*"I love dance classes because they don't feel like exercise. They're never boring or repetitive, there's a sense that you can always improve, and I always meet the most interesting people there..."—actress Meg Tilly, above, seen most recently in the film "Impulse."*

FITNESS: FOR THE FUN OF IT!

Decidedly *the* new fitness focus: on enjoyment. On the pleasure that comes from being active, from simply knowing your body is in shape. It's part of a whole new definition of fitness—one based on attitude as much as on health. And one that was very much in evidence at the first National Women's Leadership Conference on Fitness sponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports last April.

"Fitness shouldn't be a matter of strict rules: of either exercising thirty minutes three times a week or doing nothing at all. Just because spending fifteen minutes walking around the block, doing yoga, or playing tennis doesn't increase your cardiovascular capacity doesn't mean that it's a waste of time. Exercise should not be a constant struggle for improvement, but an essential part of an active, healthy life," said Kelly D. Brownell, Ph.D., associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

Other speakers noted that the emotional benefits of exercise are as important as the physical ones. "Fitness time is private time, a chance to relax, to gain a sense of self-mastery and control. In one poll of over two hundred women, the majority said they exercised simply because it helped them relax," said psychiatric social worker Phyllis K. Sharlin, M.S.W., of Family Service of Prince George's County, Maryland.

Changing, too: reasons women opt for particular exercise plans. As one expert said, there may be "ideal" sports for cardiovascular or upper-body strength, but what is ideal for you is the activity you enjoy most, that you have a talent for, that fits into your life—and that you'll stick with in the long run.

CORRECTMEESTER Hair Enzo Angeletor Couture Los Angeles makeup Francesca Tolentor Couture Los Angeles Zoran sweater Danskin Bodywear Details stores last pages

HARD-TO-PUT-DOWN HEALTH BOOK **Loaded with tips, food charts, vitamin charts, drug descriptions, plus a guide on how to read a prescription, Lawrence Galton's *1001 Health Tips* (Simon and Schuster) is perfect summer reading for the health minded. Examples: On alcohol and sleep—although a nightcap to serve as a mild sedative at bedtime is often considered useful, beware. Alcohol—like other sedatives and sleep-inducing drugs—distorts the normal sleep cycle, depressing dream sleep.... On cooking: Microwave cooking conserves vitamins and nutrients; 50 percent more vitamin C is retained in microwave cooking as compared to other methods...plus more *useful* advice on fitness, nutrition, and living well.**

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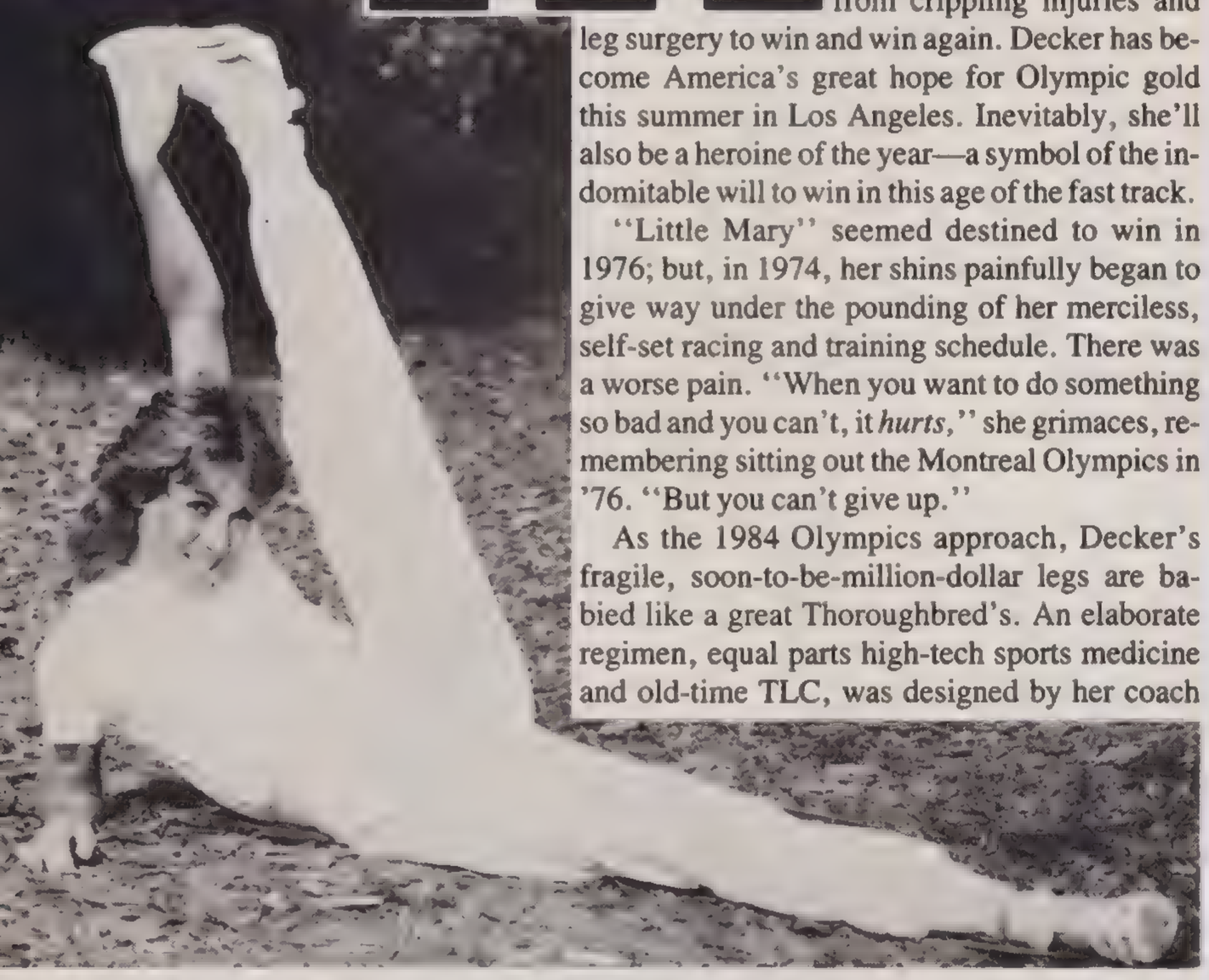
A GREAT PAIR OF LEGS

Mary Thereza Decker, *below left*, is one of the greatest runners this country has ever produced—at twenty-five years old, a battler who's twice fought her way back from crippling injuries and leg surgery to win and win again. Decker has become America's great hope for Olympic gold this summer in Los Angeles. Inevitably, she'll also be a heroine of the year—a symbol of the indomitable will to win in this age of the fast track.



"Little Mary" seemed destined to win in 1976; but, in 1974, her shins painfully began to give way under the pounding of her merciless, self-set racing and training schedule. There was a worse pain. "When you want to do something so bad and you can't, it *hurts*," she grimaces, remembering sitting out the Montreal Olympics in '76. "But you can't give up."

As the 1984 Olympics approach, Decker's fragile, soon-to-be-million-dollar legs are babied like a great Thoroughbred's. An elaborate regimen, equal parts high-tech sports medicine and old-time TLC, was designed by her coach Dick Brown. His challenge is to keep Decker from running too much, too fast, too soon.

Mary Decker may have been born to run. She also needs to run, to be best, to ham it up and please the crowd. It's a love of pure excellence

What makes Mary run and cling to the desire to run when pain and other people told her she would never compete again? In part, "she's genetically gifted," says Dick Brown. Decker also has, in Brown's words, "an exceptional temperament for competition. She has a deep-seated *need* to be the best, maybe to prove her self-worth to herself." She runs not against other runners but against times—against herself. Some other athletes have found her aloof. Dick Brown describes her as "self-sufficient."

Decker can be so focused on running that she forgets to eat; yet she has the even rarer ability to get away from it. In Helsinki, right between her most important races, she and Brown went off to do their laundry. Decker won both races.

The apparent contradictions resolve when you realize that Decker's attitude toward running is not that of a grim competitor but that of an artist in love with her work. Decker admits that she loves to please a crowd, too—break a record for them, make them roar. When she carries her torch to Los Angeles this month, Mary Decker will most likely please a crowd of over two-hundred million—and break some more records for us all.

—ANNIE GOTTLIEB

style

RAW-MILK WARNING

A NEW AND DANGEROUS FAD: DRINKING RAW OR CERTIFIED RAW MILK, ALSO KNOWN AS UNPASTEURIZED MILK. IN A RECENT NEWSLETTER OF THE CALIFORNIA COUNCIL AGAINST HEALTH FRAUDS, JOHN BOLTON, M.D., CAUTIONS THAT PEOPLE DRINKING RAW MILK ARE AT INCREASED RISK OF SALMONELLA INFECTION, WHICH CAN RESULT IN HIGH FEVERS AND BLOODY DIARRHEA. IN 1983, THE RISK OF CONTRACTING SALMONELLA WAS 118 TIMES GREATER FOR THOSE WHO DRANK RAW MILK THAN FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT.

DIABETES: WOMEN AT RISK . . .

As many as five million Americans have undiagnosed Type II (adult-onset, non-insulin-dependent) diabetes—and two out of three of them are women. Who is most vulnerable: women with a family history of diabetes, over forty, and overweight. "New studies also show that 30 to 40 percent of women who develop 'gestational diabetes'—high blood sugar that occurs during the second or third trimester of pregnancy and disappears following delivery—develop Type II diabetes within ten years, as do some women who give birth to babies weighing over nine pounds," reported Harold Rifkin, M.D., professor of clinical medicine at New York University School of Medicine at a recent conference sponsored by the American Diabetes Association (ADA).

While the symptoms of diabetes may be subtle—increased fatigue, irritability, excessive thirst and nighttime urination, blurred vision or a change in eyesight—the reasons for bringing them to a physician's attention are not; over time, diabetes can increase a woman's vulnerability to heart and kidney disease as well as to circulatory and nerve damage.

The good news: for most women, the "cure"—and prevention—of Type II diabetes involves neither medication nor insulin but instead focuses on weight loss, a shift to a high-complex carbohydrate, low-fat diet, and an increase in exercise level. For more information, write the ADA, 2 Park Avenue, New York NY 10016.

COSMETICS ALERT Read labels: products containing hydrocarbons (the propellant in aerosols), high levels of alcohol (in some hair mousses and hairsprays, for example), and/or solvents (in nail polish and removers) are flammable. Which means it's wise not to smoke or light a match around these products, or expose them to an open flame. Once they've been applied to hair or nails, the hydrocarbons, alcohol, solvents evaporate and so does the fire hazard.

ERICA LENNARD Norma Kamali jumpsuit. Details, last pages

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TUNING BODY CLOCKS

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING WOUND UP... OR ARE RUNNING DOWN, MAYBE YOU'RE TINKERING TOO MUCH WITH YOUR BODY CLOCK...

Our physical and emotional well-being is determined to a large extent by an "inner master timekeeper"—a complex system of body clocks that regulate everything from metabolism and body temperature to moods and behavior. "We tend to take body clocks for granted, believing we are more in control of them than we really are," says Charles F. Stroebel, Ph.D., M.D., director of the Institute for Advanced Studies in Behavioral Medicine in Hartford, CT, and a pioneer in the study of biological rhythms. "In fact, recognition of the role of body time in regulating health may eventually prevent 90 percent of all illnesses."

Our body clocks run on varying cycles, creating what Dr. Stroebel refers to as an "inner symphony" of biological rhythms. Examples: biochemical reactions take place every fraction of a second; the sleep/wake cycle runs for approximately 24 hours; the menstrual cycle operates on a twenty-eight to thirty-five day schedule; and annually, well, you can count on "spring fever." Some inner clocks, such as the one controlling body temperature, are relatively impervious to change, remaining constant despite shifts in weather, diet and life style; others, like the sleep/wake clock, are very much affected by environmental cues such as light and dark, by stress or illness, and by our personal decisions on when to get up and when to go to sleep.

Charles P. Pollak, M.D., head of the Sleep-Wake Disorders Center at the Westchester Division of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, maintains that "any change affecting our sleeping and waking patterns can interrupt the smooth function of our sleep/wake clock." While jet lag and shift work are the most common culprits, even seemingly benign activities, like exercising vigorously shortly before bedtime, can throw this clock out of synch. Result: insomnia—a feeling, says Dr. Pollak, "of being buffeted about, not knowing from day to day when you will be sharp, alert, and energetic."

For a smooth-running sleep/wake clock, Dr. Pollak recommends maintaining a regular stable pattern, going to bed and awakening at the same time every day, including weekends: "Staying up until 4:00 A.M. on Friday night means you won't be alert on Monday morning. Body systems can take weeks to readjust after a change in schedule."

Trying to remain fully alert and productive day and night also takes a toll. "Moonlighting" at a second job or scheduling meetings and social activities every night after a full day at work forces the body to function on tightly controlled rhythms. You bypass natural "low points" in the cycles, during which the body would normally recharge its energy stores. The penalty is fatigue, fuzzy thinking, lowered resistance to disease. "If you are active during the day, the hours between 3:00 A.M. and 6:00 A.M. are prime time for recharging," says Dr. Stroebel. "Even on the worst schedule, you should take this time to sleep."

Emotions may also be linked to specific body clock times, according to Dr. Stroebel. If, for example, you cringe every weekday at 9:00 A.M. when an irritable coworker storms into the office, you just might find yourself equally upset at 9:00 A.M. on *weekends*. "Biological rhythms cycle through the same internal patterns daily, so you are liable to experience similar feelings of anxiety," he says. Try a few deep breaths and a quick relaxation exercise at the first flicker of tension.

What about so-called "day" and "night" people? We still don't know for sure whether such differences are inherited or a matter of personal preference, but there is some evidence that body hormones rise more slowly in night people, so they don't really become physiologically active until later in the day. Lark or owl, though, don't try to reverse your role, Dr. Stroebel advises. When you must do something against your natural rhythm, follow your regular schedule as closely as possible for at least several days beforehand. True, body clocks give you some leeway, but self-imposed changes should be kept to a minimum. Other tips:

When taking a trip that involves significant time changes, try this trick: a week or so in advance, live according to the time schedule of your destination, waking and going to bed two or three hours earlier or later than usual, depending on your destination. Or, plan intermediate stopovers on your trip, so that your body adapts gradually to the change. On arrival, allow a day or two to adjust before attending meetings or performing complex tasks.

Become familiar with the signals your body gives at various times of the day. "If you suddenly don't feel like following your usual pattern, be aware," says Dr. Stroebel. "The change may portend an illness or other problem that bears watching." It's helpful to maintain a body-clock diary. Keep a daily record for several weeks of awakening and sleep times, moods at various times of the day, timing of meals and snacks, times of the day when you feel sociable, any physical symptoms and when they occur. Once you've identified personal cycles, accept them—and gear daily schedules accordingly.

—MARILYNN LARKIN

Staying up until 4:00 A.M. on Friday night means you won't be alert on Monday morning. Body systems can take weeks to readjust after a change in schedule . . .

VALERIE J. FREEMAN

style

PUTTING FITNESS TO THE TEST

Orienteering, the newest and fastest growing sport in North America, is sort of like car rallying on foot, with you acting as both driver and navigator. Using a compass and a detailed topographical map, you attempt to find your way over several miles of varied terrain to the finish in the shortest time possible. At checkpoints along the route, you punch a control card that indicates that you've been there. In many respects, orienteering is similar to chess: you must plot your moves in advance. As you run to one checkpoint, you are deciding what you must do to reach the next. Would it be faster to plow through thick woodland or take a slightly longer route over a mountain on a clearly marked trail? Thoughtful orienteers of modest fitness ability can beat conditioned athletes on the basis of judgment and navigational skills. Orienteering appeals to people of all ages and abilities. Basic skills may be learned in about thirty minutes; four courses are set at most meets, ranging from beginner (one and one-half miles) to advanced (six miles). Courses are carefully plotted by orienteering clubs. Write the United States Orienteering Federation at: P.O. Box 1039, Ballwin MO 63011.

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09843

Your Well-Being

New options: what to do when neither choice seems right

By Barbara Lang Stern

Most people will weigh two options in an effort to find the preferable choice. You're in the wise minority if you can recognize that, when neither alternative appeals to you, you can look for a third, better option.

You've surely had the experience of going to a shop, being shown a couple of dresses you didn't like, and asking to see others. But it's easy to lose this attitude in situations where options are less obvious, or where you feel less in control. Imagine that you've been invited to spend a three-day weekend with a group that's interesting to you professionally and socially, but is known to be cliquish and acrimonious. What do you do?

Recognizing options is a matter of attitude plus technique. It means questioning assumptions and not just reacting to a pre-existing situation but reshaping it for yourself.

One technique is to decide which aspect of a project you really dread: that if you accept a weekend invitation, you'll be stuck in a situation you don't like? Remember, if things get too nasty, you can leave! Seeing this option frees you to give the weekend a fair try.

Another technique is to rethink your problem. "When you feel trapped between two unattractive choices, you often get so wrapped up in how bad the alternatives are that you forget to go back and look at what you really *want*. You don't ask, 'How *else* can I get that?' " says Barbara Sher, co-author with Annie Gottlieb of *Wishcraft: How To Get What You Really Want* (Ballantine). "I counseled a man and woman who said, 'We *either* have to learn not to fight all the time *or* we have to call off our marriage plans.' But they loved each other deeply, although they didn't have the personal make-up to tolerate being together a great deal. Once they decided marriage didn't have to mean living with each other full time, they solved their problem by keeping two apartments and spending Friday evenings through Monday mornings together."

"When you find yourself locked in, going from one alternative to another, your 'either-or' is on a continuum and you need to take a right-angle turn away from that continuum," says Robert M. Bramson, Ph.D., California management consultant and coauthor with Allen F. Harrison of *Styles of Thinking: Strategies for Asking Questions, Making Decisions, and Solving Problems* (Anchor Press/Doubleday). "Suppose, for instance, you're ambivalent about whether or not to ask your boss for a promotion. A completely different option is to go in and ask whether you ought to ask! It's a great way to start a conversation about your performance. You keep your options open; it enables you to come on in a matter-of-fact, candid way, which is a strong position: 'Miss Jones, I've been considering whether this would be a good time for me to talk to you about a promotion. What do you think?' "

In describing how we might learn to see our options, Dr. Bramson suggests, "Recognize that other people think differently from you. When you're confronting a situation that puzzles you, pick somebody who is *not* like you; somebody you may not even like but whose competence and ability you admire. Then ask yourself, 'How would he or she go about this?' Or ask the person directly."

Options also can be uncovered by brainstorming, with others or alone. Make notes or tape record and remember:

- During brainstorming, every idea is acceptable; no evaluation allowed
- Quantity of ideas is the goal; quality usually will emerge
- If you're tense, begin with relaxation exercises: stress can make thoughts simplistic
- Think "free." Think "different": be wishful, imperious, outrageous. Daydream. Stretch your mind and it will liberate you. ▽

VOGUE, July, 1984

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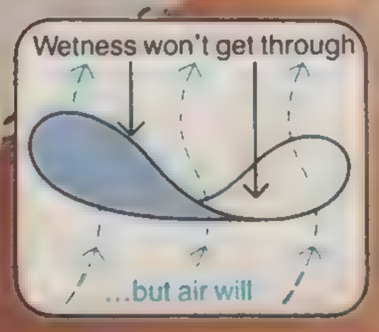

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POLITICS OF SPORTS

(Continued from page 219)

crimination throughout a school that received any federal funds. It seems the substantive issues of Title IX disappeared under a haze of symbolism. Today, if you're *for* equality for women, you're *for* a broad interpretation of Title IX. The final decision isn't in, but it looks as if the Supreme Court has ruled effectively in favor of discrimination against women in school sports.

Last summer, when the Reagan Administration supported the narrow interpretation of Title IX, Barbara Honegger, director of the Reagan Administration's Gender Discrimination Review Project, angrily resigned, saying, "The Reagan Administration is doing everything in its power to undermine laws now on the books that forbid sex discrimination."

So here we are, with two strikes against us. The Court rules against women athletes; the Administration encourages the decision. But something is going on—because to talk to leaders of the women's-sports movement is to encounter a good deal of optimism and good cheer.

BUILDING POLITICAL STRENGTH

"Anytime there is social change, it seems you take leaps forward and conservative rolls backward," said Kathrine Switzer, the first woman to run officially in the Boston Marathon, now the director of media affairs and sports at Avon Products, Inc. "In this election year, when the gender gap is being taken seriously, both Republicans and Democrats may decide that getting behind girls' sports is a good idea."

Donna de Varona, commentator and assistant to the president of ABC Sports and president of the Women's Sports Foundation, concurs. "Being against giving women opportunities in sports isn't going to help anyone stay in power," she said. "There were five hundred women in Washington DC," said De Varona—referring to The New Agenda conference that the Women's Sports Foundation sponsored along with the U.S. Olympic Committee and seven corporations. "We were strong and organized. That's an interest group that can't be overlooked."

Strong and organized. It's not something women have always been. We have, perhaps, been politically naïve. "As women, we have to take responsibility for our own destinies," said Kathrine Switzer. "If I have any negative reflections on women's sports during the last decade, it's women's refusal to do that consistently."

A "NEW" OLYMPICS

What happens when you fight hard: you get results like the Olympic marathon for women—accepted as a new event in the Games this year. Nobody expected that to happen as quickly as it did. Women were running marathons, setting records—but the International Olympic Committee is a cumbersome machine. Avon Products began sponsoring races and marathons around the world. "The Olympic Committee said that women from countries like Japan, Brazil, and Malaysia wouldn't participate, that it was against their social and cultural values to compete in sports," said Kathrine Switzer. "We blew away that theory." But the marathon, a major victory, is only one; less than one-third of the Olympic events are women's.

CASE OF DISCRIMINATION

What happens in the sporting world makes you realize that however far we have come, there is still a long way to go. In most realms, the line between discrimination and fairness is difficult to establish. You can suspect that you are being held back because of your sex, not your qualifications—but somehow to say that in 1984 sounds like sour grapes.

Consider, for example, Janet Guthrie—the physicist turned race-car driver, the first woman to compete in the Indianapolis 500 (1977). A woman "can't hack it," Bobby Unser had said in 1976. Other male drivers joined in. But Guthrie remained calm—"There's nothing like indisputable evidence to change people's minds."

The next year, Guthrie finished in the top ten at Indy. That usually guarantees a chance to drive good cars, get good sponsors, money. But it didn't happen. "Several companies told me, 'We'd love to sponsor you, but our budget is committed,'" said Guthrie. "Then they gave millions of dollars to less-proven male racers."

Guthrie did everything right: finishing among the top ten on budgets 5 percent as big as most male racers', proving herself on tough tracks, winning grudging respect from male racers. Hers is a success story, a women-can-do-anything story, but without a happy ending: In 1980, she retired from racing, forced out of the sport she describes as "my passion" by blatant sexism.

The hard lesson for women: Achievement is not enough. You go only so far before politics or social attitude intrudes. It is society's idea of what is "feminine" that has allowed women to achieve success in sports like tennis and golf but prevented involvement in others, notably team sports. Today, said Billie Jean King, a woman can be a doctor, a lawyer, even an astronaut or a firefighter, but she still can't play pro baseball.

BENEFITS FOR ALL WOMEN

However we are accepted by others, though, we are accepting ourselves differently now. "Any kind of activity or movement that a woman does translates to a better sense of self," said Kathrine Switzer. Women, once embarrassed about their bodies, obsessed with staying thin, are coming to terms with the more important issues of staying fit, healthy, strong. And, that—not necessarily winning—is the goal of increased participation of women in sports. Said Donna de Varona, "Every time a middle-aged out-of-shape housewife decides to get fit, or a previously unathletic woman competes in a ten-kilometer race, we're a step closer to achieving what we all want." ▽

ARLEN/FITZGERALD

(Continued from page 235)

human drama. She has so much insight into the way people operate, much more than I do. She's extraordinarily intuitive. Also, with her, there is always something terrific going on—it's never dull. In college, I used to accuse her of not having any habits at all. I mean, she would have to think about brushing her teeth in the morning. So a certain unpredictability is built in and it's wonderful for me, since I tend to be much more a person of routine and ruts.

We have never been competitive. Our talents are very different. She has done the right thing for her, which is fiction, and I'm a journalist. There have been a lot of moments when we have turned to each other for support. And we know each other so well by now that not only can we say to each other, "Nonsense, you're going to do this perfectly well," but we can give reasons why that is the case. Some people are terrifically good foul-weather friends, and some are wonderful fair-weather friends. But in this case, it's both. Both of us are unreservedly pleased when the other person does something or achieves something—and unreservedly supportive when life is not working out exactly as one might wish.

I find her admirable on a moral level, too. This is not talked about in this day and age, but she really has extraordinary moral virtues. ▽

STILL THEY ENDURE

(Continued from page 218)

the Olympic games was finally abolished in A.D. 393, and darkness fell for a long time on what could be called sport.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries saw a great interest in antiquity. Architecture, dress, literature were all affected. Egypt was dug up, Troy itself uncovered. There was the Greek revival and with it interest in the games which, dead for ages, had once been religious and close to the heart of Greek culture. It remained for a young Frenchman, an aristocrat, lover of literature and ceremony, admirer of Teddy Roosevelt and of the role of sports in the English public schools, to bring them back to life.

Pierre Fredy, Baron de Coubertin, was born in Paris in 1863. Not particularly athletic himself, he nevertheless came to believe devoutly in the salutary influence of sport and the role it should play in French education and life. Character, he said, setting an example for generations of football coaches, was formed through the perfection of the body rather than the soul. "Our fathers did not recognize this. The ancients did."

De Coubertin's countrymen, whose idea of sport was dominoes, did not hail him as a prophet. The French had deep-rooted prejudices against unnecessary physical activity. Sports were something essentially English, they felt, and not particularly suited to other countries. More important, because sports were a pleasure they had no moral value. There was a case in Paris where a school had encouraged its pupils to play soccer once a week or canoe a little on the lake in the Bois-de-Boulogne. Fearing intellectual degeneration, parents quickly withdrew their children and the school was forced to shut its doors. This was in 1881.

With his unshakable belief in the great lessons to be acquired from sport, De Coubertin persisted. He visited the ruins of the ancient site of the

games and formulated his Olympic idea: *Joie des muscles, culte de la beauté, travail pour le service de la famille et de la societé.* In 1894, at a sports conference he had organized in Paris to study the question of amateurism, De Coubertin gained a placating approval to revive the games. He was thirty-one years old.

The first modern Olympic games were held in Athens two years later. The Greek government was almost bankrupt, and the cost of the stadium had to be underwritten by a rich businessman whose statue was unveiled near the entrance on the first day. Some three hundred athletes came, 230 of them from Greece and one of these, Spiridon Louis, won the marathon. In the stadium the spectators had been waiting when finally someone galloped in on horseback and the word spread, *Elleen! Elleen!* A Greek was in front! The crowd in the streets outside began to roar; and a lone, dusty runner appeared at the entrance. It was Louis. Princes of Greece scrambled down from the royal box to run beside him to the finish line. There was ecstasy in the city. *And every precinct,* as Pindar the great poet of the games had once written, *was filled with song.*

The games were off to a glorious though shaky start. They continued to grow in popularity and size, reaching a kind of perfection in Stockholm in 1912 in the long, golden afternoon before the war. The U.S. team sailed to Sweden on a liner, the swimmers practicing en route in two large canvas tanks. These were the games in which Jim Thorpe won two gold medals—they were solid gold that year, for the last time—that were taken away, and his name stricken from the Olympic records, when it was discovered he had been paid for playing baseball. A tall, muscular, broad-nosed Hawaiian, Duke Kahanamoku, revolutionized swimming. But the outstanding figure was a bricklayer, Hannes Kolehmainen, the first in a line of iron-legged Finnish runners.

There is a tendency at the Olympics to consider important those events which excite the national interest, at which one's countrymen excel, but running has always been the heart of the games. The glory of the runner never fades. The sprints are over in a matter of seconds, there is no time for anything but pure speed. In the longer races, however, much more is involved. There is time during the many laps to see strategy, the rise and fall of pretenders, the moment when the runner begins to make his great effort. As one writer, John Rodda, has put it, "At that moment champions carry an aura about them and inferiority becomes manifest in others."

The Finns have a word, *sisu,* which means both endurance and will-power combined. It is *sisu* that counts in the distances. In Stockholm, Kolehmainen ran an unforgettable race against Bouin, a Frenchman. For lap after lap in the 5000 meters they fought. When the bell rang for the final lap, they were still close together. They came down the stretch. Kolehmainen was unable to pass. In the final thirty meters he managed to pull up to Bouin's shoulder and with a prodigious effort go in front. When he crossed the finish line the Russian flag went up—Finland was still a Russian province. They had run the race in 14 minutes and 36 seconds. No man had previously beaten 15 minutes. The time lasted ten years.

Stockholm was a beautiful city bathed in light. The green forest in those days was close around it. Still unseen was the first of the storms that would shake the century. Closing time, in Cyril Connolly's words, in the gardens of the west.

In Antwerp, in 1920, Paavo Nurmi appeared. As a boy he had been inspired to take up running because of Kolehmainen's race and was to be even more outstanding. In the tremendous heat of Paris in 1924, Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddell, the heroes of *Chariots of Fire,* made their entrance. A handsome Austrian immigrant named Johnny Weissmuller won the 100 and 400 meter freestyle swimming races. In 1928 in Amsterdam, Weissmuller returned and won the 100 meters again.

Nurmi won his ninth and last gold medal in 1928 in the 10,000 meters. He was a crushing runner known for the inhuman steadiness of his pace. He trained and competed with a stopwatch in his hand and walked off the track that last time in Amsterdam without a word or a smile. His records stood for years.

The 10,000 meters is run now almost three minutes faster than Nurmi did it. There seems to be no such thing as the record that will never be broken. The closest mark we have is the extraordinary long jump of Bob Beamon, sixteen years ago in Mexico City, which was nearly two feet longer than the existing 27′4″ record. The longest jumps are still nearly a half a foot short of it. Nothing like it has ever been achieved.

Benchmark times like those for the 100 meter dash have gone from 12 seconds to 9.95 in the

Women were forbidden as spectators under the penalty of death

ninety years of the games. Almost a full minute has come off the 1500 meters—the "metric mile"—and the length of the shot put has doubled, from 36 to 70 feet. In women's events it has been even more spectacular. Women have taken part in the Olympics from almost the beginning, since 1900, and in many cases women now are surpassing men's Olympic performances of only twenty years ago. Yet except for the events in which there is no distinction made between the sexes—equestrian, shooting, and yachting—there is no men's record that does not exceed the women's. The glory that was Greece did not include women at the Olympic games, they were even forbidden as spectators under penalty of death; but now the possibility of the previously unthinkable begins to appear, the woman who outruns, outjumps, or outswims all men, who breaks the absolute record to become the fastest or longest throwing human who ever lived. If this happens, the entire order of things will shift, it will be the biological four-minute mile.

There is a limit to records, but what is it? Most likely the advances will become a matter of a second or two shaved off something in a decade, then a half a second, then tenths. Or we may simply lose interest in those events that become possible only for a special genetic strain, graceful but incomprehensible acts of daring like the flying trapeze, the boys diving off the cliffs in Acapulco, or perhaps, someday, basketball.

One of the great appeals of the games has been that someone completely unlikely and unknown can seize the imagination and create a legend even if only for the span of a generation or two. We carry within us the image of the ideal champion, but very few are what we expect them to be. Great champions refashion our desires.

One of the most remarkable of these stepped forth in London in 1948, a balding Czech army officer with uncertain talent but unbreakable will, Emil Zatopek. He ran, as one observer noted, like a man who had been stabbed in the heart, all contortion and grimace—as agonized as any of us, but he literally ran champions off their feet. Heino, the world record holder, dropped to the side in the 10,000 meter in 1948; and Chris Chataway, in the 5000 meters in Helsinki in 1952. Zatopek won an unprecedented triple that year, the 5000, 10,000, and the marathon, his very first. Halfway through the race Zatopek, whose plan was simply to stay with the favorite, an Englishman named Peters, pulled alongside asking, "The pace is too fast? No, Jim?"

Peters, responding to what he thought was a challenge, said, "No, the pace is too slow," and went faster. He couldn't keep it up and not long after he dropped out. Zatopek, far ahead of the rest, entered the stadium alone to win.

Helsinki was important in a number of other respects. It linked the middle phase of the modern games to the current phase, which is characterized by great size and nationalistic fervor. Nations were always proud of winning and newspapers were keeping team totals—what they called the score—as early as the 1920s. Mere pride and elation gave way in 1936 to purpose when the games were held in Nazi Berlin. These Olympics were to be a national emblem and a national triumph. To a large extent they were, although the scene was stolen by Jesse Owens, the "black auxiliary" as the Nazi press derisively called him, who in addition to his popularity won four gold medals and was *the* figure of the games. At London in 1948, the British announced that the national anthem would be played only twice, at the beginning and end of the games. They added that this was 478 fewer times than the German national anthem had been played in the last preceding games.

In Helsinki the power of the Olympics to evoke deeper feelings was shown when into the stadium on opening day, carrying the torch on the last lap, came a bald-headed figure in what looked like a dark, old-fashioned undershirt and white shorts. It was Nurmi. He had been unannounced. The crowd cheered and wept. All that had happened in the intervening years of war and hardship, all the sacrifice, all that had been won and lost was there in the stoic middle-aged runner. The athletes broke ranks to go to the side of the track and see him. *Sisu.*

Also there for the first time was the team from the Soviet Union, set up in a separate camp with those from the other Eastern European countries. The struggle of political systems had entered the games. From this point on were to come demonstrations, boycotts, terrorist attacks, and all the variants of ardent nationalism, this year's Olympics proving to be yet another dreary example. The domination of an event or class of events by one country, which had always been a relatively innocent phenomenon, has taken on a different aspect. What was *(Continued on page 278)*

STILL THEY ENDURE

(Continued from page 277)

once only a tradition or the influence of a great coach or of a single, dazzling exemplar now becomes less important than the organization of athletics in countries and the raising of armies of competitive youths.

By 1964, Tokyo, the games were being televised throughout the world by satellite. The International Olympic Committee gradually became financially dependent on the sale of television rights, and with this the way seems open to further profound changes.

The Olympics have become more and more a great spectacle, sometimes moving and poetic as in the sight of Bikila, the Ethiopian who won the marathon running barefoot through the floodlit streets of Rome. More often they are like a huge shopping center of sport with every conceivable event and the focus, wherever it is, lost amid the thousands of parked cars, art festivals, television crews, and glossy programs. The high ideals are probably in there somewhere, in the hearts of some of the participants. They are becoming more difficult to find elsewhere.

Even the question of amateurism, one of the firmest principles of the Olympic movement, is already blurred. The rules of amateurism had been laid down in nineteenth-century England and Avery Brundage, the autocrat who ruled the Olympics Movement for twenty years, defended them fiercely, having drawn the line that "The amateur does not rely on sports for his livelihood." In response one skier said, "The only amateur I know is the Aga Kahn."

The ski champions are already professionals and are paid large sums of money. Professional soccer players are now allowed in the Olympics. In the Communist countries the athletes are subsidized by the state and this has always presented a conflict of definitions, but more and more the participants in the Olympics and other games are men and women who have abandoned ordinary occupations to concentrate only on athletics. There exists what amounts to a separate class, those who live for sport. This happened in ancient times and it seems to be happening now.

Something else is happening in addition. The public, now numbering in close to the billions, must be entertained and with ever more superlative performances. We are made to expect the exceptional on every occasion and even hurried along when the exceptional does occur. Will the blemishless poem of human achievement that the sponsors of the games have always invoked fall to pieces and be replaced by something more popular and less enduring? "I hate all sports as rabidly as a person who likes sports hates common sense," Mencken complained. Is this what he was referring to?

Yet these were truly the great days of life—to have trained endlessly, tried, become discouraged and tried again, to have arrived after numbing punishment at the last lap, the last round, the last throw, and before the witnessing of the world, to conquer—the human heart longs for this. The horse and rider glide in silence through the brilliance of the last afternoon, gathering themselves, preparing for the last great jump. Nothing else they have ever done matters more than this moment. Nothing ever will. ▽

HAIR REPORT '84

(Continued from page 248)

SALONS: BIG CHANGES

Perhaps the ultimate expression of the new emphasis on individuality, on options, on variety in hair is the incredible change that has taken place within salons themselves, and in the very definition of the word *salon*. Today, it can mean a place where a woman dashes in for a quick cut-and-blow dry (à la Jean-Louis David) . . . a five-floor beauty, hair, and fashion emporium visited by three hundred clients daily (Carita, Paris, opening in NYC soon) . . . or an incredible art gallery-cum-beauty salon (James Lebond's Cuts Company in London).

While salons such as Elizabeth Arden in the U.S. have always offered a range of beauty choices from paraffin baths to exercise in addition to hair styling and fashion boutiques, European salons have taken the idea one step further; Crolla and DeMob in London, two fashion boutiques, have now added hair salons. Sergio Valente, in Rome (soon at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC), has installed telephones at every station, next to every hair dryer. And, everywhere in Europe, salons offer wonderful freshly prepared food to clients whose appointments overlap with meal times. While one woman may consider time the ultimate luxury and "measure" a salon by how quickly and efficiently the staff gets her in and out, another may be happy to spend several hours in the salon, having a manicure, pedicure, and a facial along with a hairstyling and a luxurious lunch. What all of this reflects: the underlying concern with addressing a woman's hair decisions in terms of her priorities—her time demands, her life.

There are some stylists whose clients want a cut that will keep them out of the salon for six weeks, others (Imo of NYC's Rose Reti, Michael of London's Michaeljohn, among them) whose clients may come in as often as three times a week to have their hair "done" for special evenings. The ultimate "service": hairstylists such as Sergio Valente, Rome; Christophe Carita, Paris, who travel along with their "top" clients.

FINDING A STYLE

Top stylists today recognize that a woman wants a dialogue, a sense of control so to speak, within the hairstyling process that is very much in keeping with a modern outlook on life.

"A woman deserves the help of her stylist," said Kenneth Battelle, of Kenneth Salon, NYC. "Taking along a picture is a marvelous idea, *not* to copy but to show what you think is attractive." . . . "A woman's biggest mistake is to try to identify herself with someone else . . . whether it's her best friend, an actress, or a model," said Katia. Still, countered Kenneth, "having something visual to focus on can help a stylist and client speak the same language, as the language of hair is often the biggest barrier to stylist-client communication." In an effort to remove the language gap, video and one-on-one training sessions (long used by top salon groups like Regis Hairstylists, Directives, and hair-care companies like Redken and Sebastian International) are now becoming an integral part of stylist training, keeping haircutters around the world on top of new cutting and styling techniques.

In discussing change, stylists themselves often brought up another aspect: that of the need to literally *change stylists* every once in a while. At Daniel Harlow's salon in Paris, clients are encouraged to try out different stylists within the salon. Also a strong believer in the need to change stylists at least every few years: Charles Booth of La Coupe, NYC, Montreal, who feels that after that time, "every woman needs a fresh perspective, a new vantage point."

COLOR, NOW!

Haircolor has taken the place of perms as the option chosen by women who want to boost their hair's visual, textural appeal. "It is the ultimate cosmetic," said Charles Booth.

The new excitement: in color placement—increasingly moving to the ends of hair, away from the scalp, following hair's general forward movement and purposefully creating a darkness, a contrast near the roots. Color now is being used with a new boldness to "shape" a cut . . . bring hair's focus forward, onto the face.

Highlights have gotten "chunkier," reflecting their direction, now, from the ends of hair towards—but not up to—the roots. There is more semi-permanent or vegetable-based color, fewer pale, pale blonds except for dramatic effect.

Top colorists now speak of color that, like the best of the new cuts, is multi-layered, multi-textured . . . that "moves" and leads the eyes from one part of the head to another. Everywhere colorists agree that the era of all-over haircolor is behind us, that truly natural-looking color is a blending, a melding of three to six shades on the head. "Solid color looks flat; what you want is the effect of light that moves in the hair. This comes from contrast . . . from the glisten achieved with a gradation of color," said Michael of London's Michaeljohn Salon.

Everywhere, colorists refer to the "lift" color brings to a woman's face, to her skin tone, her eyes. "If you need to use more makeup, your color is wrong," states Louis Licari of La Couleur de La Coupe, NYC. A benefit, too, of the newest techniques: they are truly low-maintenance, non-damaging, boosting hair's luster, its sheen. (One mistake women who color their hair at home often make, said many experts, is to redye the ends of the hair when they don't need it.) Colorists today—Constance Hartnett of NYC's Jean-Louis David, Alan Hyman of London's Hugh & Alan, London's Daniel Galvin, for example—see their clients, on average, as "frequently" as once every three months, many twice a year. Any more often, noted one color expert, is a sign your color is "just not modern."

Hair, like fashion and beauty today, must be more than attractive. A hairdresser must not only be aware of a woman's image, her hair texture, her personality but must understand her priorities, her time demands, her need for "time out." All of which, in the end, defines what "modern" is all about. —SHARI MILLER

ABAKANOWICZ

(Continued from page 220)

Warsaw tonight, but I will be there,'' she says.

The evening of Magdalena's arrival I am in a total panic. I am a notoriously terrible cook. Will the crockpot casserole turn out? Have I invited the right people? The first dinner guest to arrive is David Hupert, director of the IBM Gallery of Science and Art, also an admirer of Magdalena's work. I have also asked Margit Rowell, a curator who has traveled to Poland, and Lucy Lippard, who wrote a book on sculptor Eva Hesse, whose torn and rent forms are similar to Abakanowicz's. My daughter, Rachel, and John Yau, the Chinese-American poet and critic, are the other guests. We have all gathered when the doorbell rings, announcing Magdalena's arrival. When I ask her why she is not out of breath from walking up four flights, she says, ''It is nothing. I walk up six to my studio in Warsaw.''

I am not surprised to find that Magdalena is an astonishing looking woman. At fifty-four, she is a compact, muscular woman with the flat, high cheekbones associated with Slavic beauty. Her dark, piercing almond eyes, like the broad planes of her face, recall those of her ancestors, the Mongolian Tartars who swept through Russia and China a thousand years ago.

As she and John Yau eye each other, I realize I am right to be apprehensive about my guest list. Racial history, after all, is part of our makeup, and her ancestors, who rode with Genghis Khan, overthrew the rule of John's mandarin progenitors. At this point, both David and I feel compelled to tell Magdalena that we are the descendents of Polish Jews. Lucy does not improve matters by informing Magdalena that she is aligned with the American labor movement and she cannot understand any Polish intellectual who is not in jail with the leaders of Solidarity. Magdalena listens, betraying no reaction.

At first I find her cryptic; now, knowing her and her story, I understand why she must speak and express herself in metaphor. Like Goya, she lives in a time and place where artistic freedom cannot be taken for granted and yet, like Goya, she has found a way to express her feelings in an art that is deeper and more universal in its moral outrage and human empathy than any cheap journalistic comment. Her rows of headless, armless figures are literally ''hollow men,'' victims of imposed conformity. Her caged figures are mankind imprisoned; her embryonic forms are allusions to rebirth. As I reflect on her art, I realize that because it must speak through metaphor and allusion, it incarnates historical catastophe in universal symbols that transcend any specific moment and sum up the tragedy of history in synoptic, highly charged images.

Dinner proceeds without another mishap aside from my soggy noodles, and soon everyone has loosened up. ''In Poland, we have nothing, so culture is very precious,'' Magdalena says. ''An art exhibition or a concert or a poetry reading is a great event.'' John Yau assures her that in America a poetry reading is a great event for the poet, period. We are all anxious to hear about Poland, about new Polish art and theater, about political conditions; but it is obvious that Magdalena's statement is in her works, not in words. She is about to catch the next plane back to Warsaw, and can hardly speak out.

Since we met, Magdalena and I have corresponded and spoken on the phone. Her letters (she writes fluent English as well as several other languages) are poetic and cryptic, full of remarks about biology and embryology. An organic quality is central to her work, which is made of natural materials, such as sisal, wood bark, hemp, horsehair, and other natural fibers. The forms often allude to the human body: sometimes they resemble giant bandaged heads, broken limbs, distended bellies, organs slashed or gouged. Despite the gravity of her imagery, there is no sense of morbidity in her art. Rather one experiences the cathartic power of art to express tragedy and the human condition and through the artist's capacity to empathize and express, the power of art to heal the wounds it portrays.

Magdalena gave me some catalogues of her works which contain autobiographical writings. From them, I learn she is the daughter of a Russian noble and a Polish aristocrat whose family was knighted for bravery during the Middle Ages. Magdalena was born on a vast estate and raised in a hamlet removed from the modern world. As a child, she was free to explore the countryside and to develop the love of nature and organic processes that remain the content of her work. It was a privileged, though lonely and strange, childhood. Her main contacts were with the peasants who worked her father's land. From them, she learned to appreciate the natural world as inhabited by primitive ghosts and apparitions.

These spooky, otherworldly images appear in her sculptures today. In an installation of her oversize textured fiber works, one can see giant heads, looming like the colossi of Easter Island, or the strange cloak-like forms she refers to as ''Garments'' that suggest empty vestments hovering, suspended like strange visitors from another planet. Indeed, her work evokes a feeling of the uncanny, which is the essence of both her style and her content. One senses that these beings are simultaneously very old and very new, very primitive and very sophisticated.

Abakanowicz manages to make a statement that is monumentally compelling, although her materials are those usually associated with crafts. However, she works in fiber as she deals in metaphor, as a necessity. She became a weaver because the craft movement was encouraged in postwar Poland, where a revival of folk art was part of a national program. Now she has replaced handwoven textiles with cheap burlap and cotton gauze. What is amazing is how quickly she outgrew the limitations of craft and began making major sculptural art.

This is an extraordinary feat given the context within which it evolved. But Magdalena Abakanowicz, who survived Nazi occupation, during which she saw her mother's hand blown off by a German soldier, and the takeover of her family's estate (now occupied by the Polish Academy of Sciences), is an extraordinary woman: a heroine and a survivor. From tragedy, she has created an art of transcendental beauty and significance that does not despair of humanity's evil but inspires hope for human redemption.

The Abakanowicz show travels to the University of California, L.A., in September. ▽

"I smile to myself whenever..."

. . . the ladies at the club admire my Anne Klein sweater jacket.

. . . dinner guests remark that my mahogany wine table is as rare a find as the vintage I'm serving.

. . . I think of my husband opening one of his Christmas presents saying, "Two cashmere sweaters!"

. . . my mother-in-law snips, "How *do* you afford all those designer clothes?"

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BRIT IS IT!

(Continued from page 223)

twin-seater bathtubs, the perennially slinky clothes of the characters, and the overly carpeted Ramada Inn suites they seem to inhabit lack the grace we would like to think we have. Let others see us as crude; we want to age our money fast, and turn to the same model that Europeans and South Americans have always used to disguise their sins. Only the British can be conservative and outrageous at the same time, and only because they appear not to care.

What we envy the British right now is their lack of self-consciousness—Boy George does not pat his hat, or ask, "Do you like my dress?"—and their lack of self-awareness. Our magazines lovingly detail shabby rooms with wrinkled chintz couches and dirty gumboots lined up by uncurtained windows. What is really a decrepit heritage appears, through the lens of present Anglophilia, to be a treasure room, lightly cared for.

We used to look to England, fifteen years ago, for tips on how to be loose, vacant, and trendy. Now it's the stiff upper lips we want to capture. This is a feature that requires complicated mental gymnastics to develop and maintain. Nannies, judiciously applied to the early years, help form the kind of mentality that would rather not look at anything too closely. Nanny's teaching is the best: if you learn early that you are there to be seen and not heard, you learn not to open your mouth, and if you must, not to say anything that could be construed as personal or direct. To compensate for this rigor, you will develop a parallel tendency to be brutally frank while looking the other way, addressing, say, the dog or the carpet.

The stiff upper lip helps one endure aerial bombing, divorce, malaria, and losing the colonies. It allows the outside world to extrapolate the depth of one's character from one's lack of reaction. The stiff upper lip may seem cold, insensitive, cruel even. But such adjectives as coarse, rude, or brash will never be applied to its wearer, whereas they fit the oil baron. How does the British stiff upper lip differ from the New England stoicism of an Ethan Frome? The first is good manners, and needs to be taught to rich children. The second is bad manners, the inevitable result of a hard poor life.

What is plucked from the air as an ideal, what seeps into daily life and changes it, is at first no more than a sense, then a scent, then a style. Fifteen years ago, to appropriate England meant to wear miniskirts, Floris toilet water, long hair, and to engage in serial polygamy with thin blond people. Now, if one were to focus on those actions as being the only way to annex a style, it would mean to wear Laura Ashley dresses that match one's walls, Crabtree & Evelyn delicate floral waters rather than Floris, have short hair with a shaved nape, and to resign oneself to serial chastity relieved only by bouts of furtive and embarrassed homosexuality. But the focus itself has changed: When we were mystical and idealistic, we stole fashions and sexual styles. Now that we are material, we have to steal from the spirit.

Two revealing quotes from *Rolling Stone:* Boy George says, "I've put my outrageousness into a very sane, very traditional kind of frame. So it's not outrageous anymore." Rock promoter Malcolm McLaren (first fame—The Sex Pistols): "The English frown upon promoting oneself. It's not part of the 'tradition of the gentleman.' So pop music kind of conflicts with English culture generally." Last summer, the week of July 16th, eighteen single records of British origin appeared in the American Top 40, eclipsing the previous high, set June 19, 1965. Since it's not part of their culture nor of their tradition, how does outrage fit the tradition? And since promotion is so distasteful to the English, how did they get into the Top 40?

Carelessness, understatement, and disdain. All a visitor ever hears in London, be it the mid-'sixties or this new period of lighthearted commercial success, is that it's all over, and the best is long past. Whereas we in America show a pathological concern with the peaks of the present, the British affect the loser's squirm, no matter how well things are going.

Charming British self-deprecation is really an insularity so garrisoned that one becomes impervious to the writhings of one's own fate. We who examine everything and take nothing for granted, we who hope and strive to become better, or at least take control of our lives, are not conditioned in the same way. To understand British style, one must learn to sneer at one's own accomplishments; at the need to make money; at the demands of the marketplace; at the effect one is having. One needs to be unaware of the larger meanings to be an effective poseur. Sincere pose is embarrassing; throwaway pose is charming. You really feel free only if you know that nothing you can do can change things: that's when you can dye your hair green; change clothes every five minutes, because there's nothing else to do.

Not unexpectedly, British despair has driven vast numbers of British over to America. Oddly, they write for American newspapers, criticize American politics, edit American magazines. They carry the style, the laconic ability to be amused by trends without needing to make money out of everything they see, the critical taste of those who've seen it all before. Also, coincidentally, they didn't want to live in unheated houses with uncurtained windows and dirty gumboots in the hall. Let British decorators provide those things for rich Americans who want to look as if it doesn't matter to them whether they're comfortable or not. The True British spirit is spreading through the rest of the world, getting residence permits, making films called *Flashdance* or *Greystoke,* making deals, and talking wistfully about the roses on the south wall.

We came from them; and still, they keep coming. Small habits of theirs seep through into our lives; keeping the drink in the living room on a tray (there really is no need for a wet bar, unless you're entertaining farmhands); paying bills a little later than is usual in America; not going to the dry cleaner's quite as often; afternoon tea, a sugary rather than an alcoholic break after work, now provided by even the tallest hotels; Indian food, a more filling take-out than Chinese; and a certain gregariousness that takes the form of hanging out with the other British exiles, principally over legs of lamb on Sunday afternoon.

The rebellion, of course, will have to come from them. We are too busy absorbing too many other ethnic strains to be more than superficially concerned with the British: a passing trend. Exiles eventually return home, or stay and assimilate. The real British need to be a little less British to survive on American soil. We need to be a little more British to make our survival attractive. Some things come full circle, and end in a bow.

Fourteen years ago, a young man from Tennessee opened his idea of an American diner in London. It was called The Hard Rock Café, and embodied everything about America that one thought one could learn from an Edward Hopper painting: wooden blinds, white fans, green lampshades, hamburgers, shakes, and window seats. Loud music relieved the melancholy of the exile's homesickness, fit the place into its time. Now a Hard Rock Café has opened on New York's Fifty-seventh Street; it embodies everything an exile remembers about home after years away, and it serves the British idea of an American diner to Americans. It is tall, vast, noisy, full of managers with walkie-talkies. The American idea of America come home, with a dollar sign and a guru on the wall: nostalgia for American awareness. When we start to be nostalgic for where we've been recently, we'll almost be home again. It shouldn't take very long, and when it happens, it will be further proof that things are going a little too fast. ▽

TRUE BRIT!

(Continued from page 224)

innocent, and for taking feline revenge on the big fat, rich, generous, naïve American.

I started by listing certain manifestations of Anglophilia. There is the plebeian type, which melds into the Hollywood type, and which consists of a doltish feeling that the English voice is more genteel. There is the snob type, which concentrates on literature and wit. Finally, there is the resentful type that, by bristling at the accent, reveals a superiority *and* an inferiority complex—the very resentment of the tone is an inverted form of respect. Such double compliments are highly prized by collecting Brits, especially those who don't intend to stay here for long.

I'm now convinced that this relationship is bad for us both. We seem to admire the wrong things in each other, and to supply positive reinforcement for each other's least admirable qualities. I came to America to escape drool-talk about royalty, pubs with warm beer and cold barmen, Rupert Murdoch, college snobbery, vowel-sound snobbery, and litter magazines celebrating punk. I found all these things present here—none the better for being secondhand—and all sanctified by being "British."

The American Anglophile is, now more than ever, in love with a nostalgic, quaint, and redundant image of "England." Just as the American traveler soon wearies of the Hollywood image of vulgarity and megalomania that infests the imagination of strangers, so it is time that the British immigrant ceased trading on the stereotype of "class." The effect, on both sides of the ocean, is to reinforce a banal conservatism. ▽

DAVID MAMET

(Continued from page 216)

before its current revival, which stars Dustin Hoffman. Mention it, and the kinship of Shelly Levene and Willy Loman, and he responds with the passion of a character in a Mamet play.

"*Death of a Salesman*—that's a work of genius, that's a great play, that's one of the great plays of all time. I wrote Arthur Miller a letter today saying I felt a little bit of an idiot, proclaiming that thirty years after everyone in the world had proclaimed it. I sat in the theater and I said, 'My God, that's my life story. That's my relationship to my father.' And then I looked around and realized that everybody in that theater was having the same perception. Of course, the two plays [*Salesman* and *Glengarry*] come out of very different traditions. . . ."

"But are they about different people?"

"No, not at all. I understand salesmen or that aspect of salesmen about which I wrote, and so does Miller. Shelly 'The Machine' Levene and Willy Loman are the same guy, except that my play deals with him at work. You might also say that *Glengarry* is an extrapolation of Willy's scene with Howard." (Willy, too old for life on the road and a fervent believer in the doctrine of "for old time's sake," begs Howard, son of his first boss, for an office job. All he needs, he says, is fifty dollars a week. Instead, he is fired, and it is at this point that the male members of the audience, who are apt to be weeping as the play ends, start swallowing hard.)

"When I saw *Salesman* I was surprised . . . I was humbled. It's like the guy said, mediocrity sees nothing higher than itself, but talent recognizes genius instantly. What a work of art! There were great hearts up there onstage. That's what the theater should be. Stanislavski said the task of the actor is to bring to the stage the life of the human soul, and that's what those guys did."

Willy Loman wants the approval of his boss, his fellow salesmen, his brother, and his sons. From his wife, he seeks only support. There are no wives in *Glengarry Glen Ross,* but it's safe to assume that their opinions about anything beyond the domestic don't matter much.

"I wrote a play once called *All Men Are Whores,* and in it a guy said that men are the puppy dogs of the universe and that they'll do anything for some affection. Especially in this country, men are never forced to confront themselves, and so they have no rock-bottom self-respect. We'll do anything to get some, because we feel there's nothing that can be taken from us. We've learned to define ourselves *solely* in terms of our work, and in an economy that's crumbling and where there's no certainty, what's left?

"You know, a whorehouse is ostensibly a place to have a heterosexual experience, but it's really a homosexual experience because it has to do with proclaiming yourself in terms of other men. And a whorehouse is the way straight men see America. Women have, in men's minds, such a low place on the social ladder in this country that it's useless to define yourself in terms of a woman. What men need is men's approval.

"Men need to love in a hierarchical situation. Whoever fucks the eighteen-year-old has self-respect for tonight. Or, there are ten jobs in the room. Whoever gets the highest job gets the Cadillac."

The world Mamet describes, and from which he appears to dissociate himself, is like the one Ronald Reagan (of whom Mamet is less than fond) was talking about last year when he celebrated the civilizing aspects of the female. Without women, he said, men would still be walking around in skins. (Feminists were not amused.) Does Mamet think that women in an office, such as *Glengarry*'s, might domesticate those jackals? Dull their teeth? File their claws?

"No, because women adopt what they consider the overweening, male, arrogant postures. As Marx said, the minute people alienate the human quality from themselves and extrapolate it into an institutional attribute, they become beasts. Doesn't matter whether they're Nazis, Jews, women, or blacks. So what women have to discover in the workplace is what men have to discover. They have to discover humanity, as individuals, not as members of the group."

Mamet is a romantic. How else to describe a man who cherishes *Our Town, Love's Old Sweet Song,* and *My Heart's in the Highlands,* who castigates certain politicians for being "scoundrels," and characterizes Americans as "these outgoing, loving people" in the grip of "this terrible destructive lie about being first"?

"I'm an absolute supporter of middle-class values," he declares. "I'm more than happy, daily grateful, to be a member of the middle class. I think middle-class values are continuity, security, camaraderie, family, religion. Now one pays lip service to these values, but they are not espoused, and they are not supported. They're labels. Look at those scoundrels taking refuge behind prayer in the schools while mining the harbors of Nicaragua, for Christ's sake! Or supporting anti-abortion laws while. . . ."

On he goes, voice rising, fueled by the kind of anger known only to those who entertain the possibility of perfection. Heaven protect and defend his blessed belligerence.

Mary Cantwell *is a member of the editorial board of The New York Times.*

ENGLISH MANORS

(Continued from page 230)

her interest in Oriental art to the fact that she attended a Quaker school that, by an extraordinary coincidence, her husband also attended, although at an earlier time. There, she was encouraged to believe all religions equally acceptable. She was also fed on dried bananas and dressed in utilitarian clothes, which produced a less positive reaction.

It is clear that Helen Hamlyn is happy only when in the actual process of creating her "brave new world," as she puts it. She says quite explicitly she is interested in the creating of it, not the having of it.

This attitude is shared by her husband, who created his first publishing empire with Hamlyn Books, which he sold in 1964. Now he has made a second with Octopus Books. "I'm still considered an *enfant terrible,*" Hamlyn says wryly, "an aging *enfant terrible*." Fifty percent of his business is international, much in the United States; and he spends the same percentage of time out of England. Asked how he finds time to visit all his homes, he says calmly that 60 percent of his work can be done on the telephone.

Paul Hamlyn admits, however, that Helen has converted him to country life. "Now I go religiously every weekend," he says. Until her next project, Edgeworth Manor, the Hamlyns' country house in the Cotswolds region of England, must rank as Helen's greatest achievement. Purchased six years ago, Edgeworth Manor is built on a Roman site and dates from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century in what Helen admits to being a vast mixture of styles. Helen's aim was to return it as far as possible to its sixteenth- and seventeenth-century origins, which meant rather more removal, at least inside, than addition.

Most important was to restore the grand hall to its grand size, which required the "bulldozer" technique, stripping off ugly nineteenth-century paneling and inserting a gigantic stone fireplace. Exposed stonework, tapestries, and early oak furniture are probably the most obvious features of her restoration. The floors are of polished wood covered by appealingly threadbare rugs. The oak table can open up to seventeen feet.

Upstairs, the stone, wood, and tapestry continue. Door frames have been newly edged by original Gothic surrounds; wooden hatchments hang on the walls; and in the main bedroom, there is a tapestry. There is also a William and Mary bed, with its original hangings. This took Helen four years to piece together; and a patient lady, a Mrs. Cook, nearly as long to unravel and comb every gilded tassel. Now apparently a museum piece, the bed is the Hamlyns' regular sleeping place. "I had my first Elizabethan bed when I was twenty-six," Helen explains, "so I knew you absolutely must put on a new base." It is this mixture of the romantic and the realist that makes Helen so successful, plus a patient ingenuity and attention to detail. In Paul's bathroom, the walls are covered with eighteenth-century material taken from the lining of a curtain in another bedroom.

Unlike most English manors, which hide in valleys, Edgeworth sits atop a hill. The glorious hillside position gives it magnificent vistas of woodland and fields but also makes it very exposed. Worse still, and unusual for England, Helen inherited no lovingly tended garden. Only one lime tree, a remnant of an earlier avenue, and a crumbling walled garden remained. However, luck turned up some seventeenth- and eighteenth-century watercolors of the house in its horticultural heyday, giving Helen the courage to go ahead with restoration and, recently, new design.

As in the house, Helen's love for stone is obvious from the number of statues, walls, and columns that make the effect fairly "architectural." With the help of a young garden designer, Sherwin Pearson, she has gradually surrounded the house with terraces, with little sheltered patios, verandahs, and orangeries at any suitable sun-prone and vista-full spot. Some of the stone, once part of Hull Town Hall, was discovered abandoned in a wood. *(Continued on page 282)*

ENGLISH MANORS

(Continued from page 281)

The orangery, the latest creation, was made out of a shop front removed bodily from its previous humbler premises. "We haven't been without a builder since we moved here," Paul says jokingly. Two vast wolfhounds, Boris and Katie, join us among the orange trees; and, just visible behind ancient yew trees, art imitates life with two equally vast seventeenth-century stone dogs.

The swimming pool, built in the former generating room, laps warmly over old stone slabs, something like a Roman bath. A passage connecting house to pool is turned into a seedling bed and greenhouse. "Flowers go back and forth from here to London," Pearson explains.

At one time, Helen owned two cows but had to sell them because they gave too much milk. The homemade cheese is regretted. The Elizabethan dairy is now used to store wash basins or blocks of stone or furniture on its way to France. For after the South of France project, there is the little matter of a château in Burgundy—uninhabited for the last fifty years. It is Helen's dream to turn it into a hotel, "keeping just a turret for ourselves." But that is not yet acquired and it would be bad luck to discuss it further.

It is obvious that Helen has the knack of success. With such passion and energy, it only seems a pity that she spent so much of her professional working years in a traditional fashion house. She says now, if she had her time again, she would have concentrated on British office design, which she categorizes as "appalling." "At least," she says with some satisfaction, "I've created Paul's office. And that has now spread from one little room to several houses. . . ."

Rachel Billington's *most recent novel, "Occasion of Sin," is being published in paperback by Ballantine this month.*

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 72: Earrings, $600. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Wool/silk lamé dress, $2290. Elizabeth Arden Salons.

100: Cotton/Lycra leotard, $38; cotton/Lycra stockings, $33. Ocean Pacific Sportglasses. AMF Heavyhands.

108: Large photo: scarf at Lord & Taylor.

156: Mexican blue hand-blown glass plates, French white enamel-finish flatware, "Le Jacquard Français" napkins, at Chelsea Passage at Barneys, NYC. Blue-and-white Staffordshire transfer pitcher circa 1850 at Cherchez, NYC. Indigo-and-white checked cotton blanket from Mali at Craft Caravan Inc., NYC. American Bear's Paw quilt circa 1890 at Thos. K. Woodard American Antiques & Quilts, NYC. Agateware plates circa 1950 at Portobello Cellar, NYC.

176: Perry Ellis Men's wool flannel jacket, $325. Cashmere sweater, $600. Wool flannel pants, $175. September at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco.

177: *Left:* Turnout also at Harold, Minneapolis MN; John Freeman, Tyler TX. Hat, Perry Ellis. Gloves, LaCrasia. Saks Fifth Avenue; August at Marshall Field's. Tights, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Perry Ellis shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Perry Ellis Men's cashmere sweater, $600. Wool flannel trousers $195. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans, Frost Bros.

178: Coat also at Sara Fredericks at Bonwit Teller, Boston; Carrick's, Denver. Geoffrey Beene shawl. Martha. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Leg Looks by Burlington. The Broadway, Los Angeles. Geoffrey Beene for Andrew Geller shoes. Bonwit Teller, Boston.

179: Outfit also at Stanley Korshak, Chicago, Harzfelds. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Muffler (at neck) and shawl, Geoffrey Beene. Shawl at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves, Grandoe. Stockings, Stilnovo for Flash Legs. Altman's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills.

180: Turnout also at Neiman-Marcus, Frost Bros. Coat, jacket and pants at Jordan Marsh, Boston. Earrings, Blythe & Blythe. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

181: Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's. Stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Shoes, Josephine from Huckleberry. Executive Leather, NYC.

182: Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Bloomingdale's Polo/Ralph Lauren Shop, Washington DC.

183: Turnout also at Frost Bros. Pin, Wendy Gell. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago. Gloves, LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco. Stockings, Le Bourget/Globus Mercantile. For stores see page 189. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour.

184: Turnout also at Montaldo's; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR. Stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Pancaldi.

185: Blouse, silk/Lorex; skirt, lamé/acetate/polyamide/polyester. Earrings, Blythe & Blythe. Saks Fifth Avenue; Pompian Chicago. Bag, Walborg. Pin (on bag), Wendy Gell. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Bracelet, *left,* Ellen Designs. Bonwit Teller. Bracelet, *right,* Marla Buck. Bergdorf Goodman. Stockings, Maya, Washington DC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

186-187: 1950s sculpture by Nason at Delorenzo, NYC.

188: Dress, Jean-Paul Gaultier. 1950s sculpture by Nason at Delorenzo, NYC. 1924 mahogany table by Louis Majorelle at Primavera Gallery, NYC.

189: Skirt, Bill Blass (see page 183). 1920s Cubist vase by Robert Lallement at Modernism, NYC.

192: Tunic at Frost Bros. All accessories, Sonia Rykiel.

193: Sonia Rykiel hat. Bloomingdale's.

194: Cardigan and pullover also at John Wanamaker. Pants also at Robinson's, San Diego CA. All accessories, Sonia Rykiel.

195: Wool/polyamide/angora dress. All accessories, Sonia Rykiel.

196: Accessories, Karl Lagerfeld. Shoes, Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld.

197: Accessories, Karl Lagerfeld. Shoes, Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld.

198: All accessories, Chanel.

199: Turnout also at Jimmy's Brooklyn NY; Dayton's; Sakowitz; Wilkes Bashford. Coat (over bench) and all accessories, Claude Montana.

200: Turnout also at Hattie; Wilkes Bashford.

201: Turnout also at Barton Sligh's, Jacksonville FL. Coat and all accessories, Valentino. Muffs, same stores for turnout. Shoes, Valentino Boutique, NYC.

202: Rykiel wool jersey jacket, $475. Wool/angora sweater, $450. Both at stores on page 202. Jacket only at Liberty House. All accessories, Sonia Rykiel.

203: Turnout also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Philadelphia; Bal Harbour; Dallas; San Francisco. All accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

204-205: Stockings also at Robinson's, California. Earrings, Blythe & Blythe. Henri Bendel. Echo Scarfs. Pin, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun.

207: Norma Kamali stockings also at Dayton's (available September).

210: Earrings and pin, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Henri Bendel. Socks, Electric Sok! Shoes, Fratelli Rosetti, NYC.

211: *Left:* Earrings, Terrafirma. Socks, Electric Sok! Shoes, Mario Valentino, NYC. *Right:* Calvin Klein Scarves. Lord & Taylor. Bracelets, Marla Buck. Henri Bendel; Little Lanes of Hazelton Lanes, Ontario. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman. Socks, Electric Sok! Shoes, Mario Valentino, NYC.

212: Turnout also at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Earrings and pin, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bracelets and ring, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bracelets at Henri Bendel. Socks, Hue. For stores see page 208. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour.

213: *Photo left:* Pants, Charivari Workshop. Hat, Philip Cantrell. City, Chicago. Earrings, Blythe & Blythe. Macy's, Herald Square and Aventura FL. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, La Marca, NYC. *Photo right:* Wool sweater. Turnout also at Higbee's, Jacobson's. Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. Bergdorf Goodman. Sunglasses, Private Eyes. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris. Gloves, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman. Calvin Klein Scarves. For stores, information page 215. Shoes, Mario Valentino. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago.

214: Wool sweater. Jacket also at Rich's. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. The Yellow Door, Brooklyn NY. Calvin Klein Scarves. Macy's, Herald Square. Pin, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes, La Marca, NYC.

215: Tiktiner wool/angora/polyamide sweater and wool/polyamide pants also at Kane's, Chicago; Ira Berg, Ontario. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Altman's. Calvin Klein Scarves. Altman's. Cuffs, Marla Buck. Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago. Shoes, Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC; I. Magnin. Dana Côte d'Azur. Earrings, Blythe & Blythe. Saks Fifth Avenue; Macy's, San Francisco. Scarf around neck, Echo Scarfs. Other scarf, Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Aug. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Cuff, Marla Buck. If Soho, NYC.

238: Necklace at Artwear, NYC.

240: Earrings at Artwear, NYC.

242: Earrings at Artwear, NYC.

243: Earrings, John Iversen.

250: Covert wool pants, $260. For stores see page 250.

251: Wool/alpaca/nylon/rayon sweater, $510. Wool pants, $195. For stores, page 251. Turnout also at John Wanamaker. Coat and sweater at Pogues, Cincinnati OH; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN. Accessories, Missoni.

252: Cashmere sweater. Pants at Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; I. Magnin. Shoes, Giorgio Armani.

253: Model *left:* All accessories, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani.

254: Turnout also at John Wanamaker; Garfinckel's; Sables, Lexington KY. Coat at Goudchaux-Maison Blanche, New Orleans LA.

255: Wool pants, $1140. For stores, see page 255. All accessories, Andre Laug.

256: *Left:* Sweater, turtleneck and pants at Julius, Sacramento CA. Pants at Garfinckel's. Turtleneck at Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. *Right:* Gloves, Gianfranco Ferre.

258: Sweater, $395. Wool pants, $260. For stores see page 258.

259: Wool pants, $380. Krizia Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus.

260: *Inset:* Erreuno blouse.

261: Cashmere/angora sweater, $350. Wool flannel trousers, $485. (available in Sept.). Sweater and pants see stores on page 261.

262: Gianni Versace gloves.

263: Mario Valentino pants, $200. August at Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

268: Cashmere sweater, $560. Zoran, NYC and Washington DC; Jackson Graves. Polyester skirt; nylon tights; orlon/acrylic legwarmers. Turnout at On Stage, NYC; The Dancing Witch, Newburyport MA. Moore's Dancewear, Torrance CA.

270: Shoes, Norma Kamali.

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